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Engraved by S.Lacey

DUDLEY CASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER and GUARDIAN,

FOR 1851.

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THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

JANUARY, 1851.

DUDLEY CASTLE.

(*With an Engraving*)

"WHOSE base,
Beat by the storms of ages, stands unmoved,
Amidst the wreck of things, the change of time."

THIS noble structure, the ruins of which present a beautifully picturesque appearance, conveying to the reflecting mind an emblem of "departed glory," is supposed to have been built about the year 760, by a Saxon of the name of Dodo. Odo and Dodo were brothers, and both Dukes of Mercia. They are also reputed to have been the founders of a monastic establishment at Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire.

Dudley Castle consisted of a variety of buildings, encompassing an area of about an acre in size. It was surrounded by a massive wall, flanked with towers. The keep, which stands on a considerable eminence in the south-west angle of the area, is probably the only part remaining of the original building of Dodo. According to Doomsday-Book, it was given, at the Conquest, to William Fitz-Ausculph, who, in the same county, possessed twenty-five manors. During the contention between King Stephen and the Empress Maud, this castle was held by Gervase Pagnell, who fortified it for the purpose of resisting Stephen. In the reign of Henry II., Pagnell resided here; but, on his taking part with Prince Henry in an insurrection against his father, the castle was dismantled by order of the King. The heiress of the Pagnells, marrying John de Somery, brought this estate into that family. In

the seventeenth of Henry III., the honour of Dudley was seized by the King, Roger de Somery having neglected or refused to appear when summoned to receive the dignity of knighthood. In the forty-eighth year of the same reign, Somery obtained the royal licence to castellate his mansion at Dudley, which had probably remained unfortified ever since it was dismantled by Henry II. It continued in the family of Somery till the fifteenth of Edward II., when, on failure of male issue, it was transferred by marriage to the Suttons, who were a respectable family in Nottinghamshire; and, on account of their owning Dudley Castle, one of them was summoned to Parliament as Lord Dudley, in the reign of Henry VI. It continued some time with his descendants; but was at length transferred to the Duke of Northumberland, by John, Lord Dudley. The Duke of Northumberland made great alterations, and repaired many parts of the castle. His estates were afterwards forfeited by opposing the accession of Queen Mary. The castle was then granted to Sir Edward Sutton, son of John, Lord Dudley, who had formerly alienated the estate.

In the civil wars this castle was a royal garrison: it stood a siege of three weeks; and was relieved on the 11th of June by a detachment of the King's forces from Worcester, who, with small loss to themselves, slew one hundred men of the Parliamentary army, and took several prisoners and standards. This castle was one of the last which held out for the unfortunate Monarch; and was maintained for him till the 13th of May, 1646, when Colonel Leveson surrendered it to Sir William Brereton, the Parliamentary General. Several cannon-balls, some of them thirty-two pounders, have been found at different times, among the ruins. Between the keep and the priory are some traces of an intrenchment. The castle was, for several years after the rebellion, inhabited by the Lords Ward; the plantations were kept in good order, and the park well stocked with deer. It afterwards became neglected, and served as a retreat for a crew of coiners, who, on the eve of St. James's fair, July 24th, 1790, set fire to the buildings, but whether accidentally or by design is not known.

Thus stands this mighty ruin: a structure, the very skeleton of which inspires a feeling of enthusiasm in the breast of the beholder; and which will probably remain an object of attraction to many succeeding generations.

The view from the Castle-hill is exceedingly fine; comprising a variety of objects, the most grateful to the eye, and affording the most interesting subjects for the pencil of the artist. The Malvern Hills, though at the distance of forty miles, are distinctly seen on a clear day, bounding the horizon to the south. The Clent Hills, in Worcestershire, and the "blue-topt Wrekin," in Shropshire, are also noble features in this extensive prospect. J. T. B.

THE LAST HOURS OF JOHN HOWARD.*

Whilst Howard was at Cherson, the fortress of Bender was taken from the Turks; but, as the winter was far advanced, the Russian Commander would not further prosecute the war at that period. Permission was therefore given to the officers to visit Cherson. They came elated with victory, and the citizens shared the joy of their triumph. It was a time of general festivity. Assemblies, and other amusements, in rapid succession, rendered the neighbourhood a scene of gaiety and dissipation. This was soon interrupted. The victors so gladly welcomed had brought with them an enemy far more formidable than those foes which they had vanquished. A fever, similar to that which had raged with so much virulence amongst the troops, showed itself at Cherson, and swept off numbers of its inhabitants. The surrounding families had shared in the mirth and amusements of the crowded city, and they must now participate in its grief and gloom. Amongst those who took part in those diversions, was a young lady, who resided about sixteen miles distant. She caught the infection; and it assumed a dangerous aspect. Howard's wide-spread reputation as a

* Extracted, with some alterations, from the "Life of John Howard. By the Rev. J. Field, M.A." London: Longmans. 1850.

physician induced her friends earnestly to entreat his attendance and advice. To this he at first objected that he administered only to the poor, and not to those who could afford to pay for proper medical treatment. The symptoms became still more alarming, and the friends more importunate. Howard's reluctance arose from no lack of sympathy, but from an unwillingness to intrude beyond his province; and he was further restrained by a feeling that it would be unjust to deprive those who practised in an honourable profession of their merited recompense. The present case, however, was one of peculiar distress; and the tender-hearted philanthropist was prevailed upon to visit the sufferer. He prescribed; and the visit was repeated. He then directed that if the medicines produced a favourable effect,—of which, however, he had little hope,—information should be sent to him at Cherson; and promised that he would see his patient again. The means were in some measure successful; and a letter was accordingly sent, requesting his immediate attendance. This letter miscarried, and did not reach Howard until eight days after its date. Fearing that fatal consequences might result from the delay, without a moment's hesitation he resolved to go. The weather was most inclement, the cold intense, the rain fell in torrents, and no vehicle could be at once obtained. These obstacles could not restrain the anxious philanthropist. There was distress, perhaps aggravated by his apparent indifference; and he might possibly afford relief. No difficulty, fatigue, or danger, under such circumstances, could deter him from making the attempt. Nothing better than an old dray-horse could be found to convey him; and, therefore, mounted upon that, he determined to prosecute the journey. On his arrival he found the poor sufferer in a dying state. Disregarding his own condition, although wet, fatigued, and distressed, he devoted his whole attention to the object of his solicitude. He first administered a medicine to excite perspiration, and then carefully watched the result. Such was his concern for the patient, that, rather than endanger the desired effect by disturbing her in the least degree, he exposed himself to greater risk of infection. His skill, sedulity, and self-denial

were unavailing; and the poor victim of the gay and festive assemblies at Cherson died the next day. Howard felt that he had caught the fever, and mentioned a particular time when, feeling the pulse of his patient, the noxious effluvium sensibly affected him. Dr. Aikin was of opinion that, notwithstanding Howard's impression as to the fever being the cause of his last illness, it was rather the increase of a constitutional disorder; and that "Mr. Howard's name may be added to the numerous list of those whose lives have been sacrificed to the empirical use of a medicine of great activity, and therefore capable of doing much harm as well as good." He immediately returned to Cherson, and did not leave his lodgings for a day or two after; when, seeming convalescent, he accepted an invitation to dine with Admiral Mordvinof. Of this visit, and subsequent events in his last illness, the following notes were made by his servant, Thomasson:—

"He stayed later than usual at Admiral Mordvinof's, and, when he returned, found himself unwell, and thought he had something of the gout flying about him. He immediately took some sal volatile in a little tea, and thought himself better till three or four o'clock on Saturday morning; when, feeling not so well, he repeated the sal volatile. He got up in the morning, and walked out; but, finding himself worse, soon returned, and took an emetic. On the following night he had a violent attack of fever, when he had recourse to his favourite remedy, James's powder, which he regularly took every two or four hours, till Sunday, the 17th; for, though Prince Potemkin sent his own physician to him immediately on being acquainted with his illness, yet his own prescriptions were never interfered with during this time. On the 12th he had a kind of fit, in which he suddenly fell down: his face became black, his breathing difficult, and he remained insensible for half an hour. On the 17th he had another similar fit. On the 18th he was seized with hiccough, which continued on the next day, when he took some musk-draughts by the direction of the physician."

Three or four days before his death, the following records were inserted in his memorandum-book:—

"May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones, in this world, as I am but a pilgrim or a wayfaring man that tarries but a night. This is not my home; but may I think what God has done for me, and rely on His power and His grace; for His promise, His mercy endureth for ever. But I am faint and low, yet, I trust, pursuing the right way, though too apt to forget my almighty Friend and my God.

"O my soul! remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace, mercies in the most seasonable times; how often better than thy fears, exceeding thy expectations. O, why should I distrust a good and faithful God? In His word He has said, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him; and He will direct thy path.' Lord! leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly; nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify Thee on earth, and to finish the work Thou givest me to do, and to Thy name alone be all the praise."

"O that the Son of God may not have died for me in vain!" "I think I never look into myself but I find some corruption and sin in my heart. O God, do thou sanctify me, and cleanse the thoughts of my depraved heart!"

During his stay at Cherson, Howard constantly visited Admiral Priestman, who was also residing there. Some days having passed without having seen his friend, the Admiral called upon him, and found him sitting before a stove in his bedroom, and evidently very ill. An account of the interview has been preserved:—

"On inquiring after his health, he replied that his end was approaching very fast; that he had several things to say to him; and thanked him for having called upon him. The Admiral, concluding from his answers that he was in a melancholy mood, endeavoured to turn the conversation, imagining the whole, or the principal part, of his disorder might be the mere effect of low spirits. Howard, however, assured him that it was not; and added, in a very impressive, yet cheerful, manner, 'Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death

has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and, be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; and my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread, and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment; and, therefore, I must die.'"

This conversation was then followed by some directions respecting his funeral and place of interment.

"There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphiny; this would suit me nicely: you know it well; for I have often said that I should like to be buried there. And let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

Feeling that his end was rapidly approaching, Howard expressed a desire that no time might be lost in obtaining the burial-place of which he had spoken; and his friend, therefore, with some reluctance, left him for that purpose.

At this time a letter from England was brought to Howard, informing him that the writer had lately seen his son, and expressing a hope that on his return he would find him decidedly better. Cheered in his last hours by this pleasing intelligence, he charged Thomasson, by whom the letter was read to him, that if, by the blessing of God, his son's reason should ever be restored, he would assure him how much and how fervently he had prayed for his happiness. Reverting then to the spot in which he was anxious to be interred, and which, we are told, was probably selected "from its being situated in the grounds of a French gentleman who had showed him many acts of kindness during his residence at Cherson," he remarked that he should be "as near to heaven

there as if brought back to England;" and added, that he had long felt no other wish for life than as it afforded him the means of relieving the distresses of his fellow-creatures. As soon as Admiral Priestman had executed his commission, he returned to his dying friend, who revived at the assurance that his desires should be fulfilled; and then, referring to the gratifying account just received of his son, he said, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" One further request was then made, prompted by his repugnance to the superstitious rites of the Greek Church, and his appreciation of the solemn and very instructive service of the Church of England. He desired his friend to prevent all interference on the part of the Russian Priests; and begged that, when his body was committed to the tomb, he would himself read over it the burial-service of the Church of his own land. After this he was silent; and only nodded assent when it was proposed that a physician should be sent for. This was done; but he did not arrive until just before Howard expired. The event occurred at eight o'clock in the morning of January 20th, 1790.

The death of Howard was, even in Russia, deemed a national calamity; and however desirous his friends might have been to comply with his wishes by preventing the parade of a public procession, or display of any kind at his funeral, yet so deeply was the loss deplored, and so anxious were all classes to testify their grief, and many their gratitude, that, on the day appointed for the interment, thousands assembled to escort the body to its grave. A bier, drawn by six horses, was provided, on which the coffin was placed; this was followed by the carriages of the Prince of Moldavia, by those of Admirals Priestman and Mordvinof, of the general and staff officers of the garrison, and of the magistrates and merchants of Cherson; a large body of cavalry, accompanied by other persons, attended on horseback, and between two and three thousand on foot. This mixed concourse—some attracted by admiration, and the desire to do honour to one so worthy; others constrained by a sense of their loss, and lamenting one whom in distress they had learned to love—travelled slowly to the chosen spot, and there deposited all that was mortal of Howard.

Instead of the sun-dial, a small pyramid was erected over Howard's grave. This was preserved whilst those who had known and revered him survived; but, subsequently, when Dr. Clarke visited the spot, it was in a dilapidated state; and a few years later, when Bishop Heber saw it, this unworthy monument was in a still worse condition.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

When our Lord says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," can such words be reconciled with the idea of our being in a state of uncertainty whether we are pardoned or accepted? Remember what that uncertainty implies; remember that it implies this: "I am uncertain whether God be my friend or my enemy. I am uncertain whether His wrath still abides on me, unmitigated by my merciful pardon, or whether He secretly regards me with compassion and kindness, though He has not manifested this to me. It is matter of uncertainty whether I shall live through this day, or not: therefore, it is matter of uncertainty whether I die under the curse of God, or cheered by His smile; whether I am to be happy or miserable for ever." Uncertainty as to our acceptance with God implies all this; and the more seriously we are concerned in securing the salvation of our souls, the more painful will such a state of uncertainty be. Now, if this be the only state into which religion brings us, a state of uncertainty, mitigated, perhaps, by some degree of hope, but yet far from being removed, with what truth can Christ be said to have given rest to the soul? The very idea of a spirit at rest, a spirit in a state of quiet repose, is perfectly inconsistent with the idea of a state of anxious suspense, in which we are now cheered by hope, and now depressed by fear. If it be impossible for us to attain such an assurance as shall give us peace, and deliver our spirits from anxiety and fear, then is there no real rest of the soul to be attained in this life. But no; here is the promise of Christ Himself:

"I will give you rest;" and that rest is vouchsafed by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who reveals to us the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, removes from our conscience the burden of guilt, and witnesses to us that we are no longer strangers and aliens, but children and heirs.

But then we are told, that there is a great danger of the spread of enthusiasm and fanaticism, if it be taught, that this knowledge of salvation is communicated by the direct and immediate impression of the Spirit of God; and that, therefore, it will be much more safe to proceed in the way of argument and inference. The process by which our fears are to be allayed, and our doubts removed; by which, in a word, we are to obtain rest to our souls, is this: "Since God," we are told, "has said in His word, that those persons are His children in whom certain characteristics are found, we must examine ourselves, to see whether these marks are found in us; and if we find them, we may conclude that our sins are forgiven, and that we are the children of God; and thus, in this safe and rational way, we may infer our adoption into the divine family." Well; let it be allowed that all this is plausible; but still, what are we to do with the passage in Romans viii. 15, 16, where the Apostle says, "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God," and other passages of the same import? Men may adopt plausible theories; but are we bound to receive the Scriptures, and fairly to interpret them? And upon this theory, what are we to do with the text? The Apostle speaks of the Spirit of God as the Spirit of adoption; and he tells us, that we have not received the spirit of bondage unto fear, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, "Abba, Father;" and that this same Spirit, the Spirit itself, bears testimony to our spirits, and with our spirits, that we are the children of God. This, according to him, is the process by which we come to the knowledge of the fact of our pardon and adoption; and if we are to form our religious opinions by the testimony of Scripture, and not by the philosophy and imagination of man, what other process can

we admit? Take that passage in the Epistle to the Galatians: "And because ye are sons," because ye are freely justified by the grace of God, and admitted into his family, "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Why, according to this theory, you cry, "Abba, Father," in virtue of your own discovery. It is your own reasoning and inference whose voice you hear, not that of the blessed Spirit of God.

Let us examine the object before us a little more closely. There are certain fruits of the Spirit, it is said, by the existence of which in ourselves we are to infer that we are the children of God. What are these fruits? If you examine them, you will find that several are such as must necessarily imply a previous persuasion of our being in the favour of God, communicated by God himself. In a passage in the Epistle to the Galatians, we possess a most important enumeration of what the Apostle emphatically calls "the fruit of the Spirit;" that is, the result of His presence in the soul, and of His influence and operation upon it. He says, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." According to the theory we are now considering, a man is to examine himself whether he have this love, joy, peace; whether, in fact, all these graces exist in his soul; and if, on examination, he discovers them, he is to infer that he possesses the Christian character; and if so, that it has been wrought in him by the Holy Spirit; and, as a further inference, inasmuch as that Spirit is only given to the reconciled, that therefore he, the person examining, is so pardoned and reconciled. But is it not obvious to you, that love to God directly implies the knowledge of His love to us, as our reconciled Father? God's love to us is the cause of our love to Him, and must therefore be known by us before we can love Him. So, too, as to peace. Can we have this before we know whether we are at peace with God, before we know that His anger is turned away from us? What is the cause of the distress of that penitent mourner in sin? He tells you, and he tells you truly, that it is because God is angry with him. Now, how do you

propose to calm his agitation? You tell him that he is to examine himself whether he has peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and that if he has, he may then infer that God's anger is turned away from him; that is, he feels he has not either peace or joy, and you tell him that, in order that he may obtain them, he is to construct an argument whose basis is, that both peace and joy are already in his possession. Brethren, love, and peace, and joy are all fruits of the Spirit, "given unto us," on our "being justified by faith," as the Spirit of adoption. The graces which the Apostle enumerates constitute "the fruit of the Spirit;" but His very first work on our believing, and that by which this fruit is produced, is, to bear witness to our adoption into God's family, and thus to enable us to call God our Father. The fruits of the Spirit flow from the witness of the Spirit. As soon as a man is pardoned, he receives the Spirit of adoption, and he immediately cries, "Abba, Father;" and now he loves Him, feels that he is at peace with Him, and that he can "joy in God, through Jesus Christ, by whom he has now received the reconciliation."

We notice another error, that this comfortable assurance and persuasion of our adoption is the privilege only of some eminent Christians. That, I believe, is a prevailing notion with many; but there is no authority for it in the word of God. This blessing is as common a blessing as pardon; it is put on the same ground, and is offered in the same general manner. And I would say, that the whole of this objection is grounded upon some secret idea of moral worth; some idea that very holy persons may attain to it by a sort of merit of their own, but that others cannot. Brethren, none of these gifts are bestowed under any other character than as the purchase of the blood of Christ; and they are all parts of the great salvation held out to you, however unworthy, "without money and without price."—*Rev. Richard Watson.*

THE SABBATH.

In modern times an attempt has been made to take down the old landmarks which have so long guarded the day of

rest as within a sacred enclosure, and which our godly forefathers were wont to consider as having been set up by the hand of God himself. It has been said that no such day as a Sabbath, properly so called, now exists. The notion that Sabbath observance is obligatory on Christians is reputed old, Jewish, or Puritanical. Some men who thus speak and write, however, do acknowledge the propriety of devoting an hour or two to public worship on a Sunday: but the acknowledgment thus made is grounded on common consent rather than on divine precept; and they moreover assert, in reference to all the other hours of the first day of the week, that men are left to spend them as they deem fit, according to taste or circumstances, in pleasant recreations or pressing business.

Now, in opposition to all this, we maintain that a Sabbath —one day in every week—is hallowed and set apart for bodily and spiritual rest; that the rest of that day admits of no interruption, except what may arise from works of necessity and mercy, which either cannot or should not be deferred until another day; and that all this is founded not on Acts of Parliament, or the opinions of men, but on the authority and appointment of God. But the sad and irreligious thoughts to which we have just adverted are not to be found merely in speculative opinions, but they are coming into practical operation in the open and avowed desecration of the Lord's day which obtains in many parts of our land. It is time for the humblest Christian to be well informed on the subject; not only to have a correct creed, but to be enabled intelligently to state the grounds on which a true belief rests. For, to use the words of an old writer, "If this is once taken off from the basis on which God hath fixed it, all human substitutions of anything in the like kind, to the same purposes, will quickly discover their own vanity. Nor, without the advantage which it affords, as it is the sacred repository of all sanctifying ordinances, will religion long prevail in the minds and lives of private men. And thus we have known it to have fallen out with many in our days whose apostasies from God have hence taken their rise and occasion."

We propose, then, as briefly as may be, to point out the evidence on which the still-remaining obligation of the Sabbath rests. We shall prove, from the word of God, 1. That the Sabbath did not come into existence with the Jewish religion, but existed long prior to the institution of Judaism. 2. That, in the Jewish religion, the Sabbath had a place, not among those things which were temporary, but among those which were permanent. 3. That the Prophets, when they foretold the introduction of the Christian dispensation, mentioned the love and observance of the Sabbath as a leading characteristic of believers in Gospel times. 4. That Jesus Christ neither said nor did anything which implied that the obligation to observe the Sabbath was to cease; but, on the contrary, left it clearly to be understood that the Sabbath was to be hallowed, and set apart from all ordinary labour. And, finally, that the Apostles have left on record no repeal or essential modification of this primeval ordinance. Now, all this can be proved; and we shall make good our positions in future articles. In the meantime, let our youthful readers take up these points, and consult for themselves the Bible, that unerring record of God's word and will.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF NATIONS.

No. IX.—Part I.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

Europe, though the smallest of the four great continents of the globe, has occupied for centuries, in the page of history, the most prominent position of them all. Asia, it is true, contains the largest population, and has witnessed some of the most momentous events that ever happened in the world. Africa was once the seat of learning; and on the plains of Egypt there stand, to this day, some of the proudest monuments of human industry and skill that ever were erected. America is in our day fast rising into opulence. But Europe, from the time of Alexander the Great until the present, has swayed the proudest sceptre, possessed the largest

influence, and held the widest control over the destinies of mankind.

Its ethnography, therefore, cannot be unimportant. For though its physical geography—its inland seas, its noble bays, and its majestic rivers—will account to some extent for its influence on the world, yet much is to be attributed, also, to the bold and enterprising spirit of its population. By what races, then, has it been peopled? From what stocks have the nations that occupy it originated? To this inquiry we now direct the attention of our readers.

The races that constitute the population of Europe and Asia, which, properly speaking, form one great continent, are distributed by Dr. Prichard into three groups,—the Syro-Arabian, Allophylian, and Indo-European races. A few families only of the first of these groups appear to have entered Europe, if indeed any, unless the Phœnicians be ranked amongst them; but the two latter have spread themselves over its whole extent, and include all, or nearly all, the tribes that occupy it. We shall confine ourselves, in this paper, to some remarks respecting the Allophylian races of Europe.

These races have been termed, by other writers, Scythians; but Dr. Prichard does not think that word sufficiently comprehensive, and therefore adopts the term "Allophylian," (from ἄλλος, *another*, and φυλή, *race*,) with a view of indicating simply the distinction between these and the Indo-European tribes. They appear to have spread, in very early times, through all the most remote regions of the Continent, where they generally preceded the Indo-Europeans.

Included in this group are the following tribes:—1. The Euskaldunes; 2. the Intone, or Ugorian race; and, 3. the Khasova, or Samoiedes, who stretch along the northern coasts both of Europe and of Asia. Other tribes belong to it; but as they inhabit Asia only, we shall not mention them at present.

The Euskaldunes are a people found on both sides of the Pyrenees, and on the coasts of the Bay of Biscay, both in France and Spain. They speak a language called by the French the Basque, and by the Spaniards Bascuence, but

which they themselves designate the Euskara. This language was formerly supposed to be allied to the Celtic; but it is now known to differ entirely from that dialect, and from all other Indo-European languages, as well as from the Syro-Arabian tongues. It possesses some affinities to the language spoken by the Ugorian races; and Professor Vater has discovered analogies between it and the native dialects of America. The Euskaldunes are probably the descendants of the ancient Iberi, one of the aboriginal races of Spain. Several parts of Spain were early in the possession of Celtic tribes; but the Iberians also occupied that country, and with them the Celtic people made alliances, whence originated the Celtiberians, the most considerable and powerful clans of Spain, described by Diodorus as a fierce and rude people, who wore black, rough cassocks, made of wool like goat's-hair, and brazen helmets adorned with plumes, and who were armed with daggers and two-edged swords.

Of the Iberian nations proper, inhabiting Spain, were the Turdetani and the Turduli, who dwelt in a district called Bœtica, from the Bœtis, (the Guadalquiver,) which ran through it. Their country was extremely rich and fertile, and they are said to have possessed two hundred cities. They exported gold and silver from the mines of Turdetani, tin from a mountainous region inhabited by barbarians, and considerable quantities of corn, wine, and oil. They were the most polished people of Spain, practised the art of writing, cultivated poetry, and preserved records of their former history, extending back, as they themselves believed, through a period of six thousand years. The Lusitanians, described by Strabo as a predatory people, living like banditti in mountainous regions, and accustomed to cut off the right hand of their prisoners, were another Iberian race. They inhabited the country north of the Tagus.

Numerous other tribes, speaking dialects of the Euskarian language, occupied the Basque provinces of Spain, together with Aquitania in Gaul, the western parts of Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and, in all probability, parts of Italy. It was formerly supposed that tribes belonging to the Iberian family, originally occupied the whole of Spain; but later investigations tend to

prove that Celtic tribes inhabited the western half of the peninsula, and that the Iberians or Euskaldunes held possession of the eastern half. Whence the latter came, is a question difficult to solve; but they were probably allied to a people formerly dwelling in Liguria, a country on the west of Italy, which, we may naturally conclude, was their primitive abode.

AN ACTOR'S REFLECTIONS.

Montague Stanley, A.R.S.A., was formerly an actor. When he was considered one of the most rising men on the stage, and in the possession of a very handsome income from his professional labours, he became the subject of convincing grace. At length, giving up all for Christ, he abandoned the theatre, became a painter, and after witnessing for a few years a good confession for Christ, he died in perfect peace, at the early age of thirty-five. The change in his sentiments was not sudden, but gradual. The impressions which his mind received were not made at once. First, the disguise which had so effectually concealed all around him, with a glittering and captivating veil, began to be lifted aside. Then deep and solemn reflection followed, with reference to the real character of all that he had hitherto indulged in without anxiety or scruple; until, at length, the full light of God's grace, being poured into his heart, clearly revealed all to him in their own forms, and determined him to abandon every course inconsistent with the walk and conversation of one who had "passed from death unto life." The following instructive extract, written by Mr. Stanley, marks one of those fitful struggles of soul through which he passed in the course of being freed from bondage, and in the gradual breaking away of the mists of darkness and insensibility from the mind, while the anchor of the soul was still not gained:—

"June, 1837.—I was passing slowly along one of those crowded by-streets which serve as links of connexion between two others of magnitude, and in which is situated one of those tokens of the refinement, and too often of the depravity, of populous capitals,—a small theatre; when my attention was

arrested by an object that forcibly struck me, from the singular contrast it presented to another and a very different one. At an angle of the building, which abruptly recedes from the direct line of the street, and at some height from the ground, a large door was formed in a wall of the theatre, apparently for the purpose of receiving and hoisting into the building objects of considerable magnitude. It was closed; while beneath it, on the pavement, lay one of those mimicries of nature used in the gorgeous pageants of a drama,—the scenic representation of a sun, surrounded by rays of tarnished gold; the paint, in many places, had detached itself from the canvass, and was hanging in loose patches; the brilliancy of the original colours, sadly faded, was still further impaired by the thick coating of dust and smoke that obscured their lustre; while here and there were large rents crossing the image, and betraying the coarse texture of the material beneath, and meager nature of the imitation.

"A man, of the lower class of servants that hang around the walls of a theatre, was watching, and, seated on the pavement, apparently waiting for the opening of the door above. While he was dozing listlessly in the heat of noon, two or three ragged, dirty children were collected round the sides of the tattered scene in gazing wonder. It was intensely hot; the sky was without a cloud, and the atmosphere, surcharged with light, refracted the sun's rays in all directions, glancing from windows, pavement, and every object upon which they fell, till the eyes ached with the excess; while a full, unbroken flood of splendour seemed poured upon the battered and worn scene from the meridian sun, as if in mockery of his wretched type that lay beneath. It was a sad comparison thus forced upon the mind, and not confined to the trifling forms that, for a moment, fixed my attention. It was a striking and beautiful image of truth, before which the artificial resemblances of life sink into something worse than mere insignificance. It seemed a species of blasphemy on the bright and glorious sun, that man should dare degrade its image by an imitation at once so feeble as that coarse daub of paint and canvass showed; and yet how often had its tinselled splendour been used to add enchantment to the

Circean scenes of temptation for which it was framed! how often it had aided in the intoxicating draughts of pleasure which those walls had witnessed, where the intellect is often squandered upon objects the least useful that can engage the mind of man, and the feelings are vitiated by the false sensibilities engendered in the fascinating circle of the drama! Then it had attracted the gaze of hundreds; and, in the absence of reality, applause had been lavished on its gaudy resemblance; now, brought into the light of noon, how despicable it appeared! How would those who then admired have turned in disgust away, wondering what infatuation could for a moment have led them to look upon it with any other feeling! Even such is sin; even so we hurry on, regardless of the real nature of what we are admiring and lavishing our time upon; and even so we shrink with disgust, and turn from it, when exposed before us in the bright rays of the Sun of truth. O the littleness of life and its objects, which so engrossingly call on our hours and energies; what atoms we pursue, what trifles claim our admiration! The attendant, too, as he watched the mockery before him, indifferent to the contrast presented to his eyes, careless of the force of the comparison, intent only on his painted charge, and ignorant of the great lesson placed so palpably in view, was an apt type of myriads who pass through life regarding only the creations of their own hands, and unmindful of the light which their Creator's Sun of righteousness pours full upon them. I turned in silence from the place, and pondered deeply as I passed homewards; but the impression was soon worn away, in the hurry and turmoil of other work; and when recalled, I looked back with regret upon the lessons I had suffered to fade from my mind. Alas! alas! they are the links of that invisible chain of love and thought with which our Creator would draw us towards Himself; but, carelessly, we let them glide through our hands, till, looking back, we learn to 'count their value by their loss.'"

THE ELEMENTS.

The ancient idea of the elements was, that there were but four,—fire, air, earth, and water. But in truth none of these are elements: three are compounds,—that is, each consists of two or more substances; and the fourth (fire) is only a condition of substances undergoing rapid chemical union.

What, then, is an element? It may be described as a simple substance, which cannot be analysed, or, in common language, sub-divided into two or more different substances. As an example, we may select the element gold. All experiments upon this substance lead to the conclusion that it cannot be sub-divided into anything else than the simple element—gold. Let water be experimented upon, and very different is the result,—the fluid disappears, and two gases arise; thus informing us of the fact that water is a compound, while gold is a simple substance. Such, then, is the difference between an element and a compound. To use precise terms, we should say, that an element is a substance, separate and distinct from all other substances, and incapable of being resolved into any other constituents. Yet it is to be remembered than an element is proved to be so only negatively; that is to say, that as yet it has not been discovered to be anything else. It may, or may not, remain for future chemists, by an improved apparatus and means of analysis, to make a reduction in the number of the substances now deemed elements.

In the labours which modern chemists have prosecuted to separate all substances within their reach to these ultimate constituents, until it was impossible to separate them any farther, it has been discovered that a number of bodies once deemed elementary have no real claim to that distinction. Such bodies have been found in fact to be composed of two or more elements. The number of chemical elements at present recognised as such by Dr. Fownes, is sixty-two. But several of these are doubtful; and as science proceeds, it will probably remove many from the list.

It has been common to arrange the true elements under the heads of gases, fluids, and solids; or they may be

described as metallic, non-metallic, and gaseous. But while these distinctions are made, it is to be remembered that the same body under some circumstances may be solid, and under others fluid. Water, or mercury, for instance, when frozen is solid, and at the common temperature is fluid. Forty-seven bodies are well-marked metallic substances, about which little doubt now remains. There are but four gases: these are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and chlorine. The remaining eleven are the non-metallic elements, or elements of an intermediate character.

These elements are very unequally distributed in nature. With all the variety which obtains among the material substances and organizations which God has placed around us, all are reducible to a comparatively small number of elements, or, in other words, ultimate constituents. So far as the crust of the globe is accessible to experiment and analysis, chemistry makes out that the earth *en masse* is composed but of seven elements. These are silicon, calcium, aluminum, magnesium, potassium, and sodium, united with oxygen. If we turn to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, these are, after all, chiefly composed of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen. Or if we take the ocean, constituting, as it does, three-fourths of the area of our planet, we find that its principal components may be expressed in two words,—oxygen and hydrogen.

Such are the few materials out of which the Creator has formed not only the gorgeous globe on which we dwell, but also all that is material of ourselves, and the inhabitants of the sea and the air. So marked, indeed, is the feature adverted to in the economy of the creation, that some of the profoundest philosophers have thought that ultimately it may be found that there is but one element, of which all the others are modified forms.

The element almost universally diffused is oxygen. It is the largest constituent, by weight, of the ocean, forming eight-ninths of pure water. It forms a fifth part, by bulk, of the atmosphere, and it enters into a large number of combinations with solid bodies. It is capable of entering into chemical union with by far the greatest number of the other simple substances;

or, to speak more scientifically, it is possessed of the most extensive range of chemical affinities. When it combines with another body, the chemical name of that process of union is "oxidation;" and, when it is completed, the resulting substance is an "oxide."

Hydrogen is also an important element. It forms about one-ninth of the weight of water, which is, in fact, an oxide of hydrogen; it also enters largely into the composition of animal and vegetable structures.

Nitrogen forms one of the chief constituents of the atmosphere. It is remarkable for not readily uniting with the majority of the other elements. But when, under proper management, it is made to combine with oxygen, the resulting substances are possessed of the most intense energies. United with hydrogen, it forms the important substance, ammonia, upon which the life of vegetation, and indirectly of man himself, and of the lower animals, appears to be dependent.

The only other element now to be particularly mentioned as important is carbon. It exists in minute proportions in union with oxygen in the atmosphere, as a gas; and in the solid form it composes, together with the elements of water and nitrogen, the chief part of the woods and vegetable clothing of the present, and of the coal-formations belonging to a former, period of the earth's history.

In the mineral world, there are a greater number of elementary substances to be found. The most important of these are silicon, calcium, magnesium, potassium, sodium, aluminum, iron, phosphorus, and sulphur.

The results of the remarkable simplicity which obtains in all the arrangements of nature are very striking. How surprising to find that a gas, (carbonic-acid,) diffused in fractional quantities even in the purest air, in one of its principal constituents, (carbon,) is one and the same with the solid material of the forest-tree! How wonderful to learn that the millions of tons of wood that have grown upon the earth were actually in a great measure derived from this gas dissolved in water, carried up by the roots, and metamorphosed in the leaves!

The variety of result may be illustrated in another

manner. The acrid, dangerous, and highly corrosive liquid, known as aqua-fortis, or impure nitric acid,—in its pure condition one of the most powerful re-agents of the laboratory,—is composed of nitrogen and oxygen. These are also the constituents of the blandest summer's breeze! Whence, then, this change? The answer is, the relative proportions or quantities of the two elements are not the same; and in the case of nitric acid the elements are in chemical union, while in the air they are only in a state of mixture. Another alteration, again, in our atmosphere, would produce laughing-gas. Here, then, are three products of the most entirely opposite and unlike characters, namely, nitric acid, atmospheric air, and laughing-gas, composed of precisely the same elements. Why, then, do they differ so strikingly from one another? Because air is only a mixture of the two elements, while laughing-gas and nitric acid are both true chemical compounds of the same, and the latter has five times the quantity of oxygen possessed by the laughing-gas. But these are familiar examples. A more surprising vein of thought is opened up, when it is stated, that chemistry makes us acquainted with substances which are absolutely identical in the number and relative proportions of the elements of which they are formed, and yet are as totally unlike one another in properties, such as colour, odour, and taste, as though they had been composed of other and different substances.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES.

SMALL BEGINNINGS AND GREAT RESULTS.—ABRAHAM, JOSEPH, MOSES, DAVID, RUTH.

It cannot but interest the pious mind, and confirm the wavering, doubting soul, and quell the rising fears of unbelief, and give confidence in God's purposes and promises, and foster a delightful anticipation of the certain triumph of Christ's kingdom on earth, to see how, out of small beginnings, God is wont often to bring the most stupendous results; setting at nought the wisdom of man; ordering strength out of weakness, and making the most wonderful effects follow the

most unlikely and insignificant causes. The following instances will illustrate the mode of providential agency in carrying out the great work of human salvation.

Scripture history is full of illustrations of this sort. It seemed a small matter that Abraham should emigrate from his country, an adventurer into some strange land, he knows not where. Thousands might have done the same; and the fact of his departure seemed an affair likely to concern few beyond his own particular family. But what did God bring out of this small matter? Abraham, the chosen progenitor of a great nation, should take possession of the promised land; be the father of the faithful; his numerous seed be the people with whom God should enter into covenant; with whom deposit His revealed will; with whom were the promises, and through whom all nations should be blessed. That quiet, unpretending departure of the son of Terah from Chaldea, was the humble beginning of the most remarkable series of events which go to make up the history of our world. It was the preliminary step to the founding of the Jewish commonwealth; a civil polity which has exerted a more controlling influence among the nations of the earth than any empire that ever existed; and the preliminary step, too, to the founding of the Jewish church, which was a remarkable advance on any prior dispensation of grace, as well as an efficient instrument in the progress of human redemption. As long as the world stands, the influence of that act shall be felt. As long as heaven endures, the spirits of just men made perfect shall bless God for the call of Abraham, and angels shall join in the chorus of thanksgiving to the Lamb.

It was a small matter that Joseph should dream a dream; or that the daughter of Pharaoh should discover, while bathing in the Nile, an ark of rushes, floating on the river; or that the same casualty should befall Daniel, which fell to the lot of many a noble youth of that day, to be transported from his native hills of Palestine to an unwelcome captivity in Babylon. Each of these seemingly unimportant incidents was the first link in a chain of stupendous events. Great and noble purposes were answered by the captivity of Joseph in Egypt, and of Daniel in Babylon; and, perhaps, to no

mere man that ever lived, have the church and the world been so much indebted as to Moses. He was a signal instrument in the hands of God for civil, social, and religious advancement. In that little rush-bark lay the germ of the most extraordinary advancement in everything that pertains to the best interests of man, both in this world and the world to come.

Or we might speak of David. The trivial circumstance of his being sent, when a mere lad, with supplies for his brethren, who were serving in Saul's army, leads, very unexpectedly, to his successful encounter with the giant; to his signalising himself in the sight of all Israel; and to the illustrious course which he afterwards pursued as the head of a chosen nation, and a guide and teacher of the church. He was an illustrious type of Christ, and an extraordinary instrument in forwarding the great work of human salvation. No one can trace up, step by step, the history of the son of Jesse, from the time that, in obscurity and childish simplicity, he watched his father's flocks in Bethlehem, till, with "a perfect heart," he sat on the throne of Israel, and wielded the destinies of the chosen tribes, and not admire the wonder-working hand of God, in so controlling human events as to bring the most extraordinary and far-reaching results out of the most simple and apparently insignificant causes.

Or we might, ere this, have spoken of Ruth. It was a little matter that Abimelech, of Bethlehem-Judah, goes to sojourn in the country of Moab, he and his wife and two sons, because of a famine. Many others do the same. Abimelech dies; the sons take wives of the daughters of Moab, and soon die. The widowed mother turns her eyes longingly towards her native land, and resolves to return. Her daughters-in-law propose to accompany her. One relents, and returns to her people and her idols: the other perseveres, and casts her lot with Naomi and the people of God. By a felicitous train of circumstances, all beautifully providential, Ruth becomes the wife of Boaz, who was the father of Obed, who was the father of Jesse, the father of David. We trace back to that little Moabitess girl the lineage of the most illustrious race of Kings, of which was David, the sweet singer of Israel, and Solomon the great and wise, who raised Israel to the acme of

national glory; yea, the lineage of the King of kings, the Prince and Saviour of the world. A glorious issue from a most insignificant source!

FEATS IN AEROSTATION.

Some remarkable balloon ascents have recently taken place in Paris, with the view of recording certain meteorological phenomena in the higher regions of the atmosphere. An interesting account of them is given in a series of articles on "The Gifts of Science to Art," in the "Dublin University Magazine;" and from that source the following facts are taken.

On the morning of the 29th of June in the past summer, at twenty-nine minutes past ten, two persons, M. Barral, a chemist, and M. Bixio, Member of the Legislative Assembly, ascended in a balloon of considerable size from the garden behind the Observatory at Paris. No one accustomed to the management of balloons was invited to assist in the preparatory arrangements, and in consequence of this omission some serious errors were committed. The aëronauts were well provided with scientific instruments; but the balloon was old, and in bad condition; the weather also was unfavourable. On being liberated from those who held it down, the balloon darted upwards with the speed of an arrow, and, in two minutes from the moment it was set free, plunged into the clouds, and was withdrawn from the anxious view of the learned and scientific persons assembled in the garden of the Observatory.

While passing through a dense cloud, the voyagers carefully observed the barometer, and knew by the rapid fall of the mercury that they were ascending with a great velocity. Fifteen minutes elapsed before they rose above the cloud: when they did so, however, a glorious spectacle presented itself. The balloon, emerging from the superior surface of the cloud, rose under a splendid canopy of azure, and shone with the rays of a brilliant sun. The cloud through which they had just passed was soon seen several thousand feet below them. From the observations taken

with the barometer and thermometer, it was afterwards found that the thickness of that cloud was 9,800 feet,—a little less than two miles. On emerging from the cloud, our observers examined the barometer, and found that the mercury had fallen to the height of 18 inches: the thermometer showed a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit. The height of the balloon above the level of the sea was then 14,200 feet. At the moment of emerging from the cloud, M. Barral made polariscopic observation, which established a fact foreseen by M. Arago, that the light reflected from the surface of the clouds was unpolarized light.

The uninterrupted and somewhat considerable fall of the barometer informed the observers that their ascent still continued to be rapid. The rain, which had previously fallen, and which wetted the balloon, and saturated the cordage forming the network, had now ceased; or, to speak more correctly, the balloon had passed above the region in which the rain prevailed. The strong action of the sun, and almost complete dryness of the air in which the vast machine now floated, caused the evaporation of the moisture which enveloped it. The cordage on the balloon became dry; and the machine, thus relieved of a certain weight of liquid, was affected as though a quantity of ballast had been thrown out, and it darted upwards with increased velocity.

It was within one minute of eleven when the observers, finding the barometer cease the upward motion, and finding that the machine oscillated round a position of equilibrium, by noticing the bearing of the sun, deemed the epoch favourable for another series of observations. The barometer indicated that the balloon had attained the enormous height of 19,700 feet. The moisture which had invested the thermometer had frozen upon it, and obstructed, for the moment, observations with it. It was while M. Barral was occupied in wiping the icicles from it, that, turning his eye upwards, he beheld what would have been sufficient to have made the stoutest heart quail with fear.

To explain the catastrophe which at this moment, about a mile above the highest strata of the clouds, menaced the voyagers, it is necessary to advert to a blunder committed

before the ascent took place. As it was intended to ascend to an unusual altitude, it was of course known that, in consequence of the highly-rarefied state of the atmosphere, and its very much diminished pressure, the gas contained in the balloon would have a great tendency to distend, and consequently space must be allowed for the play of this effect. The balloon, therefore, at starting, was not nearly filled with gas; but it very nearly filled the network which enclosed it. No provision, however, was made to increase the netting containing the balloon. This oversight now disclosed itself to the astonished and terrified eyes of M. Barral.

The balloon had so swelled, as not only completely to fill the netting which covered it, but to force its way, in a frightful manner, through the hoop under it, from which the car and the voyagers were suspended. In short, the inflated silk, protruding downwards through the hoop, now nearly touched the heads of the voyagers. In this emergency, the remedy was sufficiently obvious. The valve must be opened, and the balloon breathed, so as to relieve it from the over-inflation. It is usual, it seems, to place the valve in this machine in a sort of sleeve, of a length more or less considerable, connected with the lower part of the balloon, through which sleeve the string of the valve passes. M. Barral, on looking for this sleeve, found that it had disappeared. Further search showed that, the balloon being awkwardly and improperly placed in the enclosing network, the valve-sleeve, instead of hanging clear of the hoop, had been gathered up in the network above the hoop; so that, to reach it, it would have been necessary to have forced a passage between the inflated silk and the hoop.

Now here it must be observed, that such an incident could never have happened to the most commonly-practised balloon exhibitor, whose first measure, before leaving the ground, would be to secure access to, and the play of, the valve. This, however, was in the present case fatally overlooked. I was, in fine, now quite apparent that one of two effect must speedily ensue; namely, either the car and the voyagers would be buried in the inflated silk which was descending upon them, and thus they would be suffocated; or that th

force of distension must burst the balloon. If a rupture were to take place in that part immediately over the car, then the voyagers would be suffocated by an atmosphere of hydrogen: if it should take place at a superior part, then the balloon, by the rapid discharge of its gas, would be precipitated to the earth, and the destruction of its occupants rendered inevitable.

Under these circumstances the voyagers did not lose their presence of mind, but calmly considered their situation, and promptly decided upon the course to be adopted. M. Barral climbed up the side of the car, and the network suspending it, and forced his way through the hoop, in order to catch hold of the valve-sleeve. In this operation, however, he was obliged to exercise a force which produced a rent in a part of the silk below the hoop, and immediately over the car. In a moment the hydrogen issued with terrible force from the balloon, and the voyagers found themselves involved in an atmosphere of that gas. Respiration became impossible, and they were nearly suffocated. A glance at the barometer, however, showed them that they were falling to the ground with the most fearful rapidity. During a few moments they experienced all the anguish attending asphyxia. From this situation, however, they were relieved more speedily than they could then have imagined possible; but the cause which relieved them soon became evident, and inspired them with fresh terrors.

It now appeared that the small rent which had been produced in the lower part of the balloon, by the attempt to obtain access to the valve, could not have been the cause of a fall so rapid. M. Barral accordingly proceeded to examine the external surface of the balloon, as far as it was visible from the car; and, to his astonishment and terror, he discovered that a rupture had taken place, and that a rent was made, about five feet in length along the equator of the machine, through which, of course, the gas was now escaping in immense quantities. Here was the cause of the frightful precipitation of the descent, and a source of imminent danger in the fall. M. Barral promptly decided on the course to be taken.

It was resolved to check the descent by the discharge

of the ballast, and every other article of weight. But this process, to be effectual, required to be conducted with considerable coolness and skill. They were yet some thousand feet above the clouds. If the ballast were dismissed too soon, the balloon must again acquire a perilous velocity before it could reach the earth. If, on the other hand, its descent were not moderated in time, its fall might become so precipitate as to be ungovernable. Nine or ten sand-bags being therefore reserved for the last and critical moment, all the rest of the ballast was discharged. The fall being still frightfully rapid, the voyagers cast out, as they descended through the cloud already mentioned, every article of weight which they had, among which were the blankets and woollen clothing which they had brought to cover them in the upper regions of the atmosphere, their shoes, bottles of wine, all, in fine, save and except the philosophical instruments. These they regarded as the soldier does his flag, not to be surrendered save with life. M. Bixio, when about to throw over a trifling apparatus called an aspirator, composed of copper, and filled with water, was forbidden by M. Barral, and obeyed the injunction.

They soon emerged from the lower stratum of the cloud, through which they had fallen in less than two minutes, having taken fifteen minutes to ascend through it. The earth was now in sight, and they were dropping upon it like a stone. Every weighty article had been dismissed except the nine sand-bags, which had been designedly reserved to break the shock on arriving at the surface. They observed that they were directly over some vine-grounds near Lagny, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and could distinctly see a number of labourers engaged in their ordinary toil, who regarded with unmeasured astonishment the enormous object about to drop upon them. It was only when they arrived at a few hundred feet from the surface that the nine bags of sand were dropped by M. Barral, and by this manœuvre the lives of the voyagers were probably saved. The balloon reached the ground, and the car struck among the vines. Happily the wind was gentle; but, gentle as it was, it was sufficient, acting upon the enormous surface of the balloon, to drag the car along the ground, as if it were

drawn by fiery and ungovernable horses. Now arrived a moment of difficulty and danger, which also had been foreseen and provided for by M. Barral. Were either of the voyagers singly to leap from the car, the balloon, lightened of so much weight, would dart up again into the air. Neither voyager would consent then to purchase his own safety at the risk of the other. M. Barral, therefore, threw his body half down from the car, laying hold of the vine-stakes as he was dragged along, and directing M. Bixio to hold fast to his feet. In this way the two voyagers, by their united bodies, formed a sort of anchor, the arms of M. Barral playing the part of the fluke, and the body of M. Bixio that of the cable.

In this way M. Barral was dragged over a portion of the vineyard rapidly, without any other injury than a scratch or contusion of the face, produced by one of the vine-stakes. The labourers just referred to meanwhile collected, and pursued the balloon, and finally succeeded in securing it, and in liberating the voyagers, whom they afterwards thanked for the bottles of excellent wine which, as they supposed, had fallen from the heavens, and which, wonderful to relate, had not been broken by the fall, although they had been discharged above the clouds. The astonishment and perplexity of the rustics were great, as may well be imagined, when they saw these bottles drop in the vineyard.

The entire descent from the altitude of 20,000 feet was effected in seven minutes, being at the average rate of fifty feet per second.

The same parties made a second ascent, and, strange to say, in the same crazy vehicle. In this voyage, however, they were able to make a number of observations valuable to science, a detail of which has been furnished. On this occasion they attained the height of 23,000 feet. At this elevation the cold was excessive. The thermometers ceased to give indications, the mercury falling, in nearly all of them, into the bulbs. They had not been graduated for the purpose of showing a temperature so low; and it was inferred that at this moment the temperature could not have been more than one degree above the freezing-point of mercury. The hands and feet of the voyagers were be-

numbed by this intense cold; but no other inconvenience ensued: respiration was perfectly free, and there were neither pains in the ears nor bleeding at the nose. There was, therefore, no physiological indication of having approached that limit at which the vital functions might not continue uninterrupted. This experiment, therefore, supplies no data from which we can infer what the obstacles may be which will limit the future range of observers in the atmosphere. What will impose a limit on their ascent? Will it be the intensity of the cold, or the absence of the pressure of the air which will arrest the functions? Will it be the balloon which will cease to have buoyancy, or the observer who will be incapable of accompanying it? Of these questions we have at present no certain solution.

A rent in the balloon, as on the former occasion, prevented the aëronauts from extending their journey upwards, and they were reluctantly compelled to take a downward direction. The descent was made in safety; but some of the instruments were broken, and the excursion, though far from being useless to science, was much less satisfactory than it would have been had all the usual precautions been employed.

YOUNG MEN SHOULD PRAY.

Give yourselves, my respected friends, to prayer: be not ashamed of the exercise. Ashamed! Were an archangel to become incarnate, he would account it not only his bounden duty, but his highest honour, to pray. Conceal not, attempt not to conceal, the fact that you pray. It may be desirable, and is, in order to prevent distraction, to be quite alone; but if this cannot be, neglect not to bend your knee before your companions. You know not the influence such an act may have upon others. If the present lecturer has a right to consider himself a real Christian,—if he has been of any service to his fellow-creatures, and has attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ,—he owes it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene, so unostentatious and

yet so unconcealed, roused my slumbering conscience, sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God: my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon college studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amid the splendour of heaven, and through the ages of eternity.—*J. A. James.*

REASONABLE CONDUCT.

"Sir, we have seen a writing which tells about an eternal God. Are you the man who gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one; for we want to know the truth before we die." Such was the inquiry addressed to Dr. Judson, of Ava, by a stranger from a distant part of the country. "Sir," said others, "we hear there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it." Others came from the interior of the country, where the name of Jesus is a little known, and their inquiry was, "Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ." "If you have anything from God to say to us," said a Cossyah Chief, "come quickly: otherwise we may be dead, and what you have to say will be of no use to us. What will then become of us?"

A WORM AT THE ROOT.

The gardener is intensely busy. How amused you would have been to hear him go on yesterday over "a worm at the root!" He began rooting up a sickly-looking tulip: I was for his giving over; but, "For certain," said he, "there is something here." At length, not finding anything, he pulled off a bit of the brown shell around the bulb; and still seeing nothing, as he pushed it about in his hand, he said, "If we had but a microscope, we should see many." He had scarcely said so, when a piece which I had taken for a

fibre began to move, and we discovered that it was a living wire-worm, not thicker than a hair. "Well, D——," I said, "this is a lesson, indeed! What a sure but unseen enemy may be at the root! what need to have our hearts thoroughly searched through!" "Ay, but we have a better chance, as one may say, than these poor things; for they cannot help themselves like us. If the worm comes, they must go." "But I think we are pretty much like them; for our help stands in our Head Gardener and Husbandman, who sees dangers and enemies that we have no idea of, and no power against. Now, with all your care, you cannot see all the worms; but there is not one of our enemies hid from the Lord's sight.—As to ——, I should say, unless there is something decidedly favourable, the acquaintance had far better be dropped than kept up. The mixed multitude from Egypt were they who always led the Israelites into sin; and the sooner they are shaken off, the happier and safer it is for Israel. We may think to do them good, and win them over; but our God, who sees the end from the beginning, has so clearly and solemnly pointed out our path of duty and safety on this head, that when we step out of it we do it at our peril, and return stripped and wounded to the camp of Israel. Few truths can be more plainly set forth in Scripture than this; and almost every pilgrim has set up some beacon to warn those who come after, though, alas! with too many, they will only learn by bitter experience."—*Helen Plumptre.*

THE MONKEY-BRIDGE.

"THEY are coming towards the bridge: they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How,—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there."

"O, no!" answered the Frenchman: "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain: you shall see."

The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where

we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadreja*, or ring-tailed, tribe. One—an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue-parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several of the comadrejas (engineers, no doubt) ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the arroyo.

At length, they all collected around a tall cotton-wood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost, a strong fellow, ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and, whipping his tail tightly around the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased; the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued, until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge; over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain.

The troop was now on the other side; but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then, the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half a dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching its tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail-end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal, and disappeared.—*Captain Reid's Adventures in Southern Mexico.*

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF NEWSPAPER-LIFE.

A SKETCH of twenty-four hours of newspaper-life will give some idea of how the complex and expensive machinery moves for the collection, preparation, and publication of a daily paper. Perhaps the earliest contributor at work is the Dublin correspondent. By the present Post-Office arrangements, *via* Holyhead, a steamer leaves Kingstown-harbour soon after eight in the morning, for Holyhead; and special despatches sent by that conveyance reach London the same day. By this mode we have news at night in London, dated Dublin, the same morning. To prepare this, the correspondent must be up betimes, get early copies of the morning papers, write his despatch, and be off by railway to meet the steamer by

breakfast-hour. He is then free till evening, whilst his copy is making its way across the Channel towards the London office. The French correspondent, meanwhile, has risen, dressed, and is deeply immersed in the *Débats*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Moniteur*. Flimsy-paper and rapid translators are in requisition. A brisk drive to the Hotel de Ville, or to the house of a brother journalist, or a call at some other point where additional information, or a confirmation or contradiction of current rumours, may be gained, and then "Our Paris Correspondent" sits down to complete his despatch. Quick pens and quicker thoughts speed on the work, and, when all has been said, a capacious envelope receives the slips; it is sealed, and away to the Post-Office in the Rue J. J. Rousseau, before eleven. The day is yet early, and a stroll through the city, a call upon friends, a gossip at some public office, and, in a *café*, another glance through the newspapers, an overhaul of the letters from Rome, from Naples, from Turin, from Madrid, which the post has brought, and the correspondent is ready to prepare his more elaborate despatch for the five-o'clock post. This is a matter of importance, and takes time. If the Chambers are sitting, a reporter has been placed there to give the proceedings; and, as the hour of five draws near, the "copy" accumulates. The despatch is written; extracts from the leading Parisian papers have been made; *Galignani* has been laid under contribution; some digests of French statistical papers have been summarised into readable and valuable *pars;* the report of the Paris Bourse and of the Madrid Bolsa come in, followed quickly by that from the Chambers, delayed till the last half-minute, that the proceedings might be brought up till the latest possible moment before the words "left sitting" close the copy. Again the capacious envelope, with its printed address, is ready, and the abundant contributions of Paris towards the London stock of news finds its way to the post just two seconds and a quarter before the bureau closes. Whilst these French and Irish writers are thus employed, their brethren at Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and elsewhere, are occupied much in the same way, each collecting his batch of news and commentary in time for the mails. Special correspondents, meanwhile, are less

systematic. One, it may be, is vibrating between contending armies,—as in the recent cases of Radetzky and Charles Albert, or of Bem and Windischgrätz; another is an *attaché* to the fallen fortunes of Kossuth at Widden; another hovers about the Golden Horn, to learn whether the English fleet will really make a warlike demonstration against Russia; another is gathering news of California amongst the Wall-street speculators of the western world; whilst another chronicles the doings of the Sooloo pirates in the suffocating atmosphere of the East.

The reporters at home are as busy as the correspondents abroad. Amongst the earliest afoot in the morning is one noting at Smithfield the prices of cattle; others, at Wakefield and Mark-lane, the price of corn; another, in Southwark, the price of hops; and in Mincing-lane, the qualities and rates of coffees and sugars. At Liverpool, the cotton; at Manchester, the yarns; and at Leeds, the woollens, are being watched, their prices jotted down, and the tone of the markets noted. Stocks and shares, also, are being inquired about in all these and many other towns; whilst corn prices and supplies are equally attended to. Where large local meetings occur, there also the reporters are to be seen taking up their places near the platform. In one part of the country, a railway-collision is being reported; in another, an inquest on a mine-explosion: be it where it may, there is a busy pen at work for the London paper. Post-hour has less importance for the newspaper-man in England than abroad. The last train is the point of interest here. As the hour for that approaches, the names of the sufferers by the collision, of the speakers at a meeting, the described horrors of the fatal choke-damp, a full account of the murderer's looks and deeds, are all quietly packed up together in little brown-paper parcels, and steam-power bears them away towards the sub-editor's table. Before this, London is contributing its quota. In each law-court there is a pencil busy in a note-book, or on the back of a brief; in each police-court the reporters' box is occupied; in each coroner's court the "highly respectable jury" look with surprise upon the often tattered habiliments of the penny-a-line representatives of "the papers." Does a fire-engine rattle through the alarmed

streets?—there goes a reporter with it. Does a gentleman fall down in an apoplectic fit?—a surgeon and a reporter are sure to be ready, the one to "use every means that medical skill could afford," and the other to earn a few shillings by writing a paragraph. Every district has its penny-a-liner; every disaster its historian.

These minor contributors are not more active than their superior officers. The editor has been reading over the morning papers of London and Paris, has glanced at the debates, and mentally arranged many of his topics for the night's "leaders." He has written to some of his literary aids, and received an article from one, a review from another, and a suggestion from a third, and he finishes his breakfast, and goes off to call at his club, or on a political friend; his mind the while shadowing forth the arguments to be employed, the illustrations to be used, and the points to be made, in the paper of to-night. The sub-editor, if any remarkable meetings, or other reports, are expected to come, has been to the office to consult with the editor, secretary, or other executive day-light officer of the paper, about expresses or telegraphs; to talk over the character and usefulness of candidates for employment, to discuss suggestions, to decide who shall attend various meetings in London and the provinces, and settle the various points which constantly arise in the progress of working a daily journal.

If Parliament is sitting, another large mass of manuscript is now growing up under the pens of the reporters. Fourteen or sixteen of these gentlemen, each in his "turn," sits in the gallery of the House, and for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, according to arrangement, takes his notes of the debate. When the time of one is up, and his seat at St. Stephen's has been occupied by a successor, he hastens to write out *in extenso* the speeches he has been listening to. If the debate is prolonged, by the time his first notes have been prepared he must be ready to go into the House again; and it sometimes happens that a third turn is taken on the same night. When the speakers are good, or the debate is important, this combined labour of so many pens completes a formidable mass of "copy."

By nine o'clock the editor, the sub-editor, the foreign editor, are all busy; the editor with his leaders, the foreign editor with his German and French, and the sub-editor with the mass of multifarious things that now load his table. The law-reports, being on matters of fact, and usually prepared by barristers, give little trouble; but, with this exception, scarcely a line comes to the sub-editor which does not require preparation at his hands. Meetings reported to please speakers instead of the public; railway and commercial statements, full of long tabular accounts, to be summarised and made readable; letters from indignant "constant readers," in which libels lurk in the midst of long statements of wrongs endured or reforms demanded; reports of police-courts, of inquests, of disasters, all written on flimsy-paper, and requiring great quickness of eye and mind to decipher at all; papers from all quarters of the kingdom; statements of markets, of shipping, of births, deaths, and all other conceivable and inconceivable things, demand attention and preparation for the printers, who by this time are ready for the six hours' rapid and skilful labour that shall convert this mass of contributions, of all sizes, characters, and qualities, into a shapely morning paper. With the help of an assistant or two, the load rapidly diminishes; and by midnight there is a tolerably clear table, preparatory to the arrival of the late railway despatches. These received, a new labour has often to be commenced. Although the troublesome search through fifty country papers has afforded a great quantity of local news, the late despatches often bring up much more: the Irish and Scotch advices come to hand; and with this addition of home-news very often comes a file of papers from America, from the West Indies, from Brazil, from France, Germany, or Hamburgh. An hour or two clears off all these new accumulations; and then, the proof-sheets having been attended to, and the place and arrangement of the articles been decided upon; the number of leaders, and the number of advertisements settled, the columns calculated, and the decision made as to what shall appear and what stand over, the editorial work of one day is done. By half-past four, the paper is at press, and news-boys and morning mails

distribute the papers to all parts of the country, to meet their "constant readers" at breakfast-tables, in counting-houses, and at country firesides.

Just as the wet newspaper, fresh from the news-boy, is being opened at the eight-o'clock breakfast-table of the early-rising city merchant, the Dublin correspondent is again handing his despatch on board the steamer at Kingstown, for to-morrow's journal; and so the twenty-four hours of newspaper-life are up.—*History of the Fourth Estate.*

IMPROVEMENT IN CHRONOMETERS.

Among the various difficulties which have stood in the way of chronometrical improvement, perhaps no defect has occupied so much time as the imperfect compensation for change of temperature, which has claimed the attention of some of the first mathematicians of the day, as well as those practically engaged in chronometer-making. The defect we allude to is this,—that if chronometers are adjusted for extremes of heat and cold, they will gain in the intermediate temperatures. This is caused by the balance-spring losing elasticity by an increase of temperature at an accumulating rate over the effect produced by the ordinary compensation.

Mr. Loseby has introduced mercury to overcome this defect, which, by its fluidity, admits of being adjusted, so that its effect may vary exactly in the same proportion as the change of temperature alters the elasticity of the spring; or, in other words, which makes the law of the successive alterations of the momentum of inertia adapt itself to the law of alteration of the elasticity of the spring, whatever that law may be. Since the invention was submitted to the Government in 1843, it has undergone several trials, by order of the Board of Admiralty, with a view to test its principle. The chief points which required to be proved were, first, whether the principle admitted of being adjusted to the irregular loss of elasticity in the spring; and, secondly, if the effect produced by the mercury would be sufficient. The fluidity of the agent used at once answered the first point; and it was therefore to the second that the trials have been

chiefly directed. The result shows that not only can the ordinary defect be obviated, but in most of the trials it has even been reversed, so that all doubt has been removed on the remaining point. The first trial commenced in January, 1845, when two chronometers were placed at the Observatory, Greenwich, under the direction of the Astronomer-Royal, and underwent a rigorous ordeal, having been exposed to the open air, on the north side of the building, during the coldest weeks of that severe winter, and also to temperatures varying from 85 degrees to 120 degrees Fahrenheit, for the extreme heat. The Astronomer-Royal made a "Report" to the Admiralty respecting these chronometers, and also gave his opinion relative to the principle on which they were constructed. The following extracts are from this Report:—

"I consider this invention (taking advantage very happily of the two distinguishing properties of mercury, its fluidity, and its great thermal expansion) as the most ingenious that I have ever seen, and the most perfectly adaptable to the wants of chronometers. I am not aware that it is liable to any special inconvenience.

"I think it my duty to report as my opinion that Mr. Loseby's construction has successfully effected its object; and remarking the ingenuity of the method used, and the fertility of its principle, I state as my opinion to the Board of Admiralty that Mr. Loseby is entitled to their Lordships' general encouragement."

The second trial with three other chronometers commenced at the Observatory in October; and as Mr. Loseby was desirous to afford facility for rendering this trial more severe than any to which chronometers had ever been exposed at the Observatory, he placed apparatus at the Astronomer-Royal's disposal for producing artificial cold, as there was not any apparatus at the Observatory for this purpose, in order that these chronometers might be subjected to much lower temperatures than occur in this climate. The Astronomer-Royal's Report of this trial, which was sent to the Observatory in February, 1846, stated that the chronometers had been exposed to temperatures ranging from 8 degrees to 17 degrees for the extreme cold, and from 80 degrees to 124 degrees for

the extreme heat. They had also been subjected to all the intermediate temperatures, and in every instance the principle had proved eminently successful: the Report explained to the Admiralty that the lower temperatures had been obtained in the apparatus to which we have alluded.

The third trial with four other chronometers was made at the Observatory in 1846, three of which were adjusted so that the ordinary defect might be slightly reversed, the same as some in the former trials: a statement to this effect was sent before the trial. The result has, in every instance, borne out both the statement and the principle, the three chronometers named having slightly *gained* in the extremes as compared with their performance in the intermediate temperatures. During 1847, three chronometers underwent a trial at the Observatory, the performances of which were most satisfactory. Two of these have since been selected by the Admiralty for the Arctic Expedition which sailed in May; and, from their perfect compensation, it is expected they will be found very useful, as Dr. Rae says, in his Report of the Expedition under his command, which returned the year before last, that nearly two months before the temperature reached 0 degree Fahrenheit, the chronometer employed became so irregular in rate, as to be useless for taking the longitude.

We will add a few explanatory lines on the method of trying chronometers offered to the Government for purchase. These are placed in the chronometer-room of the Royal Observatory the first or second week in January, where they remain until the middle of July, and each chronometer is daily compared with an astronomical clock, and its rate carefully noted. During the trial, the temperature of the room is considerably varied, as the windows are thrown open for six or seven of the coldest weeks, and for about an equal period the heat is raised to 80 or 90 degrees. This is effected by fires, which are attended at intervals of two hours, night and day. During the rest of the time, the chronometers remain in the ordinary temperatures. This constitutes the usual trial; but such chronometers as are subjected to the extreme trial are placed in an iron tray over the stove, the mean temperature of which may be taken at 100 degrees. They

are also exposed to greater cold by being placed outside a window on the north side of the building; but the severity of both the ordinary and extreme trial with regard to the cold, of course varies in different years with the severity of the season.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR JANUARY, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"At length forsaken by the solar rays,
See, drooping Nature sickens and decays,
While winter all his snowy stores displays;
In hoary triumph unmolested reigns
O'er barren hills, and bleak untrodden plains;
Hardens the glebe, the shady grove deforms,
Fetters the floods, and shakes the air with storms."

The charms which nature exhibits in the vegetable kingdom, are, at this season of the year, comparatively few, yet sufficient to invite the lover of nature to enter upon the study of botany, under the auspices of a new year, which has ever been considered favourable to fresh projects. The insect tribes unfold some attractions in mild weather, when an out-door walk may be enjoyed; and when the cold north winds congeal the rivers and brooks, and drive the fleecy snows along the plains, there are, even then, a thousand instructive lessons to be learned from preserved specimens of these little creatures, through the medium of the microscope.

The first half of the month. — Numerous tribes of birds now eagerly search for food. Larks assemble in flocks, and fly to the warm stubble for shelter, where they pick up the few solitary grains of corn that remain undestroyed. The missel-thrush is occasionally heard to pour out its wild and loud notes. The redbreast chants its sonorous lay, and thus cheers the wintry day. This little warbler, on account of its frequent approaches to our houses, and familiar habits, is better known than any of the feathered race, except those that are kept in domestication. The song of this bird has been thus described by an observer of nature: "His warbling is soothing and tender, animated occasionally with the notes of a louder tone, and sometimes, too, graced with those touching and engaging accents, that seem to express the ardour of his love."

The slug, or shell-less snail, makes its appearance, and commences its depredations on garden-plants and green wheat. In sunny days boat-flies and water-beetles may be seen on the surface of the water in ponds, &c. The hearth-cricket chirps in the evenings, in the neighbourhood of a smiling fire.

The Christmas-rose (*helleborus niger*) exhibits its pretty flowers at this season of the year; and the China-rose (if the weather be not very severe) is in blow in the open air. I would further observe that periwinkle, heart's-ease, and the sweet-scented wallflower put forth a few blossoms.

The last half of the month.—Fieldfares and redwings resort to fields in the neighbourhood of rivulets, and are in part supported by the gnats which are on the snow near the water, and partly by haws and winter berries. The ringdove, and other birds of the same genus, feed on the tops of tender turnips. Young pullets begin to lay, and the blackbird sometimes tunes his sweet and hollow notes, although cold Boreas drives his snows over the hills and along the plains. The wren and the chaffinch arrest the ear of the traveller with their respective strains.

Under bark may now be found the seven-spotted lady-bird: a little creature belonging to a large family, of which fifty are already known. All of them feed on the aphides which are so mischievous in gardens and hothouses, and do not destroy vegetable substances. According to an admirable maternal instinct, often observable, the eggs of the lady-bird are commonly placed in a group of twenty or more on a leaf where the aphides abound: the young find themselves, therefore, in the midst of their natural food as soon as they are hatched. Many aquatic insects may now be taken from ditches and pools; and others from rotten trees, dead leaves, hedges, and pales. The naturalist Latreille, when referring to the effect produced on his own mind by considering an insect, says: "In giving life to this atom, and constructing, in dimensions so minute, so many organs susceptible of different sensations, my admiration of the Supreme Intelligence is much more heightened than by the contemplation of the structure of the most gigantic animals."

The golden saxifrage or stone-crop, in the absence of other flowers, affords its little aid to give life and beauty to the garden. The snowdrop begins to present its modest and elegantly drooping flower, while the common garden-crocus unfolds its bright yellow cups.

Miller, in his descriptions of the twelve months, thus remarks, under January:—"There is something very solemn in the appearance of a country covered with snow on a cloudy day, especially if you look over some point of it that is uninhabited; for there are none of those sounds heard, or rural objects seen, which float and move in the same locality in summer. The birds are either silent or hidden, and the cattle, which gave such charm to the landscape, are driven from the fields. You miss the figures that dotted the scenery while following their rural employments; scarce a whistle or a shout is heard amongst the woods and hills; the voices of the children are silent in the green lanes, and the echo of a gun only seems to make the stillness more solitary, after it has died away. Nor is it less interesting to watch the snow falling upon the face of a river: to see flake after flake settle down, float along for a brief second, and then dissolve for ever; or to see the large

flakes descend in seeming lines across each other, while two come in contact, cling together, then fall softly to the ground. Sometimes you see a countryman, in his heavy-nailed boots, pause to kick off the hard "cakes" of snow which have clung to his boot-soles, or notice the lumps lie on the highway after he has shaken them off, with the mark of every nail stamped upon them. All these are little morsels of the great picture of winter out of doors; while within

> 'The cottage-hind
> Hangs o'er the' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
> Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
> And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
> Without, and rattles on his humble roof.'"

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR JANUARY, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

> "O Night! how beautiful thy golden dress,
> On which so many stars, like gems, are strew'd!
> So mild and modest is thy loveliness,
> So bright, so glorious, in thy solitude!
> The soul soars upward on its holy wings
> Through the vast ocean-paths of light sublime,
> Visits a thousand yet unravell'd things;
> And if its memories look on earthly time,
> And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream;
> For earth and earthly things but shadows seem:
> While heaven is substance and eternity:
> This is *Thy* temple, Lord! 'tis worthy *Thee.*"
>
> Bowring.

The young Christian philosopher experiences much intellectual pleasure and profit in surveying the skies each cloudless evening, after the sun has sunk below the western horizon, and the moon, mounted in splendour, adorns the vast arch of the heavens with her silvery rays, while the stars and planets are exhibiting their mild beams in all directions in the wide expanse. Yes, those beauties of creation afford him a mental enjoyment of which sordid souls can form no conception. He is led to reflect on the creative energy and superintending providence of God; and, with the Psalmist, is ready to exclaim, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

The Sun rises on the 1st at London or Greenwich at nine minutes past eight, and sets at fifty-nine minutes after three: he rises at Edinburgh on the same day at thirty-six minutes past eight, and sets at thirty-two minutes after three. The Sun rises at London on the 17th at eight o'clock exactly, and sets at twenty-one minutes after four: he rises at Edinburgh on the same day at twenty-four minutes past eight, and sets at fifty-six minutes after three.

The Moon is a beautiful crescent on new year's day, and rises in the morning at two minutes after seven: she changes on the 2d, at a quarter before eleven in the forenoon; and exhibits her fine crescent in the western sky, early in the evening of the 3d, when she descends below the horizon at ten minutes after five: she sets on the 4th at nine minutes past six, on the 6th at a quarter past eight, and on the 9th at half-past eleven, at night. The Moon is half-full on the 10th, and is due south on the 11th at nine minutes before seven in the evening: she souths on the 13th at half-past eight, and on the 16th at half-past eleven, at night; and on the 17th is full, at forty-two minutes after four in the evening, at which time her upper limb is passing through the southern part of the Earth's shadow, or, in other words, the Moon is eclipsed. The middle of the eclipse takes place at fifty minutes past four, and the end is at six o'clock exactly, mean time at Greenwich. (See "Type" and other particulars in "Temporis Calendarium," for 1851.) The Moon rises on the 18th at twenty minutes before six, and on the 19th at three minutes after seven, in the evening: she rises on the 22d at eleven at night, and enters on her last quarter on the 24th, at a quarter past eight in the morning: she rises on the 25th at half-past one, and on the 26th at a quarter before three. The Moon presents her bright crescent in the eastern horizon on the 28th at five o'clock, and on the 29th at ten minutes before six, in the morning.

Mercury, owing to the nearness of his orbit to the great luminary of day, is seldom visible to the naked eye; but, from my calculations, I find he will be favourably situated for observation during the first half of the month, when he will appear like a little bright speck in the twilight, near the western horizon, about three quarters of an hour after sunset: on the 3d he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon.

Venus may be seen rising, soon after daybreak, in the south-east, but not very splendid: through a good telescope she appears a beautiful crescent: on the 28th she is near the Moon.

Mars is invisible, being obscured by the rays of the Sun.

Jupiter is a splendid object every clear morning, rising soon after one o'clock: on the 20th he ascends above the horizon at midnight, and appears in the southern skies at the break of day: on the 23d he is in the vicinity of the Moon. The belts and satellites of this planet afford much pleasure to the telescopic observer.

Saturn is to be seen every clear evening: at the beginning of the month he is in the south, or opposite to the north-pole star, about six o'clock: he has the same position about the 20th day at five o'clock: on the 9th and 10th he appears not far from the Moon.

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S LESSON AT EVENTIDE.

BY MONTAGUE STANLEY, A.R.S.A.

It was the soft and tender hour of eve,
When twilight veils the things of earth;
When, bathed in dew, the flow'rets sweeter breathe,
And calm and holy thoughts glide into birth;
When with their sight the links depart
That bind the world upon our heart.

From forth an oriel, rich with sculpture raised,
And twined with many a flower,
A mother and her child in silence gazed
On the deep gathering shadows of that hour.
At length the boy, with silvery tone,
Broke on the stillness of that chamber lone.

"Mother, the sun is down, the crimson ray
Gleams o'er the distant sea no more;
Nor on the summit of the steeple grey,
With ivy cover'd o'er:
O! mother, did you say to me,
It tells us of eternity?

"Look, mother, what is yonder light,
Above the mountain high?
How fine, how soft, how clear and bright,
It shines in yonder sky!
O! mother, did you say to me
Again, 'twas like eternity?

"Mother, once more look out, and view
How quickly has the darkness come;
I can no longer see the yew
That by the church-porch waves alone:
Mother, you sigh, and say to me,
It whispers,—Time! Eternity!"

"I did, my child: the shades of night
Tell us how quickly death may come,
Snatch from a life of sense and sight,
And shroud us in the cold, dark tomb.
Canst thou a Sun to light it see?"
"Yes, mother, Jesus died for me."

"Yes, like yon sun, now hid from thee,
He o'er death's waters, rolling dark,
A crimson path hath left, to be
The guide of thy frail earthly bark:
My child, thy Saviour's blood must be
Thy pathway to eternity."

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THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

THE "MAUVAIS PAS."

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE, BY THE LATE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

(With an Engraving.)

THE *Mauvais Pas*, that is, "dangerous defile," or "narrow passage," is found in the Pennine Alps, not far from the village of Martigny, on the way to the glaciers of Mont Pleureur.

The Alps, as is well known, form the loftiest range of mountains in Europe, enclosing, on the north and west, the plains of Lombardy, and extending eastward, through Switzerland, the Tyrol, and lower Austria, to the confines of Hungary. The length of this chain, from Mont Ventoux, in Dauphiny, to Mount Khalenberg, in Austria, is about six hundred miles. The height of the summits is from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet; that of the principal passes is from five to eight thousand feet, above the sea. The line of perpetual ice commences at an elevation of between seven and eight thousand feet, forming, in the centre of the Alps, frozen lakes: at the height of ten thousand eight hundred feet, the ice disappears, and the atmospheric vapour, congealed as it descends, covers the ground with perpetual snow. The breadth of the Alps, in some places, exceeds one hundred miles. The central and principal range is that of Mont Blanc, the loftiest mountain in Europe, reaching the height of from thirteen thousand to fifteen thousand seven hundred feet, and giving rise to the headwaters of the Rhone and the Rhine.

In the course which the Alps take, the mountains bear

different names, and are distinguished into seven grand subdivisions, which are as follow:—the Maritime or Ligurian Alps, which commence on the Genoese coast, where they unite with the Apennines, and stretch northward. The Cottian Alps, so named from Cottius, an Alpine Chieftain, and an ally of the Romans in the time of Augustus: these extend from Monte Viso to Mont Cenis, between France and Piedmont, enclosing the valleys of the Vaudois, or Waldenses. The Graian Alps, improperly called the Greek Alps, by which there is the strongest reason to conclude that Hannibal effected his passage, and which divide Savoy from Piedmont. The Pennine Alps, so called from the Celtic *Pen*, or *Ben*, "a head or summit;" a division which begins at the north-eastern corner of the Graian Alps, and extends easterly to the St. Gothard, separating the Valais from Italy. The Lepontine, Helvetian, and Rhætian Alps come next. Then the Tyrolese or Tridentine Alps, running northward of Trent, and including the great mountain called the Brenner. And, last of all, we have the Noric, Carnic, Julian, and Pannonian Alps, under which names is designated the chain extending through Friuli, Lower Austria, and Istria.

The character of the *Mauvais Pas*, and the perils of the Alpine heights, are strikingly brought out in an interesting paper written by Dr. Stanley, the late Bishop of Norwich. The Bishop, then Mr. Stanley, arrived at Martigny a few days after the extensive lake of Mauvoisin had burst its frozen mounds, and an overwhelming torrent had, consequently, inundated the valley of the Drance. Every trace of civilised life within its reach had been carried away. The whole village and its environs exhibited a dreary scene of death and desolation. Mr. Stanley felt a strong curiosity to make his way to the source of the mischief, and there learn from ocular inspection the occasion and mode of so dreadful a devastation. Having obtained the assistance of guides, he proceeded on the expedition. After a time, their progress in the course they had taken was effectually impeded by the recent inundation. "*Ce n'est plus necessaire d'avancer; il faut s'arrêter,*" said the guides; "*c'est fini.*"* After considering what was to be

* "We need not advance; we must halt: that is decided."

done, "I observed," says Mr. Stanley, "that they entered into earnest conversation, walking to and fro,—now looking back on the road we had travelled, and then casting their eyes upwards to the right; the only words which I could distinctly hear, for they were more than once repeated, being, '*Mais il faut avoir bonne tête; a-t-il bonne tête?*'* At length one of them came up and said, '*Monsieur, il y a un autre chemin, mais c'est dangereux; c'est un mauvais pas! Avez vous bonne tête?*'"† Mr. Stanley inquired what was the nature of this *Mauvais Pas;* but he only received a vague statement in reply. It was not steep, or fatiguing, or slippery from grass or broken fragments of rock. It was on hard, solid rock; and as for grass, there was not a blade upon it. It required but "*une bonne tête; car si on glisse, on est perdu.*"‡ This winding up was not very satisfactory or encouraging; but Mr. Stanley determined to proceed. To use his own words, he "thought it unpardonable that an Englishman should shrink to set his foot" where he had been given to understand "a foreign traveller had trod the day before." And, accordingly, the enterprise was prosecuted. As we read Mr. Stanley's own narrative of the issue, one cannot but admire the firmness and presence of mind of the intrepid traveller, nor less the cool adroitness of his native guides; one example amongst many of the skill and resources which are called forth by long experience in surmounting difficulties, however formidable.

"For a furlong or two," Mr. Stanley tells us, "no great change was perceptible: there was a plentiful supply of twigs and shrubs to hold by, and the path was not by any means alarming. In short, I began to shake off all uneasiness, and smile at my imaginary fears; when, on turning an angle, I came to an abrupt termination of everything bordering on twig, bough, pathway, or greensward: and the *Mauvais Pas*, with all its fearfulness, glared upon me. For a foreground, (if that could be called a foreground, separated, as it was, by a gulf of some fathoms

* "He will require a steady head; does he possess one?"

† "Sir, there is another road, but it is dangerous, and there is a critical step. Have you a steady head?"

‡ "A steady head; for if you slip, you are lost."

wide,) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantel-piece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable, at most a few yards; after which I fondly conjectured that we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. 'Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eye upon the rock,' said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out. 'Is my foot steadily fixed?' 'It is,' was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberance within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point, I still found myself proceeding; but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot, with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave: not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and inquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. 'Not yet.' 'Are we half-way?' 'Very nearly,' were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause awhile; and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock, forming throughout a bare, barren, perpendicular precipice, of I knew not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the

chord of this arc at their base; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing, without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right; the only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly-projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking, (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss,) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

"There was no inducement for the lesser birds of the field to warble where we were, and the lammergeyers and the eagles, if any had their eyries amidst these crags, were revelling in the banquet of desolation below. As I looked upon this awfully magnificent scene, a rapid train of thoughts succeeded each other. I felt as if I was contemplating a world I had left, and which I was never again to revisit; for it was impossible not to be keenly impressed with the idea, that something fatal might occur within the space of the next few minutes, effectually preventing my return thither as a living being. Then, again, I saw before me the forms and figures of many I had left,—some a few hours, some a few weeks, before. Was I to see them again or not? The question again and again repeated itself; and the oftener, perhaps, from a feeling of presumption I experienced, in even whispering to myself that I decidedly should. But then—'If

any one slips, he is lost!' how horribly forcible and true did these words now appear! and on what a slender thread was life held! A trifling deviation in the position of a foot, and it was over. I had but to make one single step in advance, and I was in another state of existence. Such were a few of the mental feelings which suggested themselves; but others of a physical nature occurred. I had eaten nothing since leaving the old convent, and the keen air on the mountains had so sharpened my appetite, that, by the time I had reached the summit we had just quitted, I felt not only a good deal exhausted, but extremely hungry. But hunger, thirst, and fatigue, followed me not on the ledge. A feast would have had no charm, and miles upon a level road would have been as nothing. Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred, which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *gentiana nivalis*, and, stopping the guides while I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower on such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who, from that moment, whenever the difficulties increased, endeavoured to divert my attention, by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower; and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock: I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and, holding on the rock, then brought up the other. What was I to do? Like another, once placed in similar circumstances, I could only say, 'I was no goat-hunter; and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven.' 'I cannot perform that feat,' said I to the guide; 'I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and then—!' They were prepared for the case: one of them happened to have a short staff; this

was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and, placing it in his hand, answered, 'Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself: be steady; go on.' I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. The possible repetition of such an exploit was not by any means to my taste; and I ventured to question the foremost guide as to the chance of its recurrence, and the difficulties yet in store. Without pretending to disguise them, he proceeded to dilate upon the portion of our peregrination still in reserve; when the other interrupted him impatiently, and in French, instead of *patois*, (forgetting in his anxiety to enjoin silence, that I understood every word he uttered,) exclaimed, 'Not a word more, I entreat you. Speak not to him of danger: this is not the place to excite alarm; it is our business to cheer and animate;' and in the true spirit of his advice, he immediately pointed to a bunch of little gentians, exclaiming, 'Ah, there! they are beautiful: look at those lovely flowers!' Long before I had accomplished half the distance, and had formed a correct opinion as to what remained in hand, the propriety of turning back had more than once suggested itself; but, on looking round, the narrowness of the shelf already passed presented so revolting an appearance, that what with the risk to be incurred in the very act of turning about, in my present position, added to an almost insurmountable unwillingness to recede, for the reasons above mentioned, and the chance that, as it could not well be worse, the remainder might possibly be better, I decided on going on, estimating every additional inch as a valuable accession of space; with a secret proviso, however, in my own mind, that nothing on earth should induce me to return the same way, notwithstanding the declaration of the guides that they knew of no other line, unless a bridge, which was impassable yesterday, had been made passable to-day; and we knew the people were at work, for a man had gone before us with an axe over his shoulder.

"Thus persevering, with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth,—the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminded me of that cautious animal,—we at last drew near to

a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards, I had hitherto, in great measure, avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively whether we skirted any of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I in a very few more seconds scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise.

"In talking over our adventure, one of the guides mentioned a curious circumstance that had occurred either to himself or a brother guide, I forget which, in the course of their practice. He was escorting a traveller over a dizzy height, when the unfortunate tourist's head failed, and he fainted on the spot. Whereupon the mountaineer, a strong muscular man, with great presence of mind, took up his charge, threw him over his shoulder, and coolly walked away with him, till he came to a place of safety, where he deposited his burden, and awaited the return of sense. 'But,' added he, 'had such a misfortune occurred on the *Mauvais Pas*, you must have

submitted to your fate : the ledge was too narrow for exertion ; we could have done nothing.' We were now not much more than a league from our original destination, a space, of which, whether fair or foul, I cannot speak with much precision, so entirely was every thought and sense engrossed in the business which had occupied so large a portion of the last hour. It is merely necessary to inform the reader, that at the expiration of a given time I stood before the ruins of a stupendous mound, formed of condensed masses of snow and ice, hurled down from above by the imperceptible but gradual advancement of the great glacier of Getroz, nursed in a gorge beneath the summit of Mont Pleureur. Not a moment passed without the fall of thundering avalanches, bounding from rock to rock, till their shattered fragments, floundering down the inclined plane of snow, finally precipitated themselves into the bed of the channel through which the emancipated Lac de Mauvoisin had, in the brief space of half an hour, rushed, after it had succeeded in corroding the excavated galleries, and blown up in an instant its icy barrier.

"Seated on a knoll immediately fronting the stage on which this grand scenery was represented, we rested for some time, during which we were joined by one or two of the workmen employed in repairing the roads and bridge to which the guides had alluded ; and the first question asked was, 'Can any one pass over it?' No direct answer followed : it was evidently, therefore, a matter of doubt, requiring at least some discussion, during which, although the parties conversed in an under-tone, I again heard, more than once, the disagreeable repetition of, 'But has he a steady head?' and a reference was finally made to me. It seems the bridge had been completely destroyed, but some people had that morning availed themselves of the commencement of a temporary accommodation, then in a state of preparation, and had crossed the chasm ; and provided Monsieur had a *bonne tête*, there was no danger in following their example. Hesitation was out of the question ; for whatever might be the possible extent of risk, in duration and degree it clearly could bear no comparison with the *Mauvais Pas*, the discomforting sensations of which were too fresh in my recollection to indulge a thought of encountering

them a second time in the same day. I therefore decided on the bridge, *coute qui coute;* and, as we descended towards the river, I had soon the pleasure of seeing it far below me, and ample time to make up my mind as to the best mode of ferrying myself over. Of the original arch not a vestige remained; but across two buttresses of natural rock I could distinguish something like a tight rope, at the two extremities of which little moving things, no bigger than mites, were bustling about, and now and then I could perceive one or two of these diminutive molecules venturing upon this apparently frail line of communication. A nearer view afforded no additional encouragement. At a depth of ninety feet below roared the Drance, foaming and dashing with inconceivable violence against its two adamantine abutments, which here confined the channel within the space of about thirty or forty feet. From rock to rock, athwart the gulf, two pine-poles had that morning been thrown, not yet riveted together, but loosely resting side by side. It certainly was not half

> 'As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
> As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear;'

but it was, notwithstanding, a very comfortless piece of footing to contemplate. Ye mariners of England, who think nothing of laying out on a top-sail yard to pass an earing* in a gale of wind, might have smiled at such a sight, and crossed merrily over without the vibration of a nerve; but let it be recollected, as a balance for a landsman's fears, that these two spars were neither furnished with accommodating jack-stays, supporting foot-ropes, nor encircling gaskets, to which the outlayer might cling in case of emergence. There they rested, one end on each projecting promontory of the chasm, in all their bare nakedness. In the morning, I might have paused to look before I leaped; but what were forty or fifty feet of pine-vaulting, in comparison with the protracted misery of a quarter of a mile of the *Mauvais Pas?* So, forthwith committing myself to their support, on hands and

* The technical term for an operation necessary in reefing topsails.

knees I crawled along, and in a few minutes trode again on *terra firma*, beyond the reach of further risk, rejoicing, and, I trust, not ungrateful for the perils I had escaped."

THE RISE OF THE JESUITS.

In 1521, Don Inigo Lopez de Ricaldi, the youngest son of the noble house of Loyola, was wounded in both legs in the defence of Pampeluna against the French. Young, ardent, chivalrous, he had determined to secure military honours and renown. But stretched on a bed of suffering, with shattered limbs, and little hope of recovery, he felt that he must bid farewell for ever to all such projects. Either by accident or design, he happened at this time to have had put into his hands a volume of the "Lives of the Saints." The perusal of that work produced effects almost magical. At once the whole current of his nature was changed. "Behold," says Vieyra, his biographer, "the importance of reading good books! If it had been a book of Knight-errantry, Ignacio would have become a great Knight-errant: it was the 'Lives of the Saints,' and Ignacio became a great saint. If he had read about Knights, he might have proved a Knight of the burning sword: he read about saints, and proved a saint of the burning torch." From that time he became an altered man. In those days of chivalry, it was customary for Knights to "devote themselves, and consecrate the valour of their arms, to their lady love;" and Loyola became a "Knight of the Virgin Mary," and hung up armour before her image. Withdrawing from social intercourse, he arrays himself in a hermit's garb, and enters on a course of the severest mortification, determined to outstrip all his predecessors in austerity and self-denial. Now he allowed his hair and nails to grow like those of Nebuchadnezzar of old; he held midnight vigils; he kept on his bare knees seven hours daily; he fasted for days together, and on one occasion from Sabbath to Sabbath; and thrice a day he scourged himself regularly, often causing the cells and caverns to which he betook himself to resound with the groans forced from him by this self-inflicted torture.

Now, also, in his morbid and troubled fancy, he imagined himself favoured with all manner of heavenly and spiritual visions. At one time he is in ecstatic contemplation of two immense camps, "the one at Jerusalem, the other at Babylon, —Christ's and Satan's. On that side all the good, on this side all the bad, both armed and ready for mutual combat;" while he himself figures as the chosen warrior among the faithful. At another time, standing on the steps of the church of St. Dominic at Manressa, "he wept aloud, because he beheld the mystery of the Trinity visibly revealed to him in a moment; and, in mystic symbols, the work of creation was presented to him." In the host, he fancied that he "beheld Him who was God and man." On the banks of the Llobregat he "sat down, and bent his eyes on the deep stream before him; when suddenly he felt himself in an ecstasy, wherein the mysteries of faith were visibly revealed to him. He rose up, he thought, another man." Again, he is satisfied that "he beholds at one time Christ, and at another the Virgin, with his bodily eyes." Thus privileged as he deemed himself, no wonder that the written word of God was forgotten: it was despised, and regarded as altogether unnecessary.

After visiting Jerusalem on a fruitless expedition against the infidels, and journeying as a mendicant through different parts of Europe, amid incredible hardships, he at length reached Paris. There, in a little while, he gathered together a small body of adherents. Participating in his enthusiasm, they speedily resolved to constitute themselves into a religious society. The former military life of their leader suggested the thought of their making war, as soldiers, against the Prince of darkness; and they proceeded accordingly to call themselves, "The Company of Jesus,—just like a company of soldiers, who bear the name of their Captain; a company, cohort, or century, as it were, engaged to do battle against spiritual enemies."

Forthwith Loyola sought to secure the sanction of the Pope for their proceedings. Many of his attempts proved abortive. At length, in 1540, he succeeded in obtaining from Paul III. a Bull of constitution for his new Order. This

Bull was not altogether satisfactory, as it contained some restrictions of which he did not approve. The Papal affairs at this time, however, had arrived at a desperate crisis, and the Pope soon learned to value the services such a fraternity were prepared to render him. In addition to the *three* usual vows of poverty, chastity, and monastic obedience, an offer was made to come under a *fourth* vow of unlimited submission to the Pope, whose absolute supremacy and infallibility they were to maintain at all hazards, and whose commands to go wheresoever, whensoever, and on what errand soever he pleased, they were, without question or hesitation, instantly to obey; and all this under a solemn pledge, never and nowhere to require pecuniary support from the See of Rome. On these conditions the original Bull was renewed in 1543, freed from the limitations which were deemed obnoxious, and to which exceptions had been taken. As a memorial of this event, the Pope had two medals struck; on one of which, in allusion to the important aid he expected the Society to render, he inscribed, "The Gates of Heaven opened;" and on the other, "The Security of the Roman People."

Loyola, of course, was the first General or Commander-in-chief of this Society. In the draft of their constitution which was submitted to the Pope, it was proposed to invest that officer with immense power. He was to dispense grades and offices as to him should seem fit; to project the plan for the constitution of the Order, with the advice and assistance of the members; and in all other matters to exercise sole and undivided command: *in him should Christ be honoured, as present in his person.* After Loyola had been installed into office, the reason for placing him there is thus given by a Jesuit writer. "Since Peter," says he, "had more zeal than the rest of the Apostles when he struck the servant of the High Priest, it is for this reason, among others, we may conceive that the sovereign priesthood was committed to him by Christ; and, if the comparison be admissible, we may affirm that Ignatius was chosen to be General of our Order because he would kill a Moor who had blasphemed."

Loyola proceeded to draw up the constitution of his

Society. He executed his task with so much ability that he was justly said to be "one of the most subtle and skilful politicians that his age produced." The mysterious volume was carefully concealed from the world at large. Its contents were only gradually unfolded to the members of the Society, and that only after many proofs of trustworthiness had been given, and many oaths of secrecy taken. Indeed, there were some rules with which none but the General and Superiors were acquainted. One of the Assistants of the Order, in a letter from Rome, towards the middle of the last century, thus writes: "It is only since my arrival here that I understand anything of the nature of our Society. Its government is a separate science, of which the Provincials themselves know nothing. It is necessary to be in the post which I now occupy, to begin to comprehend it." For two hundred years, the statute-book was surrounded by this profound secrecy. At length it was dragged to light in France in 1761, in the course of the celebrated trial of Lionci and La Valette.

In order to invest his Society with authority and sanctity, it was of course necessary to impose on the popular credulity; and the opinion was soon industriously circulated that the laws of its organisation were given from heaven. Their Chief professed to hold direct communion with the celestial world; and the Lady Roseli had declared, that she had seen him, in a church in Barcelona, "with a radiant illumination around his head." It is not matter then for much surprise that his adherents should most solemnly aver that "he was miraculously told from heaven to form his Order, and instructed fully, in a supernatural manner, how to do it."

The Jesuits alleged that "God Himself dictated the formation of this Society;" and that "He and the blessed Virgin inspired its plans, rules, and privileges, in miraculous revelations." They moreover declared that "God had granted to every member of the Society, who might join it in the first three centuries, *the privilege of escaping damnation;* and that whoever should die in communion with the Society should obtain everlasting felicity." On such statements as these, multitudes were allured to join their Order. In little

more than half a century after its commencement, it is believed that its full-sworn members exceeded ten thousand. A century later, they numbered twenty thousand, and upwards of six hundred colleges.

"I AM NOT ABLE TO BE RELIGIOUS."

THE objection which a young person is apt to bring, and which, while young, I felt myself, (says the late Rev. Richard Cecil, in a sermon to children,) is this: "I believe," says he, "that real religion is the 'better part,' the 'one thing needful,' which alone 'shall never be taken away.' I believe there is nothing that can for a moment be balanced against it; 'for what shall it profit me if I could gain the whole world, and lose my own soul?' What a shocking thing it would be, upon leaving this world, to have nothing on which to rest the sole of my foot! Certainly, to be truly religious is to be truly wise; but then—I say, then the great difficulty is, HOW, and by what *means*, I may attain to it? For when I have tried to remember my Creator, my heart and thoughts are the next moment gone from Him. Sometimes, after a sermon, I go home, and think what a blessed thing it is to be a Christian: but on the Monday other things come before me, and drive these better thoughts away; and I feel no disposition through the week to pursue them. I imagine, therefore, that I am not *able* to be religious."

My dear children, I have felt all this before you; but, observe, I knew not then expressly the Christian secret, where to get strength, and therefore failed in my endeavours. We that have long run the Christian race, feel that we have no "power in ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God." Yet the Apostle that said this could also say, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." "My son," saith he, "be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus." Observe, children, he was to be strong through "the grace which is in Christ." Now we can say the same to you: be strong, but in His strength. You must not only believe in Him as a Saviour through His cross; but hope to run the race which He sets before you, by His

POWER "working in you to will and to do of His good pleasure." Run, therefore, by looking unto Jesus.

Suppose there was a necessity for you to lift a great weight from the ground: you might indeed try, and try again, and find your own strength exerted in vain; but if your friend or parent, who set you the task, came and joined his hand to yours, it might then be lifted with ease. And thus it is that the feeblest Christian succeeds in his endeavours.

You see, then, dear children, the Christian's secret. He employs almighty grace for the performance of a work which cannot be done without it. "Take my yoke," saith Christ, "and learn of me, and ye shall find rest." Bear my *cross*, and ye shall find it bear *you*. If your father, mother, and Minister are pressing forward in the heavenly road, bless God for their example; but, believe me, neither your father, your mother, nor your Minister, could bear up under difficulties, if there were not One mightier to bear them up. He is able to do the same for you, a child; and has already done it in innumerable instances. If even so great a character as David be left to himself, the weakest and vilest creature cannot fall lower than he did.

Upon the whole, you see nothing in religion can be done *without* Christ, while everything to which He calls us may be done *with* Him. In this way it is that the Christian becomes a conqueror; for "who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF NATIONS.

No. IX.—Part II.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

The Intone or Ugorian race includes the Finnish and Lappish tribes, the Tschudes, the Vogules of the Uralian mountains, and the Magyars or Hungarians. The Ostiaks of Siberia are also a branch of this race, but they belong to the continent of Asia.

The *Finns* and *Lappes* were the earliest inhabitants of those countries which still bear their names; the one eastward of the gulf of Bothnia, the other adjoining it, at the extreme north of Europe. The former people, if not the latter also, were originally called Jotuns, and their country, which was at one time much more extensive than it is at present, was designated Jotunheim. To neighbouring nations it was the land of mystery and darkness, the country of giants, a region inhabited by men who howled like wolves and dogs. The term Jotun is supposed to have originated with the Northmen of Scandinavia, who applied it to the more ancient inhabitants of that country, in a sense equivalent to the word barbarian. The Jotuns were the enemies of gods and men, and the representatives of the destructive powers of nature.

The Finns and Lappes, though speaking different dialects, were originally one people; but were probably separated into two families long prior to their inhabiting the north. The earliest writer who makes mention of them is Procopius, a companion of Belisarius in the Gothic and Vandal wars. He calls them Skrithiphini, and describes them as a people who lived a wandering and savage life, covered themselves with skins, and subsisted on the flesh of wild animals. In some respects they were on a level with the native tribes of Africa. The Finns were conquered by the Swedes in the thirteenth century, at which time they appear to have had no princes or rulers, nor any military guides; so that when attacked by their enemies they were unable to resist them. They had become, however, an agricultural people; and were not unacquainted with the art of working metals. Their religion was a kind of Feticism. Each individual adopted the first object he met for his god, and offered to it gifts and prayers. The Finns worshipped the sun, the stars, and the earth; and both they and the Lappes reverenced mountains and great stones; and held sacred rivers, lakes, and cataracts. They invoked the winds; addressed themselves to cold; ascribed divinity to disease; and, under the name of Tuoni or Murta, esteemed death a goddess, who ruled over Tuonala, or hades,—the invisible world. The Finns believed in a future state,

which they supposed would be similar to the present: and the Lappes imagined that the dead left their *manes*, or spirits, behind them to haunt particular places; and of these spirits they were afraid, and in honour of them offered sacrifices.

Whether the Finns offered sacrifices to the gods is doubtful; but the Lappes certainly did,—sometimes rein-deer, and at other times cats, dogs, lambs, and hens. Their worship was performed by the singing of hymns, and the loud beating of enchanted drums. They did homage to images made out of the stocks of trees, which were occasionally cut into a rude likeness of the human form; and upright stones, erected on hills, or by the sides of lakes and waterfalls, which they said were placed there by God at the creation, were the objects of their devout adoration.

Among the Lappes there are great varieties, both of structure and complexion. In stature they are generally small; the shape of the skull approaches the Mongolian type; their colour is dark, with a deep blush of red; and their hair black, short, and thin. The Finns, on the other hand, are sometimes tall, and their skull differs from the Mongolian type, and approaches the Turanian; whilst their hair is often long, lank, and yellow. These diversities would almost lead to the conclusion that the two races were distinct; but for other reasons this opinion cannot be adopted, and to local and other circumstances, occurring, perhaps, at a very early period in the history of these tribes, must such varieties be attributed.

The *Tschudes* are a people scattered through the northern parts of Russia, in Europe, and are divided into two branches, the Permian and Bulgarian. The Permian branch reside in the northern tracts on the White Sea, and include the Permians proper, the Syrjæni, and the Wotiaks. Some of these tribes have been converted to Christianity, and are members of the Greek Church: others are still Heathens, and worship a god called Jumar, whom they place in the sun, together with other inferior deities. In times of prosperity, they sacrifice to the good genius; and in times of adversity to the evil one. They are, generally speaking, an athletic race of men, and have invariably red hair. The Bulgarian branch of the Tschudish race inhabit a district near the

middle course of the Volga. They are called Morduines and Tscheremisses. The former pretend that they were never idolaters, but worshipped the heavens. The latter still retain their ancient pagan worship, and offer horses, sheep, and goats to evil genii in the darkness of the woods. All these tribes speak dialects allied to the Finnish language; but they have many terms that are cognate with the Tartar or Turkish language. It has been supposed that they have intermixed with Tartar tribes; but this opinion is improbable, as they all avoid intermarriages with strangers. Dr. Prichard thinks that the Finnish idioms have some essential characters in common with those of the Tartar nations.

The *Vogules* dwell in the northern parts of the Uralian mountains, or in a country called Ugrien. They have no community, but wander in separate families, and live by hunting. Their language is allied to the Finnish, but consists of several dialects. They say that they are the same people as the Ostiaks; and the language of the latter has so close an affinity to theirs as to lead to the conclusion, that the two races are not very widely distinct. The Ostiaks inhabit wide districts of Siberia.

But by far the most interesting people belonging to the Ugorian race, are the *Magyars*, or *Hungarians*. They are so superior in intellect, so noble in appearance, and so full of energy and courage, that it has been supposed impossible for them to have descended from the same stock as the stupid Ostiaks, the Lappes, and the Finns. And yet, on historical grounds, there is the strongest reason to believe that they emigrated originally from the Uralian mountains; and their language is found to possess, in all its dialects, the closest affinities to the idioms of the Finns and Vogules. To what, then, are the changes that have taken place among them (for "they are now," says Dr. Prichard, "in all moral and intellectual qualities, the first nation in eastern Europe") to be attributed? Some have imagined that their forefathers intermarried with the Tartar nations; but, from the circumstances of their history, it does not appear probable that the Magyars ever made alliances with any foreign tribes whatever. The causes, then, of the remarkable difference adverted to, must

be traced to the influence of external circumstances; to change of country, climate, food, and modes of life. Formerly the Magyars inhabited a wilderness in the north of Europe; now they dwell in fertile plains considerably to the south. Once they were savage hunters; now they are a civilised and settled people. Hence they have become a handsome race, tall in stature, and European in complexion: an instance of the improvability of the races of mankind.

The Samoiedes are a wandering race, inhabiting the great northern promontory of the Siberian coast, from the Dwina to the Lena. Their name is said to mean "salmon-eaters;" but they call themselves the Khasova. Little comparatively is known respecting their language; but it is allied to the dialects of Ugorian tribes, and likewise to those of the nations who inhabit the chain of the Caucasus.

The above are the principal races of the Allophylian group dwelling in the continent of Europe. Our limits forbid us entering more minutely into their history and character: but the foregoing remarks will perhaps serve to guide the student of ethnography in his more extended inquiries; and if he has access to the works of Dr. Prichard, he will there find ample information on the subject, replete with interest, and remarkable for its accuracy. T. S.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC STONE-MASON.

Hugh Miller, the author of "The Old Red Sandstone," and at present the editor of a northern paper, toiled for fifteen years, in early life, as an operative mason. Attending a meeting of young men, held the other day in the Scottish metropolis, he sat on the platform amongst the distinguished men who addressed the meeting. Being a man slow of speech, he did not rise to address the earnest-looking groups which thronged the hall on that occasion. But as he looked on, and listened to the various speakers, he thought of the difficulties he himself had encountered, and of not a few wrecks he had witnessed of men who had set out in life with the determination of pressing their way upwards. As he

thus mused, he felt somewhat, as he himself says, after the manner that an old sailor would feel, who saw a crew of young ones setting out to thread their way through some dangerous strait, the perils of which he had already encountered, or to sail round some formidable cape, which, after many an unsuccessful attempt, he had doubled. He fancied himself in the position of one qualified to give that assembly of young men some little advice regarding the navigation of the seas on which they were just entering. At length, as he plodded homewards from the meeting under the cloud of night, he put together what he could have wished to have uttered. And these thoughts he inserted, in the form of an unspoken address, in the next number of the "Witness" newspaper. From that address we transfer to our pages some extracts; which it is hoped our readers will peruse with profit.

"We ourselves have known what it is to prosecute, in solitude, with but few books, and encompassed by many difficulties, the search after knowledge; and have seen year after year pass by, and the obstacles in our way remain apparently as great as at first. And were we to sum up the condensed result of our experience in two brief words of advice, it would amount simply to this, 'Never despair.' We are told of Commodore Anson,—a man whose sense and courage ultimately triumphed over a series of perhaps the most appalling disasters man ever encountered, and who won for himself, by his magnanimity, sagacity, and cool resolution, the applauses of even his enemies, so that even Rousseau and Voltaire eulogised him; the one in history, the other in romance,—we are told, we say, of this Anson, that, when raised to the British peerage, he was permitted to select his own motto, and that he chose an eminently characteristic one,—'*Nil desperandum.*' By all means let it be your motto also; not as a thing to be written on some heraldic label, but to be engraved upon your hearts. We wish that we could bring up before you some of the scenes of our past life. They would form a curious panorama, and might serve to teach, that in no circumstances, however apparently desperate, should men lose hope. Never forget that it is not necessary, in order to overcome gigantic

difficulties, that one's strength should be gigantic. Persevering exertion is much more than strength. We owe to shovels and wheelbarrows, and human muscles of the average size and vigour, the great railway which connects the capitals of the two kingdoms. And the difficulties which encompass the young man of humble circumstances and imperfect education must be regarded as coming under the same category as difficulties of the purely physical kind. Interrupted or insulated efforts, however vigorous, will be found to be but of little avail: it is to the element of continuity that you must trust. There is a world of sense in Sir Walter Scott's favourite proverb:—'*Time* and I, gentlemen, against any two.' But though it be unnecessary, in order to secure success, that one's efforts in the contest with gigantic difficulties should be themselves gigantic; it is essentially necessary that they should employ one's whole strength. Half-efforts never accomplish anything. 'No man ever did anything well,' says Johnson, 'to which he did not apply the whole bent of his mind.' And unless a man keep his head cool, he need not expect that his efforts can ever be other than half-efforts, or other than of a desultory, fitful, non-productive kind. We do not stand here in the character of a modern Rechabite. But this we must say: Let no young man ever beguile himself with the hope that he is to make a figure in society, or rise in the world, unless, as the Apostle expresses it, he be 'temperate in all things.' Scotland has produced not a few distinguished men who were, unfortunately, *not temperate;* but it is well known that of one of the greatest of them all,—perhaps one of the most vigorous-minded men our country ever produced,—the intemperate habits were not formed early. Robert Burns, up to his twenty-sixth year, when he had mastered all his powers, and produced some of his finest poems, was an eminently sober man. Climbing requires not only a steady foot, but a strong head; and we question whether any one ever climbed the perilous steep, where, according to Beattie, 'fame's proud temple shines afar,' who did not keep his head cool during the process. So far as our own experience goes, we can truly state, that though we have known not a few

working men possessed, some of them of strong intellects, and some of them of fine taste, and even of genius, not one have we known who rose either to eminence or a competency under early-formed habits of intemperance. These, indeed, are the difficulties that cannot be surmounted, and the only ones. Rather more than thirty years ago, the drinking-usages of the country were even more numerous than they are now. In the mechanical profession in which we laboured they were many: when a foundation was laid, the workmen were treated to drink; they were treated to drink when the walls were levelled; they were treated to drink when the building was finished; they were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad; they were treated to drink when his apron was washed; treated to drink when his 'time was out;' and, occasionally, they learned to treat one another to drink. On the first house at which we were engaged, as a slim apprentice-boy, the workmen had a royal founding-pint, and two whole glasses of whisky came to our share. A full-grown man might not deem a gill of usquebhae an over-dose; but it was too much for a boy, unaccustomed to strong drink; and when the party broke up, and we got home to our few books,—few, but good, and which we had learned at even an earlier period to pore over with delight,—we found, as we opened the page of a favourite author, the letters dancing before our eyes, and that we could no longer master his sense. The state was perhaps a not very favourable one for forming a resolution in; but, we believe, the effort served to sober us. We determined in that hour that never more would we sacrifice our capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking-usage; and during the fifteen years which we spent as an operative mason, we held, through God's help, by the determination. But there are other kinds of intoxication than that which it is the nature of strong drink or of drugs to produce. Bacon speaks of a 'natural drunkenness.' And the hallucinations of this natural drunkenness must be avoided, if you would prosper. Let us specify one of these. Never let yourselves be beguiled by the idea that fate has misplaced you in life, and that were you in some other sphere you would

rise. It is true that some men *are* greatly misplaced; but to brood over the idea is not the best way of getting the necessary exchange effected. It is not the way at all. Often the best policy in the case is just to forget the misplacement. We remember once deeming ourselves misplaced, when, in a season of bad health and consequent despondency, we had to work among labourers in a quarry. But the feeling soon passed, and we set ourselves carefully to examine the quarry. Cowper describes a prisoner of the Bastile beguiling his weary hours by counting the nail-studs on the door of his cell; upwards, downwards, and across,—

> 'Wearing out time in numbering to and fro
> The studs that thick emboss his iron door;
> Then downward and then upwards, then aslant
> And then alternate; with a sickly hope,
> By dint of change, to give his tasteless task
> Some relish; till, the sum exactly found
> In all directions, he begins again.'

It was idle work; for to reckon up the door-studs never so often was not the way of opening up the door. But carefully examining and recording for our own use the stony bars of our prison, was greatly more profitable employment. It was, in short, one of the best possible modes of escaping from our prison. We were in reality getting hold of its bolts and its stanchions, and converting them into tools in the work of breaking out. We remember once passing a whole season in one of the dreariest districts of the north-western Highlands; a district included in that unhappy tract of country, doomed, we fear, to poverty and suffering, which we find marked in the rain-map of Europe with a double shade of blackness. We had hard work, and often soaking rain, during the day; and at night our damp fuel filled the turf-hut in which we sheltered with suffocating smoke, and afforded no light by which to read. Nor—even ere the year got into its wane, and when in the long evenings we *had* light—had we any books to read by it, or a single literary or scientific friend with

whom to exchange an idea. We remember at another time living in an agricultural district in the low country, in a hovel that was open along the ridge of the roof from gable to gable, so that as we lay a-bed we could tell the hours of the night by the stars that were passing over-head across the chasm. Both the Highland hut and the Lowland hovel, with their accompaniments of protracted and uncongenial labour, might be regarded as dreary prisons; and yet we found them to be in reality useful schools, very necessary to our education. And now, when we hear about the state of the Highlands, and the character of our poor Highlanders, and of the influence of the Bothie system, we feel that we know considerably more about such matters than if our experience had been of a more limited or more pleasant kind. There are few such prisons in which a young man of energy and a brave heart can be placed, in which he will not gain more by taking kindly to his work, and looking well about him, than by wasting himself in convulsive endeavours to escape. If he but learn to think of his prison as a school, there is good hope of his ultimately getting out of it. Were a butcher's-boy to ask us,—you will not deem the illustration too low, for you will remember that Henry Kirke White was once a butcher's-boy,—were he to ask us how we thought he could best escape from his miserable employment, we would at once say, 'You have rare opportunities of observation; you may be a butcher's-boy in body, but in mind you may become an adept in one of the profoundest of the sciences, that of comparative anatomy. Think of yourself as not in a prison, but in a school, and there is no fear but you will rise.' There is another delusion of that 'natural drunkenness' referred to, against which you must also be warned. Never sacrifice your independence to a phantom. We have seen young men utterly ruin themselves through the vain belief that they were too good for their work. They were mostly lads of a literary turn, who had got a knack of versifying, and who, in the fond belief that they were poets and men of genius, and that poets and men of genius should be above the toil and drudgery of mechanical labour,

gave up the profession by which they had lived, poorly mayhap, but independently, and got none other to set in its place. A mistake of this character is always a fatal one; and we trust all of you will ever remember, that though a man may think himself above his work, no man *is*, or no man ought to think himself, above the high dignity of being independent. In truth, he is but a sorry, weak fellow, who measures himself or his brethren by the conventional status of the labour by which he or they live.

"There is another advice which we would fain give you, though it may be regarded as of a somewhat equivocal kind: Rely upon yourselves. The man who sets his hopes upon patronage, or the exertions of others in his behalf, is never so respectable a man, and, save in very occasional instances, rarely so lucky a man, as he who bends his exertions to compel fortune in his behalf, by making himself worthy of her favours. Some of the greatest wrecks we have seen in life have been those of waiters on patronage; and the greatest discontents which we have seen in corporations, churches, and states, have arisen from the exercise of patronage. We therefore say, Rely upon yourselves. But there is One other on whom you must rely; and implicit reliance on Him, instead of inducing weakness, infinitely increases strength. Bacon has well said, that a dog is brave and generous when he believes himself backed by his master, but timid and crouching, especially in a strange place, when he is alone and his master away. And a human master, says the philosopher, is as a god to the dog. It certainly does inspire a man with strength to believe that his great Master is behind him, invigorating him in his struggles, and protecting him against every danger. We knew, in early life, a few smart infidels; smart, but shallow: but not one of them ever found his way into notice; and though we have not yet lived out our half century, they have in that space all disappeared. There are various causes which conspire to write it down as fate, that the humble infidel should be unsuccessful in life. In the first place, infidelity is not a mark of good sense, but very much the reverse. We have been much struck by a passage which occurs in the autobiography of a great and successful

General, of the early part of the last century. In relating the disasters and defeats experienced in a certain campaign by two subordinate general officers, chiefly through misconduct on their own parts, and a lack of the necessary shrewdness, he adds:—'I ever suspected the judgment of these men since I found that they professed themselves infidels.' The sagacious General had inferred that the profession of infidelity augured a lack of sense; and that when they got into command, the same lack of sense would be productive, as its necessary results, of misfortune and disaster. There is a shrewd lesson here to the class who doubt and cavil simply to show their parts. In the second place, infidelity is, on the principle of Bacon, a weak, tottering thing, unbuttressed by that support which gives to poor human nature half its strength, and all its dignity. But, above all, in the third and last place, the humble infidel, unballasted by right principle, sets out on the perilous voyage of life without chart or compass; and, drifting from off the safe course, gets among rocks and breakers, and there perishes. But we must not trespass on your time. With regard to the conduct of your studies, we simply say, Strive to be catholic in your tastes. Some of you will have a leaning to science, some to literature. To the one class I would say, Your literature will be all the more solid if you can get a vein of true science to run through it; and to the other, Your science will be all the more fascinating if you temper and garnish it with literature. In truth, almost all the greater subjects of man's contemplation belong to both fields. Of subjects such as astronomy and geology, for instance, the poetry is as sublime as the science is profound. As a pretty general rule, you will perhaps find literature most engaging in youth, and science as you grow in years. But faculties for both have been given you by the great Taskmaster, and it is your bounden duty that these be exercised aright. And so let us urge you, in conclusion, in the words of Coleridge,—

> 'Therefore to go, and join head, heart, and hand,
> Active and firm to fight the bloodless fight
> Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.' "

THE MOSAIC RECORD AND GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

In past days, the conclusion in which men did generally rest was this, (says Dr. Kitto,) that the creation of the world, in its crude state, immediately preceded the work of the six days, and was, in the first instance, brought into that state of watery unorganised chaos, which was immediately afterwards reduced to order.

But, in these latter days, men have found in the bowels of the earth, and in the sides of its mountains and its riven cliffs, new facts, new circumstances, which, as they conceived, went to show that the world had, under various modifications, existed thousands of ages before the creation of man, or at least before the comparatively recent date to which the record ascribes man's origin.

The pious man was alarmed at this, as adverse to those impressions respecting the creation in which he had grown up; and, in his earnest but short-sighted zeal, he repelled the new science with abhorrence, as an unholy thing, and shut his eyes to the solid facts which it produced.

And, on the other side, the scoffer laughed, and exulted in a new weapon against the truth and authority of the Divine word. These things have passed away. A new generation has grown up. And now certain facts in the science of the earth are seen to be indisputable; whatever doubt lies upon the various theories, successively pushing out each other, which have been founded on them. And yet God reigns; and yet the Bible is true; and yet the sacred record is not only unshaken in the war of theories, but stands firm,—firmer than ever, strengthened by the very facts which once seemed to threaten its overthrow; a pillar of central truth, to which all these facts gravitate, and by the measure of their adhesion to which their worth is tested.

Men began to separate the theories from the facts. The facts poured in from all parts of the world. The disclosures were not reasonings, nor conjectures, nor hypotheses. They were facts of the least mistakable kind,—disintrenched remains of the ancient generations of the earth; remains

tangible, visible, certain, and reconcilable with no hypothesis which allows no more ancient date to the earth than the commencement of the week which closed in the creation of man.

Then the wise, the men well-instructed in the things of God, began to consider. They began to see in these things a new law of God, a new disclosure of God's work and will, written in the stony tablets of the earth. They saw that truth is one; and that, if these things were truths respecting God's work, they could not be at variance with the truths disclosed to Moses in times of old. The record was then more carefully examined, and enough was found to dispose the most careful men to hail the new science, as, in its facts, not an opponent, but an auxiliary, of inspired truth; as a new commentary left entombed for ages, but now at last brought to light, to show forth the hitherto hidden meaning of one portion of the sacred word.

At first, there was an inclination to suppose that the days of creation were not natural days, but long intervals of time, answering to the successive developments which had been found in the strata of the earth. But this was not quite satisfactory to any. On the one side, the theologian felt that some force was put upon the plain construction of the Mosaical narrative; while, on the other, the geologist was not content with the most liberal concession which could under this interpretation be afforded to him, nor could he make the order of the Divine operations, during the six days, coincide with the succession of phenomena which the bowels of the earth disclosed.

The inspired record was then again examined with still closer attention; and it then appeared to many that that sacred source of authentic information does afford an interval, which may have been of any duration that the researches of the earth-explorers may exact. It is said, that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;" that is, that the material of the world was not eternal, as some had dreamed, but was, in its beginning, however remote, the work of God. The object of this revelation, then, being simply to record, for man's instruction, how the earth assumed its

present goodly frame, and acquired its present inhabitants, nothing is said of its intermediate condition, in which it may have lain during long ages; but the inspired writer goes on to state that, previously to its existing organisation, it lay, and had probably for a long time lain, "without form and void," a dark and empty confusion; and that this was of a watery nature, is shown by the immediately following text, which states that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of *the waters.*"

That such an interval was found in the sacred text, is not, however, an absolutely new discovery; nor has it altogether been extorted from the volume of inspiration by the demands of the new science. Ages before such discoveries were thought of, or such demands were made, it was conceived by several of the ancient fathers that a long period of time existed between the "beginning" of the creation and the beginning of the six days. No startling novelty is, therefore, offered in an interpretation which finds in the Mosaic narrative an interval of time, defined by no limit, and allowing full scope for all the succession of operations which modern science has brought to light. Whatever *facts* are recorded in the book of God, the volume of the earth confirms.

We do not know that we as yet thoroughly understand the sacred record; that we have as yet fathomed all its depths. But we do know that geological science is not yet perfected; we know that it is continually advancing by new facts, by which previous views are often considerably modified. And we do know that the more this science, the science of creation, has advanced, the more that it has become a truth, the more the apparent discrepancies between its facts and the teachings of the Mosaical record have diminished. Let us be taught by this experience. Let us rest assured that it will be thus even to the end.

Thus the wonderful book of God is never a thing of the past. It is ever in advance of us and of our science, and of the labours of our most ardent students and our highest intellects. The facts which are drawn forth, as time rolls on, from the firmament of heaven, from the bowels of the earth, and from the depths of the sea, are always found to be,

in their ultimate results, in accordance with the sacred book, and serve to evolve the inner meanings, which were not suited to earlier times, and which antecedent ages and generations were therefore unable to discover.

THE EARLY BIBLE-HISTORY OF THE SABBATH.

The first notice of the Sabbath in the Bible is as early as the record of creation. The antiquity of its appointment is not inferior to that of the human race. The occasion and purpose of its institution had respect not to any portion of mankind, as, for instance, the particular family of the Jews; but to man as man, and to the whole race of man. When "the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them," says the Spirit of God in His own word, in Genesis ii. 1—3, "on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." In these words you have the precise period when the seventh day was set apart for a Sabbath as distinctly stated as any other historical fact announced in the first or second chapter of Genesis. It followed the sixth day, when the work of creation was completed.

Man had now been formed. God had "breathed" into him "the breath of life," and he had become "a living soul." There he was, in the possession of true "knowledge," "righteousness," and "holiness." And the first day that dawned upon him as he thus stood before his Creator, in that Creator's own image, was a Sabbath-day. In Eden, then, before sin entered man, the institution of the Sabbath took place. Had man never yielded to temptation, and never fallen, but continued sinless, he would have had a Sabbath. Its existence forms a part of the reminiscences Adam still retains of the brief period of his primeval innocence.

The Sabbath, thus begun in Paradise, was observed after Adam was driven thence in God's righteous anger. True,

we have no mention of the manner in which our first parents spent the Sabbath which came round after their expulsion from the garden, or of any other Sabbaths for many, many years, in the short notices given in the Bible of the early history of our race. But this silence proves nothing. No one who reads and believes the word of God, doubts that circumcision was appointed by God as an ordinance binding on the Jews; and as little can any one doubt that it was observed by them from the conquest of Canaan to the captivity of Babylon. And yet, during the whole of that time, a period of about eight hundred years, no mention is made in the Bible of that rite, although the history given during those years is narrated at far greater length than that of the world in the earlier ages. Amidst the frequent backslidings of the Jews which disgrace the sacred annals of this period, we never find the people reproved for neglecting circumcision; nor, at other times, are they ever commended for its observance. Now suppose there were no mention in the Old Testament of the Sabbath for many generations after its first appointment in Eden, that circumstance would no more prove that it was not attended to, than the silence of Scripture respecting circumcision for so many centuries would prove that during all that time it was not observed.

But it would not be strictly correct to say that in the history of the Patriarchs there is no trace of the existence of the Sabbath. The "end of the days,"* when Cain and Abel offered sacrifices, and the day, also, in the book of Job, when the sons of God came together, have been supposed to be Sabbath-days. It is plain, from the history both of Noah and Jacob, (Gen. viii. 10—12; xxix. 27,) that they counted time by weeks. Now the question arises, How came this division of time into weeks? There was no aspect of nature, like days, and months, and years, in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, to indicate such a period. It was entirely arbitrary, and cannot be otherwise accounted for than by the previous institution of the weekly Sabbath. The creation was finished in six days, and the seventh was then sanctified;

* Marginal reading, Gen. iv. 3.

and so time came to be divided by seven days, rather than by six, or eight, or ten.

Continuing to trace the Bible-history of the Sabbath, the reader comes next to its observance by the people of God in the wilderness, after they had been brought out of Egypt, and before they arrived at Mount Sinai. When the rulers of the congregation told Moses, that on the sixth day the people had gathered twice as much manna as on the other days, he replied, "This is that which the Lord hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord:" on that day "ye shall not find it in the field;" for "the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days." (Exodus xvi. 23, 25, 29.) Before the publication of the Decalogue, the Sabbath is thus spoken of not as being new, but as an institution already perfectly well known:—"To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath." If the Sabbath had then been instituted for the first time, Moses would naturally have informed the people of its duties; whereas he confines himself to the simple subject of the manna, forewarning them not to expect it on that day, and directing them, therefore, to collect on the day before as much as would suffice till the Sabbath was past.

Moreover, it has been thought, that the word with which the fourth commandment begins, so dissimilar to the commencement of each of the other nine, supposes a prior acquaintance with the law, and the grounds on which its observance was founded. "*Remember* the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." It was an institution with which they were already acquainted; and they are called to keep in mind the sacredness of the day. It is very probable that, amidst the evils to which they had been exposed in their state of slavery in Egypt, the people had been deprived of the Sabbath by their heathen task-masters. Thus, through circumstances beyond their own control, and, it may have been, also, through their own indifference, the observance of the Sabbath might come to be suspended; and this may be the reason why the moral law on this subject was inculcated in this particular form: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

It has been proved from Scripture that the Sabbath did

not come into exsitence with the Jewish religion, but existed long prior to the institution of Judaism. Attempts, it is true, have been made to get rid of the argument for the perpetual obligation of the Sabbath arising out of the ascertained fact that in Eden one day in seven was sanctified or set apart. One says, that, "to impress the greater reverence for the day, Moses *seemed* to make it coeval with the creation." Another, that "it only *seems* to import that the Sabbath was then instituted;" but that it is simply to be understood as stating "the reason of that particular day being chosen; not that it was *then* appointed and set apart." But all this is nothing less than solemn trifling with the plain words of inspiration. Of little use can it be to hold any dispute with persons who feel at liberty to handle God's word in such a manner; for, in this way, there is not one explicit statement or commandment in the whole Bible which may not be set aside, by being resolved into *seeming* declarations. But the Bible speaks for itself. Before Abraham was born, or Moses lived,—before ever there was a Jew in the world, there was a Sabbath: and so long as there live men who give obedience to God and His laws, a Sabbath will continue to be observed in our world.

A ROMISH PERVERT'S REASON FOR SECESSION UNWARRANTED BY SCRIPTURE.

The Church of Rome claims a power and authority over all the churches in the world called Christian, and over the souls of all persons who have been baptized. She calls herself "the mother and mistress of all churches." Among some who have recently yielded to these idle and unfounded pretensions, is a young nobleman,* whose reason for the step he has taken is mainly grounded on the notion that the Church of Rome is "the centre of unity." What he meant by unity, his Lordship did not define; but there can be little doubt, looking to the teachings under which he had placed himself, that he intended, by the expression, to convey an identity with Rome in doctrine, discipline, worship, spiritual jurisdiction,

* Viscount Feilding.

and external government under the Pope, as supreme and infallible head; and that, with such an agreement, every Christian of every church of Christ must comply. Less than this will not constitute the Romish idea of unity.

Now, the first inquiry which suggests itself is, Who hath required this at our hands?

Has God commanded it? (asks an able writer.) Show me one text to that effect in the whole New Testament. I fancy I hear the Papist triumphantly citing, "Thou art Peter; and on this rock I will build my church." But, before I admit its force, I must request him to show that "this rock" means Peter's person, and not Peter's confession, or his faith in Christ as the Son of God; and, if it be shown to mean Peter's person, I must request him further to show how it can mean the Church of Rome, of which there is no evidence that Peter was ever a Minister or Bishop. It may be fully admitted that the apostolical Epistles contain many exhortations to unity, peace, and concord. It may be admitted that it is the duty of all churches, and of all Christians, to cultivate a spirit of union where union can be maintained in truth and godliness. But I find in the New Testament no injunction to be at unity with Rome. I find no hint in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans (where, surely, if anywhere, it might have been looked for) that in St. Paul's time the Church of Rome had any pre-eminence of authority above other churches; nor can I discover a single expression tending to confirm such pre-eminence. Their faith, indeed, is said to be "spoken of throughout the whole world:" but at least equal honour is bestowed upon the Corinthians, in the First Epistle to that church; for they are said to be "in everything enriched" by Christ, and "to come behind in no gift." Moreover, in writing to the Corinthian church, which was torn by many divisions, St. Paul does not refer them, for the healing of their schisms, to St. Peter, or to the Church of Rome; but asserts his own authority as the "planter" and "master-builder" of their church, and their spiritual father in Christ Jesus. In one place (1 Cor. xvi. 15, 16) he exhorts them to "submit" themselves—to whom? to the Church of Rome? to St. Peter? No; but to persons who neither were Apostles,

nor yet formed a distinct church. "I beseech you, brethren, (ye know the house of Stephanas," [whom he had himself baptized, chap. i. 16,] "that it is the first-fruits of Achaia, and that they have addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints,) that ye submit yourselves unto such, and to every one that helpeth with us, and laboureth." Most of St. Paul's Epistles allude to the heresies and disputes prevailing in Christian churches; but in none does the Apostle propose, much less enjoin, a reference to Rome: in none does he set forth the Roman creed as the standard of orthodoxy, or the Roman practice as the mark for universal imitation: in none does he, as he naturally would have done, had Rome been the centre of unity, appeal to or recommend her authority for the final composing of differences.

On the contrary, he evidently assumes the freedom of the several churches whom he addresses. "There is one body, and one Spirit," he says, (Eph. iv. 4,) "even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all;" alleging these as grounds for "keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." But he does not go on to mention one Bishop, or one Pope, or one particular church, as "the centre" of this unity. Both he (Rom. xiii. 1) and Peter (1 Pet. ii. 13) enjoin submission to civil Governors; and the latter, "to the King as supreme." How is it that we find not a word about ecclesiastical supremacy, except to disclaim it? For St. Peter repudiates the idea of lording it over God's heritage; (1 Pet. v. 3;) and St. Paul, though specially appointed by God to be the Apostle of the Gentiles, declares that he has no "dominion over their faith." (2 Cor. i. 24.) But we find distinct warnings (2 Thess. ii.) as to the man of sin, and the great apostasy of the last days, (1 Tim. iv.,) which bear but too close a correspondence to the extravagant pretensions and unscriptural corruptions wherewith Rome, as her influence has extended, has poisoned "the sincere milk of the word" of God.

We ought not to be ignorant, moreover, that many of the apostolic churches could boast a greater antiquity than that of Rome. The church of Jerusalem had many flourishing

offsets, in various parts of Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine, before there was a church at Rome. Where was the seat of unity, then, when Rome, as a church, was not? If it has been transferred from any of these churches, in later times, we have a right to demand a sight of the Divine warrant whereby their claims have been superseded in favour of another, inferior in antiquity. But nowhere can such warrant be found.

THE POSTPONED SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.

A GENTLEMAN, at present a Clergyman in the Church of England, undertook, some years ago, the care of a suburban Sabbath-school at a considerable distance from his home. Winter and summer found him at his post of duty. On one hot day he had walked out to meet his school, and at the close of the lesson he felt weary and unwell. A circumstance then occurred which, with the event that followed, made a lasting impression on his mind. These we relate in his own words, as given in the pages of a contemporary periodical. "The children were expecting me," he says, "to give them a history of the holy Sabbath from its first appointment, and to tell them why God appointed it, and what are our duties in regard to it; for so I had promised them, and had, in fact, prepared myself to do so: but, being weary, I told them that I would tell them all about this next Sunday. While thus speaking, I noticed a little boy sitting near me, who seemed to look disappointed. He had expected to hear about the Sabbath. O! had I remembered how Christ taught the poor woman of Samaria, though weary and faint with his journey, should I not have acted differently? The next Sabbath came, and the children were again coming together; but on arriving at the house, instead of finding them all quiet in their seats as usual, I found them standing around the door, some sobbing, others looking frightened—all silent. On inquiry, they told me that 'little Lewis —— had just been killed at the mill!' This was all they knew about it. At their head I hastened to the house where the little boy lived. At the door I was met by the father of the child, wringing his hands, and his face red and swollen.

"'O!' cried the man, 'I might have known it. I might have known it all!'

"'Might have known what?' said I.

"'O, I might have known that to-day one of my family must go; but I did not think, could not think, it must be my youngest boy.'

"'Pray how might you have known this?'

"'Why, when I came home last evening, old Rover,' (pointing to a stupid old dog that lay crouched under the table,) 'sat on the door-steps, with his face to the east, howling and howling. I knew then that some one, or I might have known that some one, must go to-day; but did not think it must be poor little Lewis!'

"'Do you believe there is a God?' said I.

"'O yes; I have no doubt of it.'

"'And do you suppose He reveals events to a dog, a creature without a soul, and without reason, which He does not reveal to the wisest of men? Nothing is more common than for a dog to howl when his master is gone, and he feels lonely; and as to his face being towards the east, I see nothing strange in that, since your house faces the east.'

"'Ah! you may say so; but I might have known it would come.' And again he turned away to sob.

"I led my scholars into the room. I lifted up the white napkin, and there was little Lewis—a mangled corpse. The children were all hushed as we gazed. The little girls covered their faces with their handkerchiefs and aprons. The little boys wiped their eyes with their hands and with the sleeves of their jackets. For some weeks the weather had been very dry, and the streams had become low; but during the preceding day and night a heavy rain had fallen. A mill, on a small stream just by, which had stood still for some time for want of water, was put in motion early on this morning. I needed not to ask if the miller feared God. About an hour before the Sunday-school usually came together, little Lewis went down to the mill-stream to bathe. The poor boy had never seen his parents keep the Sabbath holy. He swam out into the stream. The current was strong—too strong for him. He raised the cry of distress; the miller

heard him, and saw him, but was too much frightened to do anything. The current swept along; the little boy struggled, —again cried for help. The waters rushed on; he was drawn down under the gate; the great mill-wheel rolled round, and he was killed in a moment. Scarcely had his last cry reached the ears of the miller, before his mangled corpse came out from under the wheel. *It was the little boy who had looked so disappointed on the last Sunday, because I had omitted to talk about the Sabbath!* While standing beside the lifeless clay of this child, with all the children about me, my feelings were sad indeed. It seemed as if every child would cry out, 'O, had you kept your word, and told us about breaking the Sabbath, he might not have gone into the water; he would not have lain there dead.' It seemed as if the lips, though sealed by the hand of death, would open and reproach me. 'Had I not put off my duty, probably this life would have been saved; and what might not have been the result as it respects his soul? What sacrifices would I not make, could that child once more come into my Sabbath-school!' Such were my thoughts. I have never been able to look back upon that scene without keen anguish. And since I have been a Minister, when I have felt weary, and feeble, and tempted to put off some duty to a more convenient season, I have recalled that scene to my mind."

POPE AND HIS POETRY.

The Earl of Carlisle, in a lecture on the poetry of Pope, to the members of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, illustrated the merits of that distinguished poet in a rather novel manner. After expatiating on his genius and powers of versification, among other illustrations his Lordship gave the following:— "When there has been a pleasant party of people, in an intellectual view, (I wish we might think it of our meeting this evening,) we might say that it has been—

'The feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

How often are we warned,—I have sometimes even heard the warning addressed to Mechanics' Institutes,—that

'A little learning is a dangerous thing!'

How often reminded,—

'An honest man 's the noblest work of God!'

Or, with nearly the same meaning,—

'Who taught the useful science to be good!'

There is a couplet which I ought to carry in my own recollection,—

'What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.'

It is an apt illustration of the offices of hospitality,—

'Welcome the coming, speed the going, guest.'

How familiar is the instruction,—

'To look through Nature up to Nature's God.'

As rules with reference to composition,—

'The last and greatest art—the art to blot;'
'To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

And then, as to the best mode of conveying the instruction,—

'Men must be taught as if you taught them not.'

There is the celebrated definition of wit,—

'True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.'

Do you want to illustrate the importance of early education? You observe,—

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined.'

Do you wish to describe a great conqueror? you call him,—

'A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.'

Do you seek the safest rule for architecture or gardening?—

'Consult the genius of the place in all.'

How often are we inclined to echo the truth,—

'That fools rush in where angels fear to tread!'

And this too,—

'That gentle dulness often loves a joke!'

Who has not felt this to be true?—

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be, blest.'"

THINK.

THOUGHT engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless: but no matter; time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write: the more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

LITERATURE.

The Christian Sabbath considered in its various Aspects. By Ministers of different Denominations. With Preface by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel. 12mo., pp. 467. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1850.

A SERIES of sixteen Essays by Ministers belonging to all the leading evangelical churches in Great Britain, on the claims, advantages, and the history of the Sabbath. The Rev. Dr. Hannah and the Rev. Peter M'Owan worthily represent our own denomination. This is an able and attractive volume; and we trust the friends of truth will secure for it a wide circulation. As Luther said of justification by faith, that it was the article of a standing or a falling church; so we hesitate not to say of the Sabbath, that its observance or neglect is the indication of a standing or a falling country.

Science Simplified, and Philosophy, Natural and Experimental, made Easy. By the Rev. David Williams, M.A. Second Series. Foolscap 8vo., pp. 128. London: W. and T. Piper.

THE first Series has already been favourably noticed in a former Number of the "Instructer." The Series now before us contains much useful and well-arranged information on Pyronomics, Hydrology, Pneumatics, Acoustics, Hydrodynamics, Chemistry, and Meteorology.

Bible-Training for Sabbath-Schools, and for the Morning Exercise in Week-Day Schools. By David Stow, Esq. Eighth Edition, enlarged. 18mo., pp. 168. London and Glasgow: Blackie and Son. 1850.

CONTAINS some invaluable instructions by which the "Training System" may be introduced into the Sabbath-

school. The distinguishing features of this system are the PICTURING OUT IN WORDS, and MORAL TRAINING. Wherever this mode of instruction has been fully introduced, it has been found to constitute the best, most natural, and powerful means of communicating Bible-knowledge to the young and ignorant. We need scarcely add that we most cordially recommend this work to the painstaking study of all interested in promoting the efficiency of Sabbath-schools.

Claims of the Training System. By a Wesleyan Trainer. Second Edition. 8vo., pp. 32. London: Aylott and Jones. 1850.

PRESENTS in a few pages such an amount of correct information on this important topic as may serve sufficiently to indicate the peculiarities and advantages of the system, without being minutely descriptive of it.

Pleasant Pages. Part XXVI. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1851.

WE regret the absence from these pages of any clear exhibition of religious principle.

The Child's Book on the Soul. By the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. Third Edition. London: Seeleys. 1850.

THE dialogues here narrated could never have taken place; and in them there are expressions used, which partake of great irreverence. The conversation on "How old God is?" is an instance. The high and lofty One ought never to be so spoken of.

We have received *The Poetic Companion, No. I.*, and *The Public Good, No. XIII.*

VARIETIES.

RECENT DEATHS OF LITERARY MEN.

Robert Gilfillan.—The death of this Scottish poet, author of many sweet lyrics and some humorous productions, recently occurred. He was one of the popular school of the west of Scotland, from which, since the time of Burns, a number of distinguished minstrels have sprung.

Robert Roscoe, the third son of the author of the "History of the Medici," and himself the writer of many interesting compositions, died, a week or two ago, at the age of sixty-one. He had long suffered from ill-health, which debarred him from active concerns with literary or busy life.

LORD JEFFREY'S MONUMENT, for which £2,200 have been subscribed, it is determined shall be executed in sculpture, and not in any other of the modes previously suggested.

PENSIONS ON THE CIVIL-LIST.—Pensions on the Civil List, of £100 a year each, have been granted to George Petrie, LL.D., and to John Kitto, D D. Dr. Petrie is a Member of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, and Vice President of the Royal Irish Academy of Sciences. He is author of the well-known treatise on the "Round Towers of Ireland," and of many other antiquarian works. Dr. Kitto has long been deaf, from an accident which he received when a boy. He has done much for the cause of Biblical literature, and is the author of many works; such as, "The Pictorial Bible," "History of Palestine," "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," &c.

Her Majesty has also granted pensions on the Civil List of £100 a year each to Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the celebrated traveller, and to Mr. Poole, author of several contributions to periodical literature, who is, we regret to hear, a great sufferer from bodily infirmities.—*Observer.*

LAMARTINE.—He will receive, it is said, one hundred and twenty thousand francs for his "*Histoire du Directoire*,"—at which he works fourteen to sixteen hours a day. The sum is equal to about six thousand pounds of our money.

THE AUTHOR OF JUNIUS.—The American Journals have set up a claim for this *honour* on behalf of General Lee, and assert that he had privately avowed himself to be the author.

LADY NAPIER.—A prefatorial notice in the new edition of Major-General Napier's "History of the War in the Peninsula," states that the gallant author is indebted to Lady Napier, his wife, not only for the arrangement and translation of an enormous pile of official correspondence written in three languages, but for that which is far more extraordinary, the elucidation of the secret cipher of Jerome Buonaparte

and others, by her own untiring perseverance and labour. The value which this discovery has given to the history, speaks for itself.

CICERO'S OPERAS.—A correspondent of the "Athenæum" notices a curious mistake in the catalogue of a sale of books at Barn-Elms, in Surrey, understood to be those of the late Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, in which the last of twenty lots of "Operas bound in Russia leather," is a fine copy of the works (Opera) of Cicero!

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.—It is with pleasure we have to record another instance of Lord John Russell's judicious application of the inadequate fund at his disposal. Our readers, and, indeed, readers throughout the world, are acquainted with Mr. E. W. Lane's great work on Egypt; to aid in the prosecution of which a former grant was accorded to the author by the Government. It will, we are sure, give general satisfaction to learn that £100 a year, for three years longer, has been assigned to Mr. Lane for the same purpose; and thus his valuable researches and difficult labours in a trying climate will be helped and cheered by a well-deserved national sympathy.—*Literary Gazette.*

DR. G. BUIST, editor of the "Bombay Times," has been appointed Sheriff of Bombay for the present year. The berth is said to be worth £1000 a year; and this year, it is believed, it will be something nearer £2000 than £1000. It has been conferred on him as a reward for his exertions in bringing the School of Industry—now prospering under his charge—into existence.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1851.

BY MR. WILLIAM ROGERSON, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"THE verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents
And coarser grass, uprearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem, half petrified, to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder: not, like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He, from the stack, carves out the' accustom'd load,
Deep plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, at its own unbalanced weight."

THIS in general is a just representation of February: sometimes, however, this month is free from frost and snow; and when such is the case, it exhibits itself clothed in stormy winds and heavy rains: hence has arisen the old adage, "February fill dike." This at best is a wintry month; but Flora, who never is entirely inactive, presents at this season several of her pleasing charms to the admiring eye of the young botanist.

The first half of the month.—The mole prepares a nest of moss, and the bat, in mild weather, revives from torpidity. The knot and the wild goose retire from the sea-coast, and other winter haunts, to their various breeding-places in most inland situations. The common house-sparrow is very bold, and makes his approaches to our dwellings in quest of food. The wall-creeper, or spider-catcher, is seen in woods and forests. This bird is bigger than a house-sparrow: he has a long, slender, black bill; the head, neck, and back are of an ash colour; the breast white; the wings a compound of lead-colour and red: he is a brisk and cheerful bird, and in spring gives out a pleasant note, at which time he builds his nest in the holes of trees.

Mezereon, (*Daphne mezereum,*) Coan sowbread, (*cyclamen Coum,*) and Siberian squill, (*scilea Siberica,*) ornament our greenhouses with their lovely flowers.

> "Already now the snowdrop doth appear,
> The first pale blossom of the' unripen'd year:
> As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
> Had changed an icicle into a flower;
> Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
> And winter lingers in its icy veins."

An intelligent person now looking abroad on the fields of nature, is particularly led to notice the providence of God, in preserving from destruction animated vegetable substances during excessive cold. The chrysalids of the common cabbage-butterfly (*pontia brassicæ*) are often seen suspended on walls and window-frames, exposed to all the severity of the weather from October to May; and yet, when day's radiant King pours forth his genial ray, in the advanced stage of spring, inviting the warblers of the grove to tune their vernal songs, and planting a thousand flowers of diversified hues and sweets on mountain and dell, the encased insects burst open the walls of their "prison-house," to sport, on silvery wings, in the beams of the sun, and fulfil the designs of the all-wise and benevolent Creator.

The last half of the month.—Ewes commence their maternal duties, and earth-worms lie above ground: buntings congregate, and geese begin to lay. Rooks pair, and resort to their nest-trees, and the blackbird and song-thrush warble in the thorny brake, while the skylark carols forth its matins, as it soars among the clouds. The partridge pairs, the woodlark sings, and the house-sparrow is noisy. In sunny days a few bees venture from their hives. The bright and glossy petals of the celandine, or pilewort, (*ranunculus ficaria,*) are now to be seen lighting up the banks and hollows with their starry radiance, and reminding us of their relatives, the buttercups of more advanced days.

> "See, as along the grove you pass,
> Thicket, or hedge, or pastured grass,
> The vernal pilewort's globe unfold
> Its star-like disc of burnish'd gold:

Star-like in seeming form, from far
It shines, too, like a glistening star."

The butcher's-broom begins to exhibit its flowers; also, occasionally, the procumbent speedwell, and brook-lime: while in the garden we find crocuses of diversified hues in blow; but it is yet too early for Flora to unfold many of her charms.

"The shivering blast of winter's wind,
The tempest, hail, and snow,
Are lessons to the' attentive mind,
How fleet is all below!
Fix'd, then, on realms of brighter bliss,
Let all our wishes rise;
And while we dwell in worlds like this,
Seek those beyond the skies."

Such is the variation of the temperature in our climate, that the mean height of a thermometer in the shade in the neighbourhood of London, was, from careful observation, found to be only 30.4 degrees, for February, 1785; but for February, 1794, it was 44.7 degrees! The mean temperature of February, at Greenwich, as taken for fifteen years, is 38.2 degrees.

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"The Sun, and all his system, and the stern
Fix'd stars, the milky-way, all comets,
Meteors, moons, and double stars,
That work and move in sight, together are
But one small cluster in the distribution
Of His great dominion!"

The Sun rises at London or Greenwich on the 1st at forty-two minutes past seven, and sets at forty-six minutes after four; on the same day he rises at Edinburgh, and neighbourhood, at fifty-eight minutes past seven, and sets at thirty minutes after four. The Sun rises at London on the 18th at eleven minutes after seven, and sets at seventeen minutes after five: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at twenty minutes past seven, and sets at nine minutes after five. On the 19th he enters the zodiacal sign Pisces, when, on the noon of that day, his declination is 11° 22′ south.

"Thou,
Who giv'st the Sun his brightness,—Thou whose wing
Upon the rapid whirlwind journeying,
From the Aurora to the west dost go:
'Tis Thy immensity
Which compasses all this, and more; confest,
As in the greatest,—in the least
Atom, or comet blazing through the sky.

Thine is the circling robe
Of darkness—Thine the subtle veil
Of the opening Morning pale,
When first she throws her glories o'er the globe."

The MOON changes on the 1st, at two minutes past six in the morning: she presents her fine crescent near the western horizon on the evening of the 2d, and sets on the 3d at ten minutes after seven: she sets on the 4th at a quarter past eight, and on the 7th at half-past eleven, at night. The Moon appears half-full on the 9th; and is due south, or in that part of the heavens opposite to the north-pole star, on the 10th at eleven minutes after seven, on the 12th at five minutes past nine, and on the 14th soon after eleven o'clock at night. The Moon is full on the 16th, at half-past three in the morning; and presents her silvery orb in the eastern horizon, on the same day, while the declining twilight is still conspicuous in the western skies. The mild Queen of night, in her unwearied revolutions, appears to rise on the 17th at a quarter past seven in the evening, and on the 19th at ten o'clock at night: she ascends above the horizon on the 20th at a quarter past eleven, and on the 21st at half-past twelve, at night. The Moon enters on her last quarter on the 22d; and rises on the 23d at a quarter before two, and on the 27th at nineteen minutes past five, in the morning.

MERCURY, during this month, is unfavourably situated for observation, being, for the most part, obscured by the rays of the Sun.

VENUS appears splendid in the mornings. The best time for observing this beautiful planet is about an hour before sunrise: she rises every morning throughout this month at about a quarter of an hour before five. On the 26th and 27th Venus is in the neighbourhood of the Moon.

MARS is at this time invisible.

JUPITER is very favourably situated for observation from midnight to the break of day: therefore those who do not mind the cold, or interfering with the regular hours of sleep, may have now many a mental enjoyment by means of a proper telescope, that will clearly exhibit the belts of this bright planet, and his four attendant moons. For the use of such persons I add the following:—

On the 16th the first satellite immerges into the shadow of Jupiter at twenty-three minutes past three, and on the 22d at seventeen minutes after five, in the morning. The second satellite immerges into the shadow on the 12th at thirty-one minutes past one, and on the 19th at five minutes after four. On the morning of the 2d the third satellite may be observed both to immerge into, and emerge from, the shadow of Jupiter, the immersion taking place at forty-three minutes past one, and the emersion at nineteen minutes after four.

Jupiter is due south on the 4th at half-past four, and on the 25th at three o'clock, in the morning: on the 19th and 20th he is in the vicinity of the Moon.

SATURN is to be seen in the western skies every clear evening, when, through a good telescope, his ring appears very interesting. Saturn, I find, sets on the 4th at half-past ten, and on the 26th at a quarter after nine, at night: on the 6th he is in conjunction with the Moon.

URANUS is a telescopic object, and at present situated about nine or ten degrees towards the east of Saturn; and being about eighteen hundred millions of miles from the Sun, of course it would require a belt of at least ten thousand millions of miles to encompass the orbit of this planet!

Dr. Chalmers, after speaking of the Sun and his surrounding planets, all of which form what is called the Solar System, asks the following questions:—"But is there nothing beyond these limits? The planetary system has its boundary, but space has not; and if we wing our fancy there, do we only travel through dark and unoccupied regions? There are only five, or at most six, of the planetary orbs visible to the naked eye. What, then, is that multitude of other lights which sparkle in our firmament, and fill the whole concave of heaven with innumerable splendours? The planets are all attached to the Sun; and, in circling round him, they do homage to that influence which binds them to perpetual attendance on this great luminary. But the other stars do not own his dominion; they do not circle around him: to all common observation they remain immovable; and each, like the independent sovereign of his own territory, appears to occupy the same inflexible position in the regions of immensity. What can we make of them? Shall we take our adventurous flight to explore these dark and untravelled dominions? What mean these innumerable fires lighted up in the distant parts of the universe? Are they only made to shed a feeble glimmering over this little spot in the kingdom of nature? Or do they serve a purpose worthier of themselves, to light up other worlds, and give animation to other systems?"

POETRY.

THE VAGRANT CHILDREN.

HEAR ye not the little children crying,
In the haunts of misery and woe?
Mark ye not each pallid head low-lying,
Lying on its couch of cheerless straw?

Yet their features scarce seem those of children,
Peering sullenly from every nook;
They look upon us with a gaze bewildering,—
Not a child-like, but an old man's, look.

In the nights of summer they lie cowering
In the dark corners, on the hard, hard stones;

On the passers-by they glance up lowering,
From their lowly beds, these outcast ones.

But when winter brings its blasts so chilling,
To foul noisome dens for warmth they go;
Where the very air they breathe is killing,
Like a deadly poison, sure and slow.

To their hearts comes no compunctious feeling,
For they recognise not right or wrong;
They must gain their daily bread by stealing,
Prowling in the midst of every throng.

For the hulks and gallows they are training,
And the malefactor's wretched doom;
This the education they are gaining,
By the hangman's hand to reach the tomb.

They have had no parent's gentle tending,
No sweet love has shrined them from their birth;
In black ignorance their lives are spending,—
Angel spirits tainted with foul earth.

They have never felt a childhood's gladness,
Nor the sweet endearments of a home;
Youthful brows impress'd with manhood's sadness,
And with aged care where'er they roam.

Let us now hold out the hand of kindness,
And the influence of knowledge try;
Wisdom's light will dissipate their blindness,
And the shadows from their souls will fly.

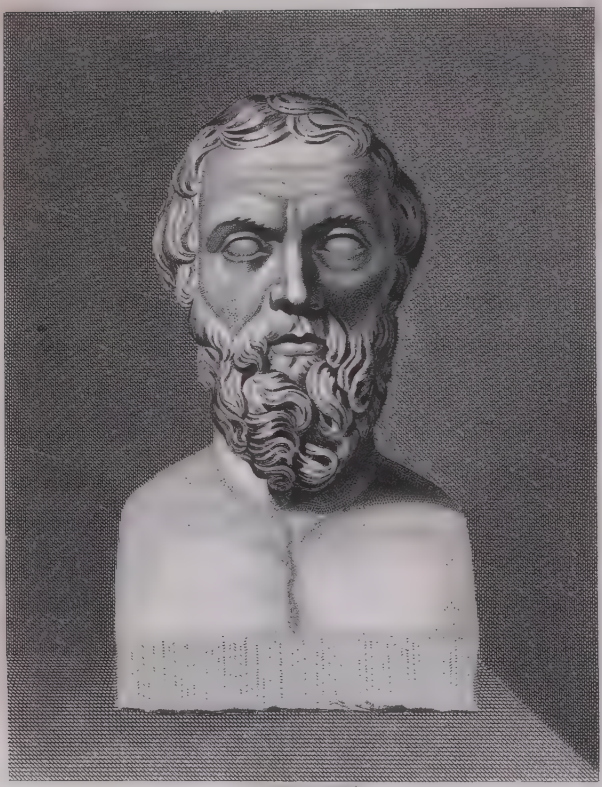
They have souls, and they are human creatures,
Human brothers, far estranged, not lost:
Since the hand of crime has marr'd God's features,
By their teaching we shall gain the most.

If we wish to feed the hulks and gallows,
If we wish our penal lands to fill,
We must leave them ignorant and callous,
Leave them to their own benighted will.

If we wish to elevate their station,
It must be by wisdom's quickening might;
We must give their minds an education,
Lead their souls from darkness into light.

We should have some pity, O, my brothers,
Pity through the might of what we know,
For these little children without mothers,
For these youthful vagrants steep'd in woe!

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.



THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

MARCH, 1851.

HERODOTUS.

(With a Portrait.)

Among the ancient writers whose productions have reached us, the works of Herodotus furnish not only the earliest record of profane history, but also the earliest known system of geography. He thus presents himself to our consideration in two points of view,—as a traveller and a historian. Cicero calls him the "father of history."

The facts in the personal history of Herodotus are few and doubtful, except so far as they are to be collected from his own writings. There is no detailed account of him more ancient or more authentic than that given by the Greek lexicographer, Suidas; and out of the materials thus furnished, most modern authors have constructed their biographies of the patriarch of history. Some scattered references, however, may be gathered from Strabo, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Aulus Gellius, and a few other contemporaneous writers.

Herodotus was born at Halicarnassus, in Caria, an extensive country of Asia Minor, about 484 years before Christ. According to Strabo, his father's name was Lyxes, and that of his mother Dryo. His family, originally Dorian, was distinguished for wealth, political influence, and love of literature. His uncle Panyasis acquired some reputation as an epic poet; his writings being regarded by some as only second to Homer's. Thus connected, Herodotus, in all probability, would have the inestimable advantage of early mental culture; and, if so, this would, in no small

degree, contribute to the eminence to which, in after-life, he attained.

Not liking either the character or the government of Lygdamis, who ruled over his native city, in early life Herodotus left it. He retired for a time to Samos, where he is said to have cultivated the Ionic Greek, which was the dialect of that island, and much softer in its sounds than his own harsher native Doric. In the meanwhile, his uncle was put to death by the tyrant at Halicarnassus. Shortly afterwards, Herodotus hastened back to that city to join in an attempt, which proved successful, to dethrone and drive away Lygdamis. But the banishment of the tyrant did not bring that satisfaction to the inhabitants they anticipated. The tyranny of the government which was substituted proved even more hateful to the citizens than that from which they had been delivered. Herodotus took part in that government; and the people, in all probability, ascribed to him the crimes of his associates, which he had no power to resist. He became an object of dislike. At length, disgusted with the ingratitude of his countrymen, he left for ever the shores of Caria. He proceeded to Greece; and, afterwards, it is said, joined a colony which the Athenians sent to Thurium, in the south of Italy. The period of his death is uncertain; but if the passages in his "History," (i. 130; iii. 15,) referring to a fact which we know to have happened 408 years before Christ, were written by himself, (and of this there seems little reason to doubt,) he must have been engaged in his "History" at that period. He is said to have died at Thurium, and was buried in the Agora. There are, however, some authorities who assert that he died at Pella, in Macedonia. President Bonhier has contended that he died at Athens, from a passage which occurs in the "Life of Thucydides," by Marcellinus, who affirms that the tomb of Herodotus was to be seen at Athens among the monuments of Cimon. On the other hand, Stephen of Byzantium gives an inscription, said to have been found at Thurium, which positively asserts, "This earth contains Herodotus, son of Lyxes, a Dorian by birth, but the most illustrious of the Ionian historians." Euripides was called the bard of Pella, from his lengthened residence there; but neither Pella nor Athens gave any

name to Herodotus. Thurium did. Aristotle terms him the Thurian; and so do Avienus, Julian, Pliny, and others. Strabo, while calling him the Halicarnassian, adds, however, that he was afterwards named the Thurian, because he removed with a colony to that place. (Book xiv.)

The great work which gives Herodotus his fame is his "History," in nine books. Whether he ever wrote anything else, has been a matter of much controversy among scholars. Certain allusions and expressions in his "History" have appeared to justify the opinion that we do not possess all his works. He seems, for instance, to allude to a work on Assyria; (i. 184;) but as no notice is taken of it by subsequent writers, it was probably never executed. At any rate, if it ever was written, it is now lost. Some have ascribed to him a "Life of Homer," which is generally bound up with his "History;" but there are strong reasons for believing that it is the composition of another. Vossius, Faber, Rykius, Spanhemius, Berglerus, Wesseling, and others, are decidedly against its authenticity, which has nevertheless been vindicated by Fabricius, our countryman Joshua Barnes, and, lastly, by the President Bonhier. The style of the "Life of Homer," whoever was the author, bears no resemblance to that of the "History." "In the 'Life of Homer,'" says Wesseling, "that unvaried suavity of the Ionic dialect, so remarkable in the 'Muses,'" (History,) "never occurs at all." But the main argument against its authenticity is founded on the fact, that of all the ancient writers who have descanted on the life and labours of the great poet, not one has ever, by the remotest allusion, referred to the work which bears the name of the historian.

The travels undertaken by Herodotus must have been very extensive, and, for the times in which he lived, very remarkable. It is impossible to trace the exact route which he pursued with any degree of precision, or to say with certainty whether he visited Greece and the adjoining isles, before he proceeded to the more remote parts of the East. In his own work there is no display of the great extent of his travels. Without saying in express terms that he was at this or the other place, he uses words which are conclusive of his having been there. He describes a thing as

on the right hand as you enter a temple, (i. 51,) or he was told something by a person in a particular place; (ii. 28;) or he uses other words which establish the fact of his having visited the places where the events he records occurred. In Africa, he visited Egypt, from the Mediterranean to its southern extremity. At another time, he travelled westward, through Libya, to the remote districts beyond Gibraltar, even as far as the promontory of Solœïs. (ii 181; iv. 168, 195, 196.) In Asia he visited Babylon, and the rich plains of Assyria, (i. 98; v. 52—54; vi. 119,) and traversed the rugged coast of Asia Minor, as far as Colchis. (ii. 104.) He penetrated into the wild and desolate solitudes of the wandering Scythians. (iv. 81.) The country of the Getæ, Thrace, Macedon, and Epirus were each in their turn explored; but Greece was especially the chief field of his labours. He was well acquainted with Athens, (i. 98; v. 77, &c.,) Delphi, Dodona, Olympia, (ix. 81,) Tegea, (i. 66,) Thesos, Delos, Zacynthus, (iv. 195,) and many other places. He was also acquainted with the southern portions of Italy. (iv. 99; v. 44, 45.) Although we are unable to specify the time when he visited these places, he no doubt travelled to many of them before he entered upon his "History." It cannot, perhaps, be positively affirmed that he undertook these travels with a view to collect materials for his great work; but all, at least, must admit that without such advantages as his personal visits afforded, he never could have given the descriptions of localities, customs, and manners, such as abound in his pages. We trust to be enabled to give a notice of this great undertaking in our next Number.

A LION IN THE WAY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

"Yes, there is always a lion in his way," said Mr. Hall to a gentleman with whom he was conversing in the parlour. Justin entered the parlour at that moment. He heard the remark of his father, but was a good deal puzzled as to its meaning. He had read about lions, and, like most children, was greatly interested in them. He would have gone farther to see a lion than to see any other animal.

He wished very much to know to whom his father had reference in the remark above-quoted, but he could not think of asking him while he was engaged in conversation. Some boys would have said at once, in violation of good breeding and good grammar, "Who are you talking about?"

But Justin had been well brought up, and, besides, had a good natural sense of propriety. He sat down and kept silence, hoping that he should hear something which would enable him to infer the fact which he wished to know. In general, he loved to *think out* things, instead of troubling his friends with numberless questions. It was a good trait in his character.

Justin did not succeed in thus learning the fact desired; so, as soon as the visiter had departed, he came up to his father, and rested his elbows on his father's knees, and acted as though he wished to ask a question respecting the propriety of which he had some doubt.

"You have some request to make, my son," said Mr. Hall.

"Yes, Sir: I wish to ask you of whom you were speaking when you said, 'There is always a lion in his way.'"

Mr. Hall saw, from Justin's manner, that he understood the expression literally. He was somewhat amused at the idea, but refrained from laughing, lest he should hurt Justin's feelings, or discourage his laudable curiosity. He replied to Justin's question, "I was speaking of Mr. Harris: you must be careful and not let a lion get in *your* way."

"If a lion had a mind to get in my way, how could I help it? I am not as strong as a lion."

"What kind of a scholar is Robert Carr?"

Justin wondered what led his father to ask that question, and his wonder prevented him from replying with his usual promptness. He finally answered in a hesitating manner, "I do not know."

"Do not know! do not you belong to the same class with him?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How does it happen, then, that you do not know what kind of a scholar he is?"

"I thought I ought not to say anything against my classmates."

"That is very well: you should never say anything to the disadvantage of another, unless it is true, and unless you are required by some good reason to tell it. But while you try to obey this rule, you should not transgress another one by saying what is not true. I know that Robert is not a good scholar, and yet he has a very good mind: why is he not a good scholar?"

"Because, Sir, he has no resolution. If the lesson looks long, he will say, 'I cannot get it,' and will not try; and if he comes to a hard place in the lesson, he gives right up."

"There is always a lion in his way, then?"

Justin's eye brightened; for now he understood the reason of his father asking about Robert, and the meaning of the expression, *a lion in the way*. "I know what you mean now by telling me not to let a lion get in the way: when I undertake a thing, I must not get discouraged, and give it up."

"That is it."

"What, if the thing is wrong?"

"You must not undertake it."

"What if I do not find it out till after I have begun?"

"Then stop short."

"Some young lions get in your way sometimes, do they not, Justin?" said his mother, who entered the parlour in time to hear the latter part of the conversation.

"I do not know, Ma'am," said Justin doubtingly.

"Have you finished your kite yet?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Have you finished weeding your flower-bed?"

"Not quite."

"Have you read your new book through?"

"Partly."

"What has hindered you? the little lions?"

"I guess so," said Justin, smiling, though he felt the reproof contained in his mother's remarks.

Justin, like a great many other boys, began a great many things which he never finished. This is a very bad habit: it should never be formed, or, if formed, should be corrected at once; otherwise it will grow worse and worse. There

are some men whom you never can depend upon to get anything done. In boyhood they fell into the habit of beginning things and not ending them.

"How shall I keep the little lions away?" said Justin.

"By always finishing everything which you begin," said his father.

"But I get so tired of some things."

"No matter, you must finish them for the sake of the habit; must finish them for the sake of finishing them. If you always keep to this rule, you will be more careful about beginning things. You will think more before you act, and will plan more wisely. When I was a boy, I was very much like you. They used to call me great at beginning, but I seldom completed anything. My father saw it, and took me in hand, and made me finish whatever I began, if possible. In that way I corrected the habit; and I should be glad if you would correct it in your case, my son, without the interposition of my authority."

Justin resolved that he would follow his father's example.

"IT IS TOO LATE."

On the day that Louis Philippe abdicated the throne of France in favour of his grandson, the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the infant Prince, entered the Chamber of Deputies, leading him by the hand, that, as the heir-apparent, he might be proclaimed King of the French by the representatives of that great nation, in the room of the repudiated Monarch. It was an awful moment, big not only with the destinies of the reigning family, but of thirty-five millions of people. All eyes were fixed upon Odillon Barrot, as he rose slowly from his seat, ascended the tribune, and moved, that the young Count of Paris, then and there present, be proclaimed King in the room of his grandfather. Every sound was hushed. Men held their breath. It was as if the heart of an empire had ceased to beat. The question was about to be put, when a single voice from the gallery broke the silence,—"It is too late."

Never did a more thrilling and potent exclamation burst from mortal lips. It smote the ear of the Duchess as the death-knell of her house. Great confusion ensued, and she was glad to escape with her son through one of the back doors of the Chamber. It *was* too late. Had the motion in favour of the heir-apparent been made a day, or even a few hours, earlier, it might have prevailed. But the time was gone by. *It was too late:* the throne was irrecoverably lost. This is but a single example, among a thousand, of the fatal consequences of delay. Many a throne has, in like manner, been lost.

But our purpose is not to dilate upon examples like these. These ominous words in the French Chamber, *It is too late*, apply to losses continually incurred, which are infinitely greater than those of any dethroned or expectant monarch. The value of a thousand earthly kingdoms bears no proportion to the worth of an immortal soul. For the soul there is a day of grace, and there is a day of final retribution. While mercy pleads and waits, the sinner may repent and be saved. But, by and by,—perhaps the next hour,—it will be too late. On this point the Bible abounds with examples and illustrations, which were "written for our admonition, on whom the ends of the world are come." One of the most striking of these is in the twelfth chapter to the Hebrews. "Looking diligently" (warns the Apostle) "lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." *It was too late.* And as it was too late for Esau, so would it soon be for them, if they continued to "reject the great salvation." To the same purpose, is the awful communication in the first chapter of Proverbs. We need quote only a part of it. "Because I have called, and ye refused.....Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me. They would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

They might have hearkened, they might have been saved; but now it was too late. They had heard and slighted the last call of mercy; and nothing remained to them but "a certain fearful looking for of wrath and fiery indignation."

So again, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, we read: "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." No pleadings now could open the door. *It was too late.*

We often hear it said, that while life lasts it is never too late for a sinner to repent; and in one sense it is true. If he would truly repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, in the last mortal hour, he would be saved. But will he? How small, we have reason to fear, is the number of such! Voltaire, and Thomas Paine, and other blasphemers, would, some or all of them, have given kingdoms in their last hours for the Christian's hope; but *it was too late.* They have "treasured up wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." How many such, according to the most authentic testimony, have gone shuddering and shrieking out of the world to meet their final doom! The rich voluptuary, who had a little before spurned Lazarus from his presence, would have given all his banquets, and purple, and fine linen, for "a drop of water to cool his tongue;" but *it was too late.*

The King of the Sandwich Islands, who promised the Missionaries that in five years he would break off from his debaucheries, and attend to their instructions, died in less than two; and what hope could they have of him? He had fixed his time; but, before it half expired, he was in eternity. *It was too late.* And so it will be with all impenitent hearers of the Gospel, who put off their preparation to "a more convenient season," and do not live to see it. They will bewail their stupid procrastination when *it is too late.* The young Count of Paris lost only a temporary crown. *They* will lose that "crown of glory which fadeth not away."

Reader, reader, whosoever thou art, yet in thy sins, there is no time to be lost. The arrows of death are flying thick. The young as well as the old are falling. If thou do not repent, a voice from the other world, *It is too late, too late, too* LATE! will, ere long, seal thine everlasting doom.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

LATE one night, when all was still around a rude hostelry in Judea, save perchance the rippling of the wind through the tree-tops, a young mother gave birth to a son. She was one of a company of poor travellers who had taken up their night-lodgings in the stable. Such a birth was no uncommon thing among the poorer classes; and yet heaven never bent over a universe just rolled into being with such intense, absorbing interest, as it did over that unconscious babe, as it lay, with feeble fluttering breath, upon its mother's bosom. The heavens were quiet above; the inmates of the low inn slumbered peacefully; the shepherds were dreaming, free from care, amid their flocks on the fresh hill-sides, and all nature was at rest when the birth of that fair young mother's Son brought troops of angels from the throne of God.

But suddenly a change seemed to pass over nature: mysterious influences were in the air; the slumberers on the hill-side and in the valley felt a strange unrest, and arose and came forth into the open air. Whisperings were about them, and sounds like the passage of swift wings, all sweeping onward to one place; and then on the darkness of night a new star arose, bathing the landscape in mellow splendour, and flooding that rude inn, and ruder stable, with light that dazzled the beholder. There it stood, beautiful and bright, pointing with its steady beam to that slumbering babe. Encompassed in the still glory, the wondering shepherds turned in alarm one to the other, but saw in the shining countenance of each only cause of greater fear. While they thus stood hesitating what to do, an angel

hovered above them, saying, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Suddenly crowds on crowds of radiant beings swept around them, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." O how that glorious anthem arose and fell along the Judean mountains! "Glory to God in the highest!" from voices tuned in heaven for ages to melody, and sent up in one exultant shout from that excited host, burst again and again on the ear. The heavens trembled with the song, and far away beyond the reach of watching shepherds, or listening men, were louder shouts, and more entrancing melody.

With that shout, and that song on their lips, the host of glad angels wheeled away to heaven, and all was still again. But that star kept shining on; and, lo! the shepherds from the hill-tops, and wise men from afar, guided by its finger of light, came to where its beam fell on the infant in the manger, and worshipped him there. Strange occupants were in that stable. The wise and the proud were there, kneeling. Angels had been there adoring. The Son of God was there, sleeping in a human mother's arms. That stable was greater than the palace of a King; for its manger cradled the "King of Kings." "Emmanuel, Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Redeemer," Saviour of men, were all embraced in that helpless infant. There it lay, calm, and fair, and lovely; the companion of cattle, and yet the Maker of earth, and the adored of heaven; the son of a carpenter, and the "Son of God." The feeble arm could scarcely lift itself to its mother's neck, yet on the everlasting arms of its Godhead-nature the universe stood balanced. Its voice was faint, low, and infantile; and yet, at its slightest cry, myriads on myriads of angelic beings would crowd to its relief. A few hours measured its existence, and yet it lived before the stars of God. Born to die, and yet the Conqueror of death. No wonder that star beamed on its face; for it did more than declare its heavenly birth, or direct the wise men to where it was cradled. It was pointing to the great solution of the problem of life, and

of the profoundest mystery of heaven. For four thousand years the world had summoned its thought and energies, and exhausted its wisdom, on the single question, "How shall man be just with God?" The smoke of the first altar-fire kindled on the yet unpeopled earth, as it curled slowly heavenward, was burdened with this question. From the borders of deserted Eden, from the top of Mount Ararat, from the tents of Abraham, and from the Bethel of Jacob, had the sacrificial flame burned skyward in vain. The Priests of Aaron had stood before the altar, and struggled for ages with the mighty problem; and, lo! the "Star of Bethlehem" pointed to that babe as its solution. The long wanderings of the Hebrews; the miracles that preserved them; the imposing ceremonies of their religion; the "ark of God," the "mercy-seat," the pomp of temple-worship,—what did they all mean? That silent star pointed to the reply. Altars and sacrifices, prayers and prophecies, all were to end here. For four thousand years the earth had been rolling on its axis to bring about one event; and, lo! it was accomplished. To the thousand inquiries of the human heart, to its painful questionings, to all its hopes and fears, for so long a period, this was the answer and the end.

The long line of David, unbroken through so many centuries, was maintained solely to secure the birth of that child. Rapt in holy enthusiasm, Isaiah and Jeremiah, and all the Prophets of God, had spoken of a King of Israel yet to come, whose throne should excel all the thrones of earth; and, in the sublimest strains of eloquence, had spoken of the glory of His kingdom, and the splendour of His reign. Through ages of oppression, through long years of captivity, from the depths of suffering, had Prophets and people looked forward to the coming of the "Redeemer of Israel;" and now, as if to mock their hopes, that silent star pointed to the babe of a carpenter's wife as the fulfilment of all.

EGYPTIAN MAGICIANS.

Some years ago we were startled by the announcement, that there existed, in modern Egypt, men who, by their perform-

ances, rivalled the powers of those magicians who withstood Moses at the court of Pharaoh. The reporter in this case was Mr. Lane, a gentleman well known as an oriental scholar, of the highest respectability, and whose long residence in Egypt, together with the special advantages he enjoyed for becoming acquainted with the habits and usages of the people, gave a peculiar importance to his testimony concerning them. In a work, entitled "An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," of which a new edition was published recently, "containing large additions and improvements," Mr. Lane furnished the details to which we have above adverted. They are certainly of a very surprising kind, and we remember well, at the time they first appeared, with many others, we knew not what to make of them. There was no room whatever for suspecting either the intelligence or the integrity of the narrator; and, so far as his narrative went, or as he himself could conjecture, there seemed no way of accounting for the mystery on any of the ordinary laws which regulate human intelligence. One of the things which seemed most surprising, was the power apparently possessed by these magicians of causing a person to see, and accurately describe, individuals of whom neither the magician himself, nor the person on whom he operated, could by possibility have the slightest knowledge. Mr. Lane, for instance, narrates that a boy was brought in from the street, selected by himself from amongst a number passing at the moment, and between whom and the magician there had been no previous intercourse. On the palm of this boy's hand a drop of ink was placed; and in this the magician caused the boy, as it seemed, to see, so as to describe with very great accuracy, persons named by Mr. Lane, some of whom, at the time, were dead, and others of whom he knew certainly had never been in Egypt. Among the rest was Lord Nelson, whom the boy described as "a man dressed in a black" (or, as Mr. Lane explains in a note, dark blue) "suit of European clothes. The man has lost his left arm." A moment or two after, the boy added, "No, he has not lost his arm, but it is placed on his breast!" which made the description still more exact. The mistake of the *left* arm for the *right*, which was

the one lost by Nelson, is accounted for by the fact, that, in the drop of ink, the figures would of course appear as in a mirror, which makes the right seem the left; so that the boy's description was faultless. He was also tested by the case of an Egyptian gentleman whom Mr. Lane knew to have long resided in England, and to have adopted the European costume, but whose name was so common in Egypt that it was supposed that the boy might be misled by it, and describe some other person who was still in that country. But, no: again the boy saw and described the very person in Mr. Lane's mind, with wonderful correctness. Mr. Lane also mentions the case of an English gentleman of his acquaintance, who gave the name of his own father, of whom he was sure no one in the company had the least knowledge: in this case, also, "the description was exactly true in every respect," even to the minute circumstance of a "stiff knee," the result, as the gentleman afterwards mentioned, of a fall his father had had from his horse whilst hunting. After stating a multitude of such cases, Mr. Lane adds, "The reader may be tempted to think that in each instance the boy saw images produced by some reflection in the ink; but this was evidently not the case: or, that he was a confederate, or guided by leading questions. That here was no collusion I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy, who performed the part above-described in my presence, from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I offered him afterwards, with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen."

Such statements, proceeding from such a quarter, were felt on all hands to be very disturbing to the belief into which we had long ago settled, that all magic is deception. Some learned writers, like the reviewer of Mr. Lane's work, in the "Quarterly Review," attempted to account for the facts recorded by him on optical principles; but, as Mr. Lane remarks in a note to the third edition of his work, the case supposed by the reviewer *could* not have occurred without his detecting it; nor does his optical theory explain the actual facts of the case as narrated by him. On the other hand, the late John Foster, in an article on the subject in the

"Eclectic Review," amidst many philosophic imaginings, warmly rebuked those who will not believe that there may be a race of men in Egypt among whom are preserved secrets, handed down from Jannes and Jambres, and in virtue of which they have power over the unseen world. In the meanwhile, cautious men stood by, believing that some solution of the mystery would be got at, and biding the time when all that seemed so perplexing in Mr. Lane's narratives would be explained.

Subsequent experience has shown the wisdom of this. Since Mr. Lane's work appeared, several travellers have visited Egypt, all anxious to witness for themselves those wondrous displays of magical power which he had narrated. The result has been, in the vast majority of cases, entire disappointment, accompanied by a growing conviction, that, in some way or other, Mr. Lane, and those to whom he appeals, had been ingeniously imposed on. One of the latest reports is that of Lord Nugent: in his work on the East, entitled, "Lands, Classical and Sacred," we find a detection of the imposture, for which his Lordship seems to have been mainly indebted to Mr. Lane himself. We shall quote from Lord Nugent the principal part of his account:—

"How, then," (asks his Lordship,) "does it happen that respectable and sensible minds have been staggered by the exhibitions of this shallow impostor? I think that the solution which Mr. Lane himself suggested as probable is quite complete. When the exhibition was over, Mr. Lane had some conversation with the magician, which he afterwards repeated to us. In reply to an observation of Mr. Lane's to him on his entire failure, the magician admitted that he had been told he had 'often failed since the death of Osman Effendi;' the same Osman Effendi whom Mr. Lane mentions in his book as having been of the party on every occasion on which he had been witness to the magician's art.

"I now give Mr. Lane's solution of the whole mystery, in his own words, my note of which I submitted to him, and obtained his permission to make public in any way I might think fit.

"This Osman Effendi, Mr. Lane told me, was a Scotchman,

formerly serving in a British regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Egyptian army during our unfortunate expedition to Alexandria, in 1807; that he was sold as a slave, and persuaded to abjure Christianity and profess the Mussulman faith; that, applying his talents to his necessities, he made himself useful by dint of some little medical knowledge he had picked up on duty in the regimental hospital; that he obtained his liberty, at the instance of Shah Ibrahim, (M. Burckhardt,) through the means of Mr. Salt; that in process of time he became second interpreter at the British Consulate; that Osman was very probably acquainted, by portraits or otherwise, with the general appearance of most Englishmen of celebrity, and certainly could describe the peculiar dresses of English professions, such as army, navy, or church, and the ordinary habits of persons of different professions in England; that on all occasions when Mr. Lane was witness of the magician's success, Osman had been present at the previous consultations as to who should be called to appear, and so probably obtained a description of the figure when it was to be the apparition of some private friend of persons present; that on these occasions he had some pre-arranged code of words by which he could communicate secretly with the magician. To this must be added, that his avowed theory of morals, on all occasions, was, that 'we did our whole duty if we did what we thought best for our fellow-creatures and most agreeable to them.' Osman was present when Mr. Lane was so much astonished at hearing the boy describe very accurately the person of M. Burckhardt, with whom the magician was unacquainted, but who had been Osman's patron: and Osman knew well the other gentleman whom Mr. Lane states in his book that the boy described as appearing ill and lying on a sofa; and Mr. Lane added, that he had *probably* been asked by Osman about that gentleman's health, whom Mr. Lane knew to be then suffering under an attack of rheumatism. He concluded, therefore, by avowing that there was no doubt on his mind, connecting all these circumstances with the declaration the magician had just made, that Osman had been the confederate.

"Thus I have given, in Mr. Lane's words, not only with his consent, but at his ready offer, what he has no doubt is the explanation of the whole of a subject which he now feels to require no deeper inquiry, and which has been adopted by many as a marvel upon an exaggerated view of the testimony that he offered in his book before he was convinced, as he now is, of the imposture. I gladly state this on the authority of an enlightened and honourable man, to disabuse minds that have wandered into serious speculation on a matter which I cannot but feel to be quite undeserving of it."

This explanation, though it may not meet *all* the difficulties of the case, is perfectly satisfactory so far that it proves clearly collusion between Osman and the magician. The rest probably lay in that adroitness and quickness which long practice in trickery confers.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.

"WHAT is to be the ultimate effect of scientific discovery on poetry?" Such, of all the purely literary questions at present afloat in the world, (says Hugh Miller,) is the one which we find oftenest presented to us in magazine and review articles, and the works of minor poets. One poet—not a minor one, however, but, on the contrary, in his own lyrical walk, one of the masters of song—has decided, in a well-known stanza, against the compatibility of poetic aspirations and scientific pursuits. He describes science as withdrawing the veil of enchantment from creation, and substituting for "lovely visions" laws cold and material. And we find a living poet, Alaric A. Watts, a man of true but of somewhat minute faculty, repeating the sentiment of Campbell, in a volume of poetry published only a few weeks ago, with scarce less than the original emphasis. In the following stanza he boldly denounces the philosophers as a class

> "Who dim each impulse of delight,
> By diving to its cause;
> And grudge to give us leave to feel,
> Save by their latest laws."

And, further, his patience fairly exhausted by their encroachments, we find him turning upon them with a poet's indignation, and thus addressing them:—

"Still peer among the stars, to find
Some planet yet unknown;
But leave that world, the human heart,
And its mystic chords, alone.

"Rob not the poet of the right
He hath maintain'd so long:
The realms of earth and sky be yours,
But leave him those of song."

There must surely be some cause for a feeling so general. It is impossible, we hold, that science and poetry can be essentially antagonistic. Were they actually so, poetry could not be the true, nay, the divine, thing that it really is; nor the poetic faculty an enduring and primary part of man's nature, but a mere condition of some other faculty, existing during the infancy of the species, when knowledge is imperfect, and the material world a magazine of unknown forces, in a state of hallucination or dream. If truth be unpoetic,—and what else is science save truth demonstrated?—then poetry must have as its foundations the unreal and the untrue, instead of being what every one in any degree conversant with it knows it to be, one of the sincerest of things, and never genuine save when founded upon the true. It was to Sir Isaac Newton an indubitable mark that the human "inhabitants of the world were of a short date," (that is, recently introduced upon our planet,) "seeing," he said, "that all arts, such as letters, ships, printing, magnetic needle, &c., were discovered within the memory of history." The world is but in its teens; and, unless the progress of the species be thrown back by some such outburst of barbarism as that which quenched the civilisation of Greece and Rome,—a thing not easily conceivable in an age of printing-presses, and a diffusion of knowledge wide as the world,—the course of scientific discovery must go on, until all that is now known will seem, in comparison with the ultimate knowledge, as but the acquirements of children con-

trasted with those of mature men. The region of scientific knowledge will be an immensely wider one than it is at present; and if the poets are right in complaining that their domains are now greatly narrowed by the encroachments of science, they will, in its day of full development, have no domains at all. But who can believe the world is ever to witness a result so little desirable, or that all the Homers, Virgils, and Miltons, that are to be produced among men, have been produced already during the first six thousand years of human history; and that—even should the *prophetic* thousand years that are yet to come extend, a year for a day, over a period more than sixty times as extended as the portion of the known period gone by—there are to be no more great poets? The supposition is monstrous, and contrary to all analogy: the poetic faculty, developed in lesser or greater degree, is to continue to exist among men till the latest ages: great poets are occasionally to be produced, destined to address themselves, even more generally than in the past, to all the human family; and science is to go ever on in its course of repealing, piecemeal, the original curse, by adding practical invention to abstract discovery. Science and poesy are not antagonistic; though, from various causes, they have come to be so regarded at the present time.

One of these causes is to be found, we think, in the circumstance that none of the great British poets of the half-century that has just come to its close were men of science. Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, varied as their conceptions were, saw but the outside of external nature. Goethe was a man of a different stamp. He could look upon roses and lilies as the mere poet looks upon them: but he could look at them also with other eyes; and his conception of the plant, as such, has been received by botanists all over the world as the truly scientific one. Of a similar stamp were the great epic poets. Virgil was a master of all the science of his age, and "proposed using his talent in poetry," says his biographer, "only for scaffolding to build a convenient fortune, that he might prosecute with less interruption the scientific studies to which his genius peculiarly led him." Milton also possessed the scientific mind in an eminent degree;

and, in his tractate on Education, chalks out the scheme of a severe course in physical philosophy, as indispensable to the full development of intellect in his pupils, but without once suspecting, apparently, that an acquaintance with "the principles of geometry, astronomy, and geography," or with the "history of meteors, minerals, plants, and living creatures," could in any degree militate against the exercise of the poetic faculty. His contemporary, Cowley, was of a similar mind, as may be seen in his "Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy." Nay, there is scarce any literature, ancient or modern, of the higher and more cultivated kind, that has not its philosophic poems,—a class of compositions represented in our own country by the "Seasons" of Thomson, Armstrong's "Art of Preserving Health," and Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination." The idea that there exists an antagonism between science and poetry seems to be an idea very much restricted to the present age, and to our own island; and it must be owing, in part, not only to the fact that the greater British poets of the century, unlike their still greater predecessors, have not been scientific; but also to the further fact, that, while the poets of the present day—men of much less calibre than those just passed from off the stage—are at least as little scientific as they were, science is unwittingly engaged in competing with them in their own field, and pouring upon the public ear, through the medium of a popular literature, narratives of facts more wonderful, and that speak more powerfully to the imagination, than the boldest of their inventions. The Prophet Amos describes the Creator of all, as Him that "buildeth His stories in the heaven." An astronomer of the olden time would have said that the old Hebrew meant, by the phrase, certain crystal spheres, that at certain pretty considerable distances rise at equal stages over each other, story beyond story, like the floors of a Chinese temple; whereas the modern astronomer finds it at least equally descriptive, and much more truthfully so, of those strata of stars, separated by profound oceans of blank space, in which he finds, when fathoming the heavens with his telescope, the incalculably vast universe arranged. And surely the latter is beyond

comparison the more sublime and poetic conception of the two. But then, the fact that it is charged with a poetry so sublime renders it as formidable a rival to the puny creations of the modern poet, as to the poor mechanical spheres of the old astronomer. It substitutes for the little poetry of fiction the great poetry of truth; and, as men find more of interest in what God has done than in what man has invented, the poor dreamer complains that poetry is at a discount, and that the "cold material laws of science" have pushed him from his place. As well might the Arab, who prided himself upon the beauty of the white tent which he had reared in some green oäsis of the desert, complain of the dull tools of Belzoni's labourers, when engaged in clearing from the sands the front of some august temple of the ancient time. It is not the tools, it might be well said to the Arab, that are competing with your neat little tent; it is the sublime edifice, hitherto covered up, which the tools are laying bare: nor is it the material laws, we may, on the same principle, say to the poet, that are overbearing your little inventions, and making them seem small, but those sublime works of the Creator which they unveil and bring into comparison with yours. Wherever a truly great poet arises,—one that will add a profound intellect to a powerful imagination,—he will find science not his enemy and his rival, but a sedulous caterer and friend.

In fine, the complaint of the poets against science should be directed rather against their own weakness. It is a fact, however, that an age, like an individual, may be very unequally developed, strong in one part, and weak in another. There have, for instance, been architectural ages, in which there was nothing great among men save the ability of making noble edifices. Egypt witnessed a series of such ages, and their remains still survive in the majestic temples of Thebes and of Luxor; and Roman Catholic Europe witnessed another series of them, of which the great Gothic cathedrals still survive as monuments. And there can be little doubt that the special development of the present time is mechanical and scientific. But the remedy is to be found, not in reducing the strength of the portions which are strong, but in heightening and increasing that of the portions which are weak. Swift tells us, in his "Battle

of the Books," that Parnassus has two tops, a higher and a lower; the higher occupied by the ancients, the lower by the moderns; and that the battle between these parties took place in consequence of the moderns having determined to cast the higher pinnacle down to the level of the lower; while the ancients, on the other hand, though they kindly offered to assist the moderns in raising the lower to the level of the higher, were equally determined that no such reduction in the height of their eminence should take place. Now, we cannot help thinking that Swift's statement of the *casus belli*, in this instance, very nearly gives that which at present exists between the poets and the men of science. The poetical pinnacle of the hill has become greatly lower than the scientific one; and the poets grumble, and would fain call in the assistance of pickaxe and wheelbarrow, not to heighten their own, but to lower that of their neighbours. But they will find the levelling plan to be quite inexecutable. There is, however, some special cause for the great mechanical and scientific development of the age, as compared with its lack of development in the purely literary and imaginative departments: and that cause is, we think, to be found in the very different modes in which literature and science are pursued by their originators and professors in the present day. We occasionally glance over the periodicals,—newspapers, magazines, reviews, and literary journals. And in almost all of them do we find much ability. Still, it is but ability manifested on passing topics, and in single efforts. A subject founded on some occurrence of yesterday is discussed in to-day's article; to-morrow will present another and different subject, and demand another and different article; and thus the process goes on; *occurrence* creating continual demand, and the periodic literature of the age continually supplying it. The stream of literary thought thus poured over the country is, of necessity, a shallow stream: periodic literature is a literature of single and detached efforts; and it is impossible, in the nature of things, that such a literature can be great or profound. Some of our readers, in travelling over the Highlands of Scotland, must have remarked that the ordinary mountains, which rise to an average height of from fourteen

to eighteen hundred feet, are all what may be termed hills of *one heave*,—single earth-waves, that seem to have cost nature not more than a single paroxysm in their production; whereas the great hills, the Ben Nevises and the Ben Lomonds, are all hills of *two heaves*,—hills on the tops of hills. And in the very great mountains of the earth this is still more strikingly the case than in those of Scotland. They seem the huge monuments of those wars of the giants in which Pelion was piled upon Ossa. It is exactly so in the literary world. All the great works that live, whether they belong to the region of pure intellect, or of blended intellect and imagination, —the Iliad, the Æneid, the Paradise Lost, or the Novum Organum, the Essay on Human Understanding, and the Treatise on the Wealth of Nations,—are all results of cumulative and long-protracted efforts: they are mountains piled upon mountains, that overlook, from their firm-seated bases, the regions of human thought. But, though our literature of the present day, whether in the departments of prose or of verse, has become very much a literature of detached and desultory efforts, so that its proudest elevations are (to return to our figure) hills of but *one heave*, the case is very different with our science. Men in no degree inferior to our choicest *litterateurs* are spending month after month, and year after year, in adding fact to fact and discovery to discovery. They are doing in their own department what the Lockes and the Adam Smiths, the Miltons and the Virgils, did in theirs; and what wonder is it that the results of their persistent and oft-repeated efforts should cast into the shade the results of the desultory efforts of mere *litterateurs* engaged in providing, in more senses than one, for the necessities of the day that is passing over them? And in the department of mechanical invention the inventor has exactly the same advantage as the scientific discoverer in the regions of discovery. He is equally, and even more demonstrably, under the severe discipline of truth. Hasty or half efforts do not serve his purposes. The lever must act; the wheel must revolve; the *vis inertiæ* must be overcome. He has a definite end to accomplish; and he counts the efforts of half a lifetime as nothing until it be accomplished.

One other remark, ere we conclude. There *is*, we con-

tend, a wide difference between the profound science and the desultory literature of the present age. Further, however, there is a scarce less wide difference between its every-day literature, and the solid literature of the past; between the articles which, we grant, able men dash off at a sitting, and the works to which men, at least as able, devoted the thinking of years. And we would ask our younger readers, the members of Literary Associations and Athenæums, to remember that, in Scottish phrase, men have a tendency to "look like their meat;" and that, by feeding exclusively on the immature and the light, their faculties will fail to ripen, or to gather solidity and strength. Let them, then, if the cultivation of their minds be their object, mix up the science of the present day with its literature, and the works of the truly great writers of the past with both. And then, should the poetic faculty be in them, we are pretty sure they will not be ready to complain —whatever their amount of success—that the poesy of the passing age is smothered and overlaid by its science.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF NATIONS.

No. X.—Part I.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

(*Continued from page* 68.)

The Indo-European nations of this continent will now occupy our attention. Of these, the Celts (who, as we have already stated, occupied Gallia, or Gaul, and also considerable portions of Spain, Germany, and Italy) are the people who first present themselves before us. But as we have spoken of them at length in treating on the ethnography of the British Isles, it will not be necessary to say much respecting them at present. It is a remarkable fact, that the most perfect specimen of the ancient Celtic language is preserved in the dialect still spoken by the Welsh, whilst it is also partly extant in the Erse, or Irish. In the lapse of time it has been superseded, on the Continent, by other languages; so that, with perhaps some very few exceptions, it has found a refuge from entire oblivion in the British Isles alone. Originally, throughout all Celtica and Belgica, one dialect prevailed: now several languages are

spoken in those countries, and no undoubted relic of that one dialect exists except in numerous typographical names. It is chiefly from the character of their language that the Celts are proved to be an Indo-European race; but their physical peculiarities also lead to the same conclusion. The following description of the appearance of the Celts (Gauls) who attacked the city of Rome, quoted by Dr. Prichard, from Niebuhr, is worthy of insertion:—"Every wealthy Gaul adorned himself with gold: even when he appeared naked in battle, he wore golden chains upon his arms, and golden rings around his neck. Their mantles, checkered, and displaying all the colours of the rainbow, are still the picturesque costume of their kindred race, the Highlanders, who have laid aside the braccæ of the ancient Gauls. Their great bodies, long, shaggy, yellow hair, and uncouth features, made their appearance frightful; their figures, their savage courage, their immense numbers, the deafening noise of the numerous horns and trumpets in their armies, and the terrible devastation which followed their victories, paralysed with terror the nations whom they invaded."

The GERMANIC races may be next enumerated. Ancient Germany was of considerable extent, embracing the whole of that part of Europe that lies between the Rhine and the Vistula, and extending southwards to the Danube, whilst towards the north all the countries beyond the Baltic were comprehended in it; and some German tribes lived even beyond these limits, especially to the east and west. The races occupying this country have been divided into two principal families, or groups,—the *Northmen*, who were the ancestors of the Swedes and Danes, and of the Icelanders and Norwegians; and the *Teutonic tribes* proper, which consist of the Saxons, the Suevians, and the Goths. We have already mentioned these tribes under the fourfold division of Herminones, Ingævones, Istævones, and Hilleviones; and we will now add a few additional notices respecting them.

The twofold division of the German tribes originated in inquiries relative to their language. They spoke two dialects, differing materially from one another, though in some respects the same. The one is called the Upper-German, and the

other the Low or Nether German. The former, of which, according to some writers, the modern High-Dutch is an improved variety, abounds with guttural and hissing sounds, and is supposed to have been originally spoken by all the tribes in the north-eastern part of Germany. The latter, or Low-German, is remarkable for substituting dental sounds for sibilants, and soft aspirates for gutturals. It originally belonged to the Saxons, Frisians, and other nations in the west of Germany, and is now partly represented in the Belgic dialects, the English, and the Lowland Scotch. The Scandinavian dialects, which include the Icelandic, the Danish, and the Swedish, are also intimately allied to it.

The most celebrated of the German tribes were the Goths and Vandals. The Goths, who made their appearance on the borders of the Roman empire in the third century, dwelt originally beyond the Vistula, whence they spread themselves in various directions. The Emperors Decius, father and son, both fell in battle before them: they wandered at leisure through Epirus and all Greece, and were only checked in their incursions by the severity of Aurelian, A.D. 274. The Ostrogoths established themselves, in rather later times, in Italy, and the Visigoths in Gaul and Spain. Though the name of the Goths is almost a proverbial expression for barbarism, yet they were a people susceptible of a high state of civilisation; and are said to have been converted to Christianity in the fourth century, through the instrumentality of Ulphilas, "who," says Neander, "was consecrated Bishop of the Goths, and secured the means for a permanent propagation of Christianity among them, particularly by inventing an alphabet for them, and by translating the holy Scriptures into their language."* The Vandals, whom Tacitus classes with the Suevi, made frequent wars on the country watered by the Danube, and were ultimately settled in Pannonia, as subjects of the Roman empire, in the reign of Constantine the Great.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell much further on the

* "Church History," Vol. III.; English Trans., pp. 167—173. The reader will here find a very instructive account of the conversion of these tribes, which will amply repay a careful perusal.

Germanic nations; but one question of interest we must not fail to notice. It has been supposed that the Goths came originally from the remote parts of eastern Asia. In the works of Chinese historians, accounts are found of a people who formerly inhabited the plains of Great Tartary, who are said to have been distinguished from surrounding tribes by their yellow hair and blue eyes. Have the xanthous nations of Europe, then, and in particular the Goths, descended from this people? This opinion has been maintained by some; and it has been thought that the mythology of the Scandinavian races was very similar to that which still exists in the East. But the arguments which have been advanced in favour of these views are scarcely sufficient to sustain them; and we must therefore still prefer the hypothesis which places the original seat of these tribes in the west of Asia, rather than the east, and which is quite sufficient to explain the now unquestionable fact that the language of the German tribes is allied to the Zend or Sanscrit.

GOLD-HUNTING IN OLDEN TIMES.

Washington Irving's "Columbus" contains the following passage:—

"Before relating the return of Columbus to Hispaniola, it is proper to notice some of the principal occurrences in that island which took place under the government of Ovando. A great crowd of adventurers, of various ranks, had thronged his fleet; eager speculators, credulous dreamers, and broken-down gentlemen of desperate fortunes; all expecting to enrich themselves suddenly, in an island where gold was to be picked up from the surface of the soil, or gathered from the mountain-brooks. 'They had scarcely landed,' says Las Casas, who accompanied the expedition, 'when they all hurried off to the mines, which were about eight leagues' distance. The roads swarmed like ant-hills, with adventurers of all classes. Every one had his knapsack stored with biscuit or flour, and his mining-implements on his shoulders. Those hidalgos, or gentlemen, who had no servants to carry

their burdens, bore them on their own backs: and lucky was he who had a horse for the journey; he would be able to bring back the greater load of treasure. They all set out in high spirits, eager who should first reach the golden land, thinking they had but to arrive at the mines, and collect riches; for they fancied the gold was to be gathered as easily and readily as fruit from the trees.' When they arrived, however, they discovered, to their dismay, that it was necessary to dig painfully into the bowels of the earth,—a labour to which most of them had never been accustomed; that it required experience and sagacity to detect the veins of ore; that, in fact, the whole process of mining was exceedingly toilsome, demanding vast patience, much experience, and, after all, being full of uncertainty. They digged eagerly for a time, but found no ore. They grew hungry, threw by their implements, sat down to eat, and then returned to work. It was all in vain. 'Their labour,' says Las Casas, 'gave them a keen appetite and quick digestion, but no gold.' They soon consumed their provisions, exhausted their patience, cursed their infatuation, and in eight days set off drearily on their return, along the roads they had lately trod so exultingly. They arrived at San Domingo, without an ounce of gold, half famished, downcast, and despairing. Such is too often the case of those who ignorantly engage in mining, —of all speculations the most brilliant, promising, and fallacious.

"Poverty soon fell upon these misguided men. They exhausted the little stock of property they had brought from Spain. Many suffered extremely from hunger, and were obliged to exchange even their apparel for bread. Some formed connexions with the old settlers of the island; but the greater part were like men lost and bewildered, and just awakened from a dream. The miseries of the mind, as usual, heightened the sufferings of the body. Some wasted away, and died broken-hearted; others were hurried off by raging fevers; so that there soon perished upwards of a thousand men."

THE CLAIMS OF ROME TO SUPREMACY OVER ALL CHURCHES UNSUSTAINED BY HISTORY.

It might be supposed, from the terms in which Papists insist upon the claims of Rome over all baptized persons and all churches, that these have been recognised; that all churches had surrendered their rights, acknowledged her supremacy, and had agreed to take her at once for their model and their sovereign. But at what period shall we find the tenet of unity with Rome (asks the writer already quoted in these pages) thus adopted by universal consent?

Shall we find it in the apostolic age, notwithstanding the significant silence of Scripture, and of the apostolic fathers?

Shall we find it in the second century, when Victor, Bishop of Rome, endeavoured in vain to impose his commands as to the time of keeping Easter, upon the Bishops of Asia?

Shall we find it in the third century, when Cyprian resisted the assumed authority of Pope Stephen, on the question of repeating heretical baptism?

Shall we find it in the fourth century, when, not the Bishop of Rome, but Athanasius of Alexandria, was looked up to as the great champion of orthodoxy? when the first General Council was summoned, not at Rome, but at Nice, in Bithynia, beyond the limits of the Roman jurisdiction; and was presided over, not by the Pope, but, as is generally supposed, by Hosius, Bishop of Cordova? when the second General Council was summoned, not at Rome, but at Constantinople; and was presided over, not by the Pope, but first by Meletius, and afterwards by Gregory of Nazianzum? when a primacy of jurisdiction and authority was strenuously denied to the Bishop of Rome? and when, not merely the Prelates of Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, but all Bishops, maintained their independence and their equality among themselves, in respect to their spiritual functions, as deriving their authority equally and independently from the divine Head of the church, Jesus Christ?

Shall we find it in the fifth century, when the General Council of Chalcedon increased the number of Patriarchs to five, each of whom, in his own province, regulated ecclesias-

tical affairs, and even decided important controversies, without reference to the rest; and when the African churches openly resisted the attempts of Pope Leo the Great to reduce them to subjection? when the third General Council was summoned, not at Rome, but at Ephesus; and was presided over, not by the Pope, but by the Bishop or Patriarch of Alexandria? when the fourth General Council, that of Chalcedon, was summoned at the repeated request of Pope Leo himself, who, distrusting, it would seem, both his own infallibility and his catholicity, and unwilling to dictate to the rest of the Christian world, represented that a controversy so important as the Eutychian required for its decision the sentence of the universal church? when Pope Felix III., instead of being considered either head of the church catholic, or "centre of unity," was anathematized and excommunicated by Acacius of Constantinople, with the approbation of the eastern Bishops, and a schism was made between the eastern and western churches, which lasted for twenty-five years? when Pope Zosimus first acquitted Pelagius the heretic, and afterwards, at the instance of Augustine and the African Bishops, condemned him? and when Vincentius of Lerins promulgated his celebrated rule, establishing as the test of orthodoxy, not the judgment of the Pope, or the formularies of the Roman Church, but the "*Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ad omnibus?*"

Shall we find it in the sixth century, when the Bishops of Africa and Illyricum renounced communion with Pope Vigilius, in consequence of his vacillation in the controversy concerning "the Three Chapters?" and when that Pope himself, under "a pressure from without," changed his opinion, and contradicted himself, in the face of the whole Christian world, no fewer than four times? and when Gregory the Great, himself the Bishop of Rome, pronounced the title of "universal Bishop" to be "vain, impious, execrable, blasphemous, and antichristian?"

Shall we find it in the seventh century, when a continual struggle was carried on between the Bishops of Constantinople and Rome, which terminated in the great western schism that, long afterwards, separated the church into the two branches, eastern and western? when the Britons rejected the authority of

Rome, and protested against her corruptions? when in France and Spain a considerable measure of independence was still claimed; and even in Italy the Pope's authority was far from absolute, being contested by the Bishop of Ravenna, and others?

Shall we find it in the eighth century, when the decisions of provincial Councils in France and Germany on the lawfulness of image-worship were sometimes directly opposed to the known sentiments of the Roman Pontiff; as in the Council of Frankfort, in 794?

Shall we find it in the ninth century, when Pope Adrian's arguments and opinions in favour of image-worship were almost unanimously rejected by the Council of Paris, in 824, as erroneous and absurd? when the decrees of the second Council of Nice, though received by the Popes as an œcumenical one, were censured, and its authority disowned? and when, notwithstanding their contumacy, the Gallican Bishops were neither pronounced heretics by the Pope, nor excluded from communion with Rome? when the controversy concerning the Holy Ghost raged vehemently between the Greek and Latin churches, and the words "*Filioque*" were retained in the Nicene Creed, though acknowledged to be an interpolation, and have ever since held their place in the form adopted by the western churches, in opposition to the declared judgment of Pope Leo III. and his successors? and when Pope Nicholas I. was excommunicated by the Bishop of Constantinople, Photius, and the Church of Rome, with its head, was openly taxed with heresy?

Shall we find it even in the tenth century, the darkest period in the annals of the church? Even then history informs us that "it is certain that the German, French, and Italian Bishops, who were not ignorant of the nature of their privileges, and the extent of their jurisdiction, were perpetually upon their guard against every attempt of the Pope for the exclusive assumption of a legislative authority in the church," (Mosheim,) and the contest between the Greek and Latin churches continued to be carried on with scarcely diminished animosity, though, perhaps, less tumultuously than heretofore, till it ended, in the following century, in their mutual excommunication and irreparable rupture.

It is unnecessary to pursue further this somewhat tedious recapitulation of facts, which may be gathered on the very surface of history. They are amply sufficient to show that at no period of the church was Rome universally acknowledged to possess infallibility, or to be the centre of unity to which all other churches were bound to conform. They exhibit a continual scene of determined resistance to her pretensions, both spiritual and temporal; and this frequently within the boundaries of the western empire, as in Gaul, England, Germany, and even in Italy.

THE JEWISH SACRED BOOKS.

Besides the Scriptures of the Old Testament, to which the Jews attach the greatest reverence, there is another class of books which exert a controlling influence over the Jewish mind. They are made up of traditions, and commentaries upon them; and have been almost entirely substituted in the place of the sacred Scriptures. The most important are as follows:—

1. The *Mishna;* or, as it literally means, the *second law.* This work was prepared by Rabbi Jehudah, surnamed Hakkadosh, or, "the Holy," from the sanctity of his life. He was also at that time head of a school, and President of the Sanhedrim, which were held at Tiberias, in Galilee. For this work there was a kind of necessity. After the death of Simon the Just, who, it is supposed, finished the Canon of the Old Testament Scriptures, by adding the First and Second Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Malachi, and departed this life 293 years before Christ, there arose a class of men who were called the "Mishnical Doctors:" their great business was to set forth and teach the traditions which were said to have been acknowledged by Ezra, and the members of the Great Sanhedrim who had been associated with him in arranging the Canon of the Jewish Bible. In poring over these traditions, the Mishnical Doctors drew their own inferences, and gave them forth as a part of, and of equal authority with, the original tradition, and thus, each successive teacher

making some new additions to the "traditions of the Elders," as all these works were called, they at length became so numerous, that no memory could retain them. Besides this, at that time the Jewish schools were being broken up, and their most celebrated teachers killed or scattered abroad. About the year A.D. 190, therefore, it was deemed necessary to commit them to writing; and the work was assigned to the above Rabbi Jehudah, who performed it with so much acceptance, that the book was at once received by the Jews in all their dispersions; and, with extensive comments, was set forth by the learned in Judea and Babylon as authoritative in all matters of faith and practice. The Mishna was, therefore, the book of traditions, and to this day is deemed of the same authority with the law given to Moses at Mount Sinai.

This work was prepared in six parts; and contains, in all, twenty-three tracts. Each of these tracts is on a distinct subject. Thus, in the first is discussed whatever relates to seeds, fruits, and trees; in the second, feasts; in the third, women, their duties, disorders, marriages, divorces, contracts, and nuptials; in the fourth, the damages or losses sustained by beasts or man, of things found, deposits, usuries, rents, farms, partnership in commerce, inheritance, sales and purchases, oaths of witnesses, arrests, idolatry,—and here are named those by whom the oral law was received and preserved; in the fifth is noticed whatever relates to sacrifices and holy things; and in the sixth, purifications, vessels, furniture, clothes, houses, leprosy, baths, and numerous other articles. This is the Mishna.

2. The *Gemara*, or the *completion.* A work which is simply a commentary upon the Mishna, and was designed to make that book perfect or complete. It passes over the entire ground of the Mishna, and oftentimes panders to the grossest superstition, irreligion, and sin.

3. The *Talmud*, or *book that teaches;* a work which is made up of both the Mishna and Gemara; and which, in setting forth the doctrines, religion, and morality of the Jews, is regarded by them as equal or superior in authority to the Bible. "The Bible," they say, "is as water; the Mishna as wine; the Gemara, as wine mingled with spices and richest

ingredients; and the Talmud, as made up of the Mishna and Gemara, is such, that whosoever diligently studies it, shall drink, at the coming of the Messiah, of precious wines, and continue to feast for ever and ever." There are two Talmuds: first, the Talmud of Jerusalem, or that which was compiled for the Jews of Judea by Rabbi Jochanan, two hundred and thirty years after the destruction of the temple, or about A.D. 300. He is said to have presided over the sacred college, or school, in Palestine, for about eighty years. His work is shorter and more obscure, but less marked with fables and superstition, than any other. For a time it was generally used; and may occasionally be found, at this day, in one large volume, folio. Second, the Talmud of Babylon; or that which was compiled by Rabbi Asa, about A.D. 400; or, as some suppose, by Rabbi Joseph, about A.D. 500. It was intended for the Jews living beyond the Euphrates, and is made up of the Mishna, or traditions which had been collected by Rabbi Jehuda Hakkadosh, and of a Gemara, or commentary upon these traditions, which had been prepared by the Rabbis residing in Babylonia. In all later times this work has been, and is still, the book of authority among the Jews. Up to the year 1646 it was used only in a manuscript form; but at that time it was published in Amsterdam, in ten volumes; and afterwards, in 1698—1703, at the same place, by Surenhusius, in six volumes, accompanied by a Latin translation.

4. Besides these works, the *Targum* describes a large and important class of Jewish works, which were brought forward from the century before, to the eighth or ninth after, the birth of Christ. This word, which literally means a *translation*, intends those versions of the holy Scriptures, which were early made from the Hebrew language, with the Chaldean. Their necessity arose from the fact that the Jews, during their Babylonish captivity, were so widely separated from each other that they lost, in a great measure, their own language, and acquired that of their captors. On their return to the Holy Land, therefore, interpreters were to be employed in all the public ministry of the word; and, after some time, translations into the language of their adoption were liberally made. The principal in age and authority are

two: that of Onkelos, who was probably a pupil of Hillel, the grandfather of Gamaliel, the instructer of Paul, and who confined himself to a literal translation of the Pentateuch, or law of Moses; and that of Jonathan Ben Uzziel, who made a free translation, and, in many cases, paraphrases, of the books of Joshua, Judges, the two Samuels, the two Kings, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve minor Prophets. This work is in no sense equal in correctness to the preceding, but it is highly esteemed among the Jews. Six, or, as some say, nine, other Targums have been prepared, embracing all the books of the Old-Testament Scriptures, with the exception of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Daniel, on which none have ever appeared, or at least none are now extant.

THE OCEAN.

In most of the elementary works on geography, it is stated that the surface of the earth consists of land and water. About one third is land, and two thirds are water. The depth of the ocean has occupied the attention of scientific men, and the result of their inquiries and experiments may be stated in a few words.

In the neighbourhood of the continents, the seas are often shallow: thus, the Baltic Sea has a depth of only 120 feet between the coasts of Germany and those of Sweden. The Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, has a depth of only 130 feet. Between France and England the greatest depth does not exceed 300 feet, while south-west of Ireland it suddenly sinks to 2,000 feet. The seas in the south of Europe are much deeper than the preceding. The western basin of the Mediterranean seems to be very deep. In the narrowest parts of the Straits of Gibraltar it is not more than 1,000 feet below the surface. A little further towards the east, the depth falls to 3,000 feet, and at the south of the coast of Spain, to nearly 6,000 feet. On the north-west of Sardinia, bottom has not been found at the depth of nearly 5,000 feet. With respect to the open seas, their depths are little known. About 250 miles south of Nantucket, the lead has been sunk to 7,800 feet. In north latitude, at 78 deg.,

Captain Ross has exceeded 6,000 feet in Baffin's-Bay. But the most astonishing depths are found in the Southern Atlantic: west of the Cape of Good Hope, 16,000 feet have been found; and the plummet has not found bottom at 27,000 feet, west of St. Helena. Dr. Young, relying upon the theory of the tides, considered himself justified in assigning about 15,000 feet to the Atlantic, and about 20,000 to the Pacific.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Newcastle paper, some time ago, inserted the following interesting fact, illustrative of the rapid spread of intellectual culture among a large and deserving class of the population:—A bookseller in the market recently had upon his stall ten copies of Emerson's work on "Fluxions," all of which he sold at seven shillings and sixpence a copy to pitmen. He said they were by far his best customers, and that a standard mathematical work never lay long on his stall. On a subsequent day, at the same stall, there were three men; one bought a work on algebra, another requested a Greek delectus, the third was perusing a Spanish grammar. These three were all hewers of coal. Subsequently another northern newspaper gave the following anecdote:—"Some years since, a gentleman, on his passage from Newcastle to Shields in a steam-boat, went into the engine-room, and found one of the books mentioned, namely, 'Emerson's Fluxions,' lying on the table, rather black and smutty, evidently much read. He asked the young engineman, who read the book? He answered that he did when he had time. Rather surprised at the fact, and presupposing that he was a young man of superior talent, he questioned him upon the subject, stating that himself had studied these matters at the University; had passed, he believed, a fair examination, and obtained a creditable degree. With this prelude they entered freely into conversation; and from that time the stranger used all his influence to bring the studious engineman into notice. The engineman is now a distinguished mathematician, and the author of many of the very works alluded to. He had, a short time previous to this

interview, 'risen from a bank-trapper to a breaksman' in a Newcastle coal-pit, as stated in evidence before the Lords' Committee last session; and is now — Professor Hann, of King's College!"

THE OFFICE OF SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

This office is not even once distinctively named in the New Testament; but its existence has become a fact in the history of modern evangelistic labour. Objections have been urged against Sabbath-schools. These, however, have well nigh died away; and this, principally, because the loud call which originated them is every day becoming louder and more urgent.

The most weighty reasons that have been stated against the existence of the present extended system of Sabbath-school instruction have arisen from the great neglect of parental duty which it has been the means of superinducing. Parents, it has been said, are the natural and authorised trainers of their own children in matters of religion. The domestic constitution, as an appointment of God, is not only designed, but fully adequate, to accomplish this object. No stranger can know the various characters of children, can follow the progressive opening of their minds, can adapt instruction to their wants and capacities, as their parents can. Not only are they best qualified to seize the happy moment when knowledge may be most successfully communicated, and to take advantage of all those little incidents from which wisdom may be gathered, but they alone can address the child in that indescribable tone of tenderness which finds its way directly to even an infant's heart, and which no other voice in the world can imitate. That, therefore, cannot be a proper arrangement which tends to take the business of religious education out of the hands of parents, and to devolve it entirely upon others.

Now, no man can or will deny that the express injunctions of the law of God, a right knowledge of the principles of human nature, and the dictates of the natural conscience, each alike

declare it to be the duty of parents to train up their children in the way in which they should go. We believe the obligations of parents to be untransferable; that they are not at liberty to yield up the religious instruction of their children to strangers; that it is sin to allow any scheme of human device to become the substitute for those cares and attentions which are provided for by God Himself in the family economy. Every Christian family should be a Sabbath-school. And were things as they ought to be in the church and the world, there would be no need for the existence of other institutions. Let every parent only do what he ought, and what he might, and we delight to confess, that the office of Sabbath-school Teacher is extinct, his occupation gone, and he may resume his place in the family to which he belongs, either as a listener or a teacher. But then, there unquestionably does exist on the part of many parents a lamentable amount of *inability, indisposition*, and *negligence* in reference to their duties and obligations. It is a melancholy fact, that there are untold numbers of children in these lands, whose religious wants are in no way or most inadequately provided for by their parents, either from ignorance or indifference. The sight and profanity of the ragged children in the streets of his native city, impressed upon the benevolent mind of Robert Raikes the necessity of trying to improve their condition, by conveying to them instruction through the agency of Sabbath-schools. What that philanthropist met with in the suburbs of Gloucester in 1780, everywhere crosses our path, in our cities, and towns, and villages, in 1851. Now, as then, children "in black ignorance their lives are spending," and are but too frequently training only for the hulks and the gallows. A great evil exists. No man can satisfy himself with saying, "It is the duty of parents to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; a duty which they cannot transfer, and of the obligation to which none can relieve them: therefore let the thousands of our rising generation perish for us; it is the duty of their parents to seek their rescue!" How does conscience itself (asks an intelligent man) respond to such a conclusion, and that upon interests far inferior to immortal souls? A man passing by sees a

thief busy at his vocation, and goes away to the other side, alleging, as a reason for his cool indifference, that it is the province of the Magistrate and the policeman to protect property, to detect and punish thieves, and therefore no concern of his. Another passes one of the gigantic manufactories that rear their huge and enormous forms amid our busy seats of trade and commerce; he descries a smoking flax, or at most a little smoke curling upwards, near a most combustible department of the works: a touch with his foot, or the laving of a pitcher of water at his side, would at once and for ever extinguish it; but he also passes by on the other side; and when the blazing conflagration has lighted up the heavens, consumed property to the value of many thousands, and plunged multitudes of families into idleness, and want, and woe, yet he coolly gives this reason for his cruel indifference, that it was the duty of the accredited firemen, and therefore none of his business.

And yet farther, what says the word of God, that infallible standard by which we must be guided in all matters of duty? Hear only one of its plain announcements: (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12:) "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?" Compare this with that other passage in the twenty-first chapter and thirteenth verse of the same book: "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard."

Let the Sabbath-school Teacher learn, then, his true position; and, above all, let him learn well and wisely to act his part. His is no department of labour in which a man is entitled to play the amateur. No duly-qualified Teacher has any ground for looking upon his labours here as if he were doing something more than it is his duty to do; a sort of work of supererogation. No man may lay it aside when he tires, without conscience being offended, or the sense of doing injury entertained. The thousands upon thousands of neglected little ones, for whose souls no man careth, form each an argu-

ment more weighty than a world's value on behalf of the duty of Sabbath-school teaching.

CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.

THE son of the late Mr. Townsend, the celebrated frequenter of Tattersall's, has for many months been sleeping in cellars and doorways, and feeding on the refuse in the streets. He was found, a week or two ago, lying in a dusthole. A surgeon deposed that he died of aneurism of the heart. In early life he drew a cheque for £8,000 on his father's bankers: this he spent in folly and dissipation in Paris, and his family discarded him.

LITERATURE.

The Training-School Song-Book; with Music, arranged for Two Trebles and Bass. Edited by A. D. Thomson and W. Sugden. Pp. 64. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS little work, which has for some time been issued in Parts, is now completed. It is published in connexion with the Glasgow Normal Seminary; and is designed for use in Day and Sunday schools, especially the former. It appears that in most modern elementary schools, singing forms a branch of instruction; and is, besides, in constant requisition, to facilitate the necessary movements among the children, and to occupy any spare minutes at the changing of lessons, &c. To meet the wants of schools in this respect, we are here presented with a large and very well-chosen and desirable selection of Marching-Airs, Rounds, and Melodies of a graver cast, adapted to words of a suitable character. By the use of a very compact music-type, the publisher has been enabled to give, in a very small compass, about three hundred pieces, of various kinds, at a very low cost. Foreign music, especially German airs, have been made use of to a considerable extent; and many of these are of great beauty. The work, though designed chiefly for schools, is yet equally well adapted for use in the domestic circle; and to families fond of musical recreation, we could scarcely recommend a more acceptable little volume.

Book of the Precepts; or, the Affirmative and Prohibitive Precepts. Compiled, by Rabbi Moses Maimonides, out of the Books of Moses. With a Life of the Author. 12mo. Pp. liii, and 53. Edinburgh: Robert Young.

Is a collection of all the injunctions in the Pentateuch. There are, in all, six hundred and thirteen; of which two hundred and forty-eight are affirmative, and three hundred and sixty-five prohibitive; for which numbers the Jews find all sorts of fantastic reasons. This collection is extremely popular among the Jews; not fewer than sixty editions being enumerated in Oppenheim's Hebrew catalogue. All these, however, appeared on the Continent. Mr. Young's is the first British edition. He gives the original *vis-a-vis* with his translation: and his intention, in its publication, is to help students to acquire an exact acquaintance with the Semitic dialects. The work is carefully got up; and the translation, so far as we have looked into it, is good.

NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Smith's (G.) "Doctrine of the Pastorate."

Memoirs of Mr. James Field.

Anti-Popish Tracts for the Multitude.
Barrett's (Rev. A.) "Pastoral Addresses." New Series, I., II., III.
Bannister's "Holy Land."
Weir's (Rev. J.) "Lectures on Romanism."
Wylie's (Rev. J. A.) "Modern Judea."
Colquhoun's (Lady) Memoirs.
Cæsar's Commentaries, by Anthon.
Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) "Nepos."
Sophocles's Ajax, by Schneidwius.
Wordsworth's "Greek Grammar."
Browne's (R. W.) "Rudiments of Latin Grammar."
Cambier's (G.) "French Grammar."
De Verneuil's "Grammar of Harmony."
Child's "Arithmetic."
Merrifield's (Mrs.) "Painting in Water Colours."
Lessons on Objects.
Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," by Montagu.
Bancroft's "History of America."
Chapman's "Cotton and Commerce of India."
Farmer's Dictionary, Vol. I.
Lyell's (Sir C.) "Geology."

VARIETIES.

Recent Deaths of Literary Men.

Mr. Maxwell, the well-known author of "Wild Sports in the West," and "The Story of my Life," and largely a contributor to the periodical literature of his day, died at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, on the 29th of December.

Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton, Marquis of Northampton, President of the Royal Society of Literature, and a Trustee of the British Museum, died January 16th, in the sixty-second year of his age.

Dr. Heinrich Friedrich Link, Professor of Botany in the University of Berlin, and Director of the Botanic Garden of that city, died recently, in the eighty-second year of his age. For the last half-century he has filled a large space in the literature of botany, and down to the last year of his life he continued to employ his pen in the advancement of his favourite science. He was contemporary with Linnæus, having been eighteen years old when the great author of the "*Systema Naturæ*" died.

The foreign papers add farther names to the list of eminent men whose loss marks the opening of the present year.—*Dr. Leuret*, the physician of Bicêtre, who is well known to the scientific world by his profound works on mental derangement and the anatomy of the brain, died on the 6th of January, at Nancy, his birthplace, after a long illness.—*Herr Charles Matthew Sander*, described as one of the most celebrated surgeons of Germany, and author of many works, not only in illustration of his more immediate profession and of medicine, but also on Greek philology and archæology, died suddenly, at Brunswick, in his seventy-second year, while seated at his desk in the act of writing a treatise on anatomy.—*John James Audubon*, the deservedly-renowned naturalist, died in New-York, on the 27th of January, at his residence on the banks of the Hudson river, aged seventy-six.

Dr. John Pye Smith.— Early in January, the friends and admirers of this eminent man met together, in commemoration of "the fiftieth year of his academical labours in Homerton College," to present him with a testimonial to the amount of £2,600; the interest of which was to be invested for his benefit during his lifetime, and the principal, after his death, to be applied to the foundation of scholarships. It is with regret that we have now to announce his death, which took place at Guildford, on the 5th ult., at the age of seventy-seven.

The Nineveh Fund.—A subscription has been set on foot, headed by His Royal Highness Prince Albert with £100, for the purpose of raising a "Nineveh Fund," to enable Mr. Layard to carry out his researches in Assyria, Babylonia, &c.

Jerusalem Literary Society.—A Society has just been established, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, for the purpose of investigating the literature, science, manners, and antiquities of the Holy Land. It originated about a twelvemonth since, among a few gentlemen residing in the city of Jerusalem; and during the following spring a library and museum were founded, a piece of ground was allotted for an experimental botanic garden, and several meetings were held.

We see it stated that Prince Albert has made a donation of £25 to the Society. The Society, it is said, intends to commence a journal as soon as possible for the discussion of sub-

jects connected with the history and present state of the Holy Land.

PENSIONS.—A portion of the pension recently given to Mr. Sturgeon, of Manchester, and which he so soon forfeited by death, has been continued to his widow. That portion amounts to £50 a year.—We see, too, that Her Majesty the Queen has conferred a pension of £100 a year from the Civil List upon Mrs. Liston, widow of the eminent surgeon, whose affairs at his decease were not found in the prosperous condition that might have been expected from his extensive practice and professional reputation.

THE MANCHESTER FREE LIBRARY.—A free library and museum are to be established in Manchester. Mr. John Potter, the Mayor, who has been for some time engaged in promoting this good work, has obtained, through his own personal exertions, subscriptions amounting to about the sum of £4,320. The Hall in Camp-Field has been purchased for the purpose, the owner, Sir Oswald Mosley, presenting half the purchase money, £913, to the institution. The Mayor anticipates that the building will be opened on the 1st of July, with a library of 13,000 volumes. It is the intention of the promoters, as soon as the institution is fairly established, to hand it over to the Corporation of Manchester, under proper conditions for its future conduct and maintenance. The Corporation will be able to avail themselves of Mr. Ewart's Act, and under its provisions to make a rate of a halfpenny in the pound for its support.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.—Dr. Warneford has made another munificent donation to the Queen's College, Birmingham, in the shape of an additional £1,400 contributed towards the permanent foundation of a chair for pastoral, as distinguished from dogmatic, theology. His former donation of £2,000 makes the total sum given by him for the endowment of this Professorship, £3,400. The endowments altogether bestowed on the College by this wealthy and liberal patron amount to more than £10,000: namely, for the chaplaincy of the College, £1,000; for the chaplaincy of the Queen's Hospital, £1,000; for the scholarships in the medical department, £1,000; for the Warneford medical prizes, £1,000: for the endowment of a resident medical tutor, £1,000: for the endowment of the warden, £1,000; for divinity lectures to medical students, £1,000.—*Athenæum.*

ANOTHER BLIND TRAVELLER.—Of all the strange projects to which the sudden discovery of gold in California gave rise, there was none, perhaps, so extravagant as that of Jacques Arago. He is stone *blind*, and has been so for years; and yet he placed himself at the head of a band of gold-seekers, and conducted them to California! Recently he returned to Paris, with little gold,—nay, with none at all; but in his voyage to and fro he met with some most extraordinary adventures, and he is about to communicate them to the public in a volume. He is brother of *the* Arago of the Institute, and is remarkable for his conversational powers.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR MARCH, 1851.

BY MR. WILLIAM ROGERSON, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"SPRING comes in beauty, with her vernal wand,
A goddess full of cheerfulness and song!
There 's not a tree that lives upon the land,
But opes its eyelids as she glides along:
The aged oak, that lifts its arms so strong,
By yon sequester'd ruin's lonely wall,—
The sombre yew, half suffocated 'mong
Its twining ivy,—hears her joyful call;

While groves and glens beside the waterfall,
In haste re-dress in pure and lovely green,
And flowers look forth, like scatter'd stars, and all
Is fresh and fair, and sunny and serene:
This is the resurrection of sweet things,
She o'er the earth her bounteous beauty flings."

"Of all the various plans which have been formed with success for the education of youth, and their early improvement in the art of thinking, that of exciting their curiosity has always produced the surest and most lasting effects. A thirst after knowledge, as well as reason, is implanted in our natures. It exerts itself in all ages, but never with more vivacity than in youth; when the mind, being uncultivated, eagerly catches at every object that presents itself to her view, is charmed with novelty, and contracts with ease an early habit of attention.

"Nothing could ever prove more beneficial to us than this happy disposition, were it but employed on such objects as are equally instructive and entertaining. Now the study of nature is attended with both these advantages, in their utmost degree of perfection; whether we consider her assemblage and regular formation in the whole, or strictly observe the symmetry and proportion of each individual part. All her works are capable of giving us both instruction and delight; since all are the visible effects of harmony and art. The most minute as well as the largest bodies inform us of some truth; have all a language, in which they address themselves to us, and, indeed, to us alone. Their particular structure affords us some kind of improvement. Their determination to some end clearly intimates the intention of the great Author of their being. The relations which they bear to us, as well as to each other, are so many distinct voices, which demand our attention, offer us their assistance, and, by their admonitions, furnish us with all the conveniences of life, adorn our minds with truth, and make our hearts even glow with gratitude. In short, it may, with justice, be asserted, that no book is so learned and complete as that of nature; no one so well adapted to cultivate our reason; since at once she comprehends the objects of every science, and her instructions are confined to no particular language or nation whatsoever."—*Nature Delineated.*

The first half of the month.—Most of the animals that have been in a state of torpor now begin to revive, and quit their winter retreats. The thrush, linnet, goldfinch, and golden-crowned wren, add their notes to the general harmony of nature. At this time, in wild and unfrequented places near rivers, is heard the booming cry of the bittern, respecting which Buffon says, "Solemn and dreary as, in an evening, may appear the various notes of the secluded inhabitants of the banks of the unfrequented rivers, whether we consider the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, or the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe, there is no tune so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have

not heard this evening-call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but more hollow and louder; and is heard a mile's distance, as if it issued from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters."

The fields are assuming a vernal greenness, the buds are swelling in the hedges; the banks are displaying, amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are arums, ground-ivy, chervil, the glaucous leaves and burnished flowers of the pilewort. In the gardens, tufts of glowing yellow crocuses, interspersed with pink and blue hepaticas, and the garden daisy, with its little tufts of crimson velvet, united with the blossoms of last month, greatly ornament our flower-borders.

The last half of the month.—The ringdove coos in plaintive, though not melancholy, cadences. The white wagtail hops about from clod to clod with great agility, and follows the ploughman in search of flies, which dance in wantonness of self-security on the margin of the stream, and over the newly-turned furrow. The jackdaw visits the sacred edifices and age-stricken towers, and sometimes takes his station on the top of the spire, and appears proud of his elevated position. The marsh-titmouse is heard chirping his own favourite duet; and various species of the feathered tribe pour forth their sonorous lays, and hail with pleasure the new-born spring.

An intelligent admirer of the works of God, as seen in every department of creation, writes as follows:—

"Observe that bird yonder! Though nothing is more natural to the eye of one who has been accustomed to such a sight, yet nothing is more amazing to the eye of reason. A bird, when on the wing, is a mass raised high above the earth, notwithstanding the gravity of the air, and the natural tendency of all bodies to the centre. This mass is conveyed to distant parts; not by any foreign force, but by a movement peculiarly adapted to the nature of the bird, and which supports her in the air for a long time with grace and vigour. This is a new subject of our admiration. When I take these birds into my consideration, I find that nature has bestowed but two wings on any species of them whatsoever, though each individual has something peculiar in the manner of its flight. Some advance by reiterated springs and bounds; others glide along, and cut the air in a smooth, easy, progressive motion. These skim only over the surface of the earth, whilst those mount fearless, and almost reach the clouds. Some, again, are expert in the variation of their flight; know how to soar in a direct, oblique, or spiral line; to hover, without any visible motion of their wings, in an element much lighter than themselves; after this, to launch out in a moment to the right or to the left, then to dart back again, to re-ascend, and at last to drop perpendicularly down like a falling stone: in short, they transport themselves, without the least danger or molestation, to what place soever their necessity or their pleasure prompts them. When I reflect on them in their little apartments, I find them still the just objects of my admiration. I am charmed with the structure of their nests, the tender regard

which they show for their eggs, and the birth and culture of their young."

The beetle death-watch makes its appearance in houses of long standing, where its singular beating is heard with pleasure by the philosopher, but with fearful apprehensions by the superstitious. The meloe is now seen in sheltered places, but exposed to the solar rays, feeding on the common or wild ranunculus: the female deposits her numerous eggs, which are of a bright amber colour, and semi-transparent: the larvæ are supposed to feed on animal substances. The sulphur-butterfly appears, and the field-crickets open their holes.

The vegetable world is every day making advancement in beauty. The garden is becoming interesting, and so are the fields and woods, where may be found the large yellow flowers of the common daffodil, as well as those (smaller) of the wild coltsfoot. The peach, box, and some species of speedwell, with other plants, in favourable situations, are in bloom.

"Hail! hail! revived, reviving Spring,
Fair type of heaven's eternal year:
While Nature's works thy praises sing,
Lo! gratitude salutes thee here:
Swell, gently swell, the solemn song,
Now pour the bounding notes along.

"Teach choirs below, to choirs above
To echo back the common lay,
And as they praise unbounded love,
To join in bounty's holiday.

"To God, the universal King,
Be sacred every grateful choir:
In ceaseless hymns all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire."

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR MARCH, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"The Sun's wide empire, every circling star
To which he lends his life-dispensing beam,
Amazed I view; from Mercury's glowing car,
To where cold Neptune drives his lazy team."

"All the works of nature speak of their Author in language which can scarcely be misunderstood. They proclaim the existence of an original, uncreated Cause, of an eternal Power and Intelligence, and of a supreme agency, which no created being can control. 'The heavens,' in a particular manner, 'declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.' When

we consider the heavenly orbs in their size, their distance, the rapidity of their motions, and the regularity and harmony with which they perform their respective revolutions, it is obvious to the least attentive observer, that such bodies could not have formed themselves, or have arranged their motions, their periods, and their laws, in the beautiful order in which we now behold them. Motion of every kind supposes a moving power. As matter could not make itself, so neither can it set itself in motion. Its motion must commence from a power exterior to itself, and that power must correspond in energy to the effect produced. In the planetary system we find bodies a thousand times larger than the Earth moving with a velocity sixty times greater than a cannon-ball, and carrying along with them in their train other expansive globes in the same swift career. Such motions could only proceed from a power which is beyond calculation, or human comprehension; and such a power can only reside in an uncreated, self-existent, and independent Intelligence. The continuance of such motions must likewise depend upon the incessant agency of the same Almighty Being, either directly, or through the medium of such subordinate agents as He is pleased to appoint for the accomplishment of His designs. In this respect the laws of motion, of attraction, gravitation, electricity, and other powers, are so many agents under the direction and control of the Almighty, for carrying forward the plans of His physical and moral government of the universe."—*Dr. Dick.*

The SUN rises on the 1st at forty-eight minutes past six, and sets at thirty-seven minutes after five: he rises on the 25th at fifty-four minutes after five, and descends below the western horizon at eighteen minutes past six.

"Parent of beauty! oft as I behold
The veil of evening thy resplendence shroud,
See thee empurple yon slow-sailing cloud,
And o'er the ocean shower a paler gold;
And from this height discern a deeper hue
Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linnet's lay,
Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,
And mark the rock that drips beneath the dew;
The grandeur of His powerful hand I own,
Who clothes in amber light thy moving throne,
And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine:
But when from western skies thy beauty flows,
And mercy in thy soften'd splendour glows,
It fills my pensive soul with love divine."

The MOON changes on the 3d, at a quarter past one in the morning, and presents her beautiful crescent in the western sky on the evening of the 4th: she sets on the 5th at a quarter past eight, and on the 7th at half-past ten, at night. The Moon is half-full on the 10th, and is due south on the 11th at eight minutes before seven in the evening: she souths on the 13th at ten minutes before nine, and on the 16th at a quarter before twelve, at night. The

Moon is full on the 17th, at nineteen minutes past one in the afternoon: she rises on the 18th at half-past seven, and on the 20th at eleven minutes after ten at night. The Moon enters on her last quarter on the 24th; rises on the 25th at half-past two, and on the 29th at five o'clock, in the morning.

Note.—The Moon, in her monthly tour through the skies, is a good guide to the planets of our system: hence, on the 5th she is near Saturn; on the 18th near Jupiter; and on the 28th not far from Venus.

MERCURY is invisible.

VENUS is a morning star: she rises throughout this month at about half-past four.

MARS is invisible.

JUPITER is a splendid object every clear night: he rises on the 2d at a quarter past nine, and on the 25th at half-past seven, in the evening.

SATURN appears in the evening twilight: he sets on the 7th at a quarter before nine, and on the 27th at a quarter before eight.

CAPELLA souths on the 1st at half-past six, and on the 15th at half-past five, in the evening. On the 7th CASTOR, PROCYON, and POLLUX pass the meridian at half-past eight at night; and on the 23d they are due south an hour earlier. The bright star SIRIUS souths on the 10th at twenty-four minutes past seven, and on the 20th at a quarter before seven, in the evening.

POETRY.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

I.

Go, ask the wave that ripples to the shore
  Where God is? It will tell you He is *there*.
Go, ask the wild winds when they rudely roar,
  And they will answer, "God is in the air."
  The lurid lightning, with its fitful glare,
The thunder rolling o'er the troubled sky,
  Loudly the same momentous truth declare,
Plainly proclaiming to the ear and eye,
That God is in the storm which sweeps in fury by.

II.

Go at the hour of morn, when first the sun
  Appears upon the eastern verge of heaven,
Before the clouds of night, so dark and dun,
  Beneath his radiant glow away are driven;
  Go at the hour of noon, when he has given

His fiery glory to the cloudless day;
Or go, when he descends at closing even,
And mark the splendours of his parting ray;
And know that God is there amidst the grand display.

III.

Look to the starry vault, where countless gems
Are glittering "on the dusky brow of night,"
Outshining far earth's costliest diadems,
The diamond's burning ray not half so bright;
And when the full moon sheds her holy light
Far o'er the heavens, and on the earth below,
Who but beholds that God, whose power and might
Hath made and still upholds the wondrous show,
And bids admiring man His wondrous presence know.

IV.

Go, gaze upon the ocean's vast expanse,
And there behold the wonders of His power;
There thou wilt trace His footsteps in the dance
Of the wild waves, which threaten to devour
The helpless bark: in danger's solemn hour,
Mere human aid is vain, nor arm to save
Is stretch'd, when darkness throws her mantle o'er
The heavings of the yawning, watery grave,
Where sleep in death the vile, the worthy, and the brave.

V.

Through nature all, in earth, in air, and sky,
The presence of the Lord is felt and seen:
Amid the Polar snows, to where on high
The palm-tree waves her leafy head of green
In the mild air; when summer's flowery green
Diffuses fragrance, and her wild bees' hum
Is heard, the blackbird's mellow notes between,
Soft from the downy thistle's brake to come,
When music floats around, nor aught on earth is dumb.

VI.

But chief, where thousands bend before the throne,
In that bright world from sin and suffering free,
There is God's more immediate presence known,
Enshrined in glory's splendour, there to be
Adored and bless'd throughout eternity;
And in the world of misery, even there,
The lost, abandon'd soul is doom'd to see
A present God, and all His wrath to bear
Through never-ending years of misery and despair.

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

APRIL, 1851.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*With an Engraving.*)

Ample museums, furnished with the requisite materials for illustration and comparison, have been found of invaluable service in the prosecution of study. As art and science have progressed, botanical and zoological gardens,—schools of design,—academies of painting,—agricultural, antiquarian, geological, medical, numismatic, and other museums,—have everywhere increased in number and value. The great industrial interests of the country had long felt the want of a mechanical and manufacturing museum, and this gave rise to the polytechnic institutions which have been so popular. It was reserved, however, it would appear, for His Royal Highness Prince Albert to suggest the great idea of an industrial exhibition for the world. No sooner was the scheme proposed, than it was seen to be an expedient above all others adapted to the taste, the emergencies, and the wants of the age; and it met with an almost unanimous acceptance. Since then, everywhere, at home, in our colonies, and in almost every foreign state, the greatest activity has been manifested in preparing whatever will illustrate the sources of profit, the material, and the modes of labour.

The engraving which accompanies this Number represents the interior of the building in which the exposition is to take place. The view is given from the transept, or cross-aisle, in the centre of this amazing structure.

Every one who knows aught of Hyde-Park, London,

knows that the main and broad part of the Serpentine runs through it from east to west, lying towards the southern side of the Park. Parallel, or nearly parallel, to this portion of the sheet of water in question, and southward from it, extend two roads, one of them destined for carriages, closely skirting the Kensington turnpike-road; the other lying nearer the water, being the celebrated Rotten-row. Between this row and the parallel carriage-road, and removed some forty yards from the Serpentine, along which stretches a footpath, there lies a longitudinal strip of green-sward, bordered on either hand by trees, and dotted here and there, throughout its extent, by some fine old elms. Such is the site on which the palace stands.

The building was designed by George Paxton, Esq., head-gardener to the Duke of Devonshire. The private history of his connexion with this project is interesting; and we shall as briefly as possible detail it, as given by himself in a lecture, delivered, we believe, in Derby.

Great diversity of opinion obtained respecting not only the site selected, but the kind of building to be erected. There were many fiercely-urged objections against the erection of a brick-and-mortar building in Hyde-Park, and especially against the removal of its most cherished ornaments, the trees. The competition of architectural skill, invited by the Royal Commission, to construct a suitable erection had not produced one available design.

The Building Committee had now resolved upon an erection according to a design of its own, and tenders had been sought for its construction. Long before this time, Mr. Paxton had been engaged in bringing his knowledge and experience to bear upon the improvement of green-houses. He was constructing, in the grounds of his noble patron, at Chatsworth, an elegant conservatory, sixty feet long by forty broad, for the *Victoria Regia*, a Titanic water-plant of gigantic dimensions, which had recently been discovered. These pursuits suggested to the ingenious mind of Mr. Paxton the means of meeting many of the objections raised by the controversy which prevailed. When the first thought respecting the design occurred to his mind, the project appeared almost futile; for

the determination come to by the Building Committee seemed to shut out any fresh competition.

One day, however, (it was Friday, the 14th of June, 1850,) Mr. Paxton happened to be in the House of Commons, conversing on this subject with Mr. Ellis, M.P., who accompanied him to the Board of Trade. Then, however, nothing could be done; for Mr. Paxton, who is one of the busiest men in England, was compelled to set off immediately, to keep a special appointment at the tubular bridge over the Menai; and engagement followed engagement, until Tuesday morning, the 18th of June, when Mr. Paxton was found at Derby, seated as Chairman of the Works and Ways Committee of the Midland Railway, to try an offending pointsman. This was the first *leisure* moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table stood the culprit; and upon it, before the Chairman, was invitingly spread a clean sheet of blotting-paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity; and, when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned specially to him, saying,

"As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence, we will take the decision from you."

"The truth is," whispered the Chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. *This*," he continued, holding up the paper, "is not a draft of the pointsman's case, but a design for the Great Industrial Building to be erected in Hyde-Park."

The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were completed in ten days.

When he made his next appearance at the Derby station, at the end of that time, Mr. Paxton had the complete plans under his arm. There was not a minute to spare, for the train was on the point of starting, and the Royal Commissioners met the next morning; so, taking his dinner in his pocket, he entered a carriage. Here, to his extreme delight,

he found Mr. Robert Stephenson, the great engineer; a member, moreover, of the Royal Commission, who was going to London by the same train.

"This is extraordinarily lucky!" exclaimed Mr. Paxton; "for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification of mine."

Accordingly the plans were unrolled. "There they are," said the garden-architect: "look them over, and see if they will do for the great building for eighteen hundred and fifty-one!"

"For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his friend with incredulity.

"I am serious."

"But you are too late: the whole thing is settled and decided."

"Well, just see what you think of them. I am very hungry; and if you will run them over while I eat my dinner, I'll not speak a word."

There was a dead taciturnity. The Royal Commissioner went over the plans slowly and carefully; their originator narrowly watching their effect on his mind. It was an anxious moment for the one; for upon the opinion of the other no little depended. At first there was not much to augur from. The drawings were scanned with no more than business-like attention. No word of commendation was uttered; no sign of pleasure or surprise appeared. At length, gathering the unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into the opposite seat, exclaiming, "Wonderful!—worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth!—a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!"

"Will you lay them before the Royal Commission?"

"I will."

The next day was Saturday, the 29th of June, the day on which Sir Robert Peel received his fatal accident. The Royal Commission met, headed by Prince Albert. After the regular business of the Board was over, both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the drawings, and the Prince signified his wish that Mr. Paxton should wait upon him at Buckingham Palace, to explain the

details. Sir Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity and simplicity; remarking with pleasure, that, if it were accepted, it would occasion the first great operation in glass since the introduction of his own new tariff. Alas! this was the latest connected remark which that statesman ever uttered. He almost immediately left Westminster Palace on horseback for an airing, was thrown on Constitution-Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the Building Committee; which, in the regular routine of business, could not entertain it, having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having devised a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Paxton determined to submit it to the inspection of the public, by the aid of the woodcuts and pages of the "London Illustrated News." The practicability, the simplicity and beauty, of the scheme were at once apparent.

Meanwhile the projector of the building waited on Prince Albert, on another memorable morning, that of the baptism of Prince Arthur. The encouragement vouchsafed, added to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, induced Mr. Paxton to decide on procuring a tender to be sent in to the Building Committee for his design. He therefore went straight to Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the Building Committee, in their advertisement, had invited the candidates for raising *their* edifice, to suggest any improvements in it that might occur to them. This afforded an opportunity for Messrs. Fox and Henderson to present a tender for Mr. Paxton's plan. Seeing at once it was, of all other plans, *the* plan, they tendered for it as an "improvement" on the Committee's design.

Here a new and formidable difficulty arose. It was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving tenders. Yet before an approximate estimate of expense could be formed, the great glass-manufacturers and iron-masters of the north had to be consulted. By the aid of railway parcels and the electric telegraph, all the gentlemen required were summoned out of Warwickshire and Staffordshire, and appeared on Monday morning at Messrs. Fox and

Henderson's office, in Spring-Gardens, London, to contribute their several estimates to the tender for the whole; and, within a week, the contractors had prepared every detailed working-drawing, and had calculated the cost of every pound of iron, of every inch of wood, and of every pane of glass.

It has been well observed, that no event has before occurred in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light as this its boundless resources in materials, to say nothing of the arithmetical skill in computing at what cost, and in how short a time, those materials could be converted to a special purpose. What was done in those few days? Two parties in London, relying on the accuracy and good faith of certain iron-masters and glass-workers in the provinces, and of one master-carpenter in London, bound themselves, for a certain sum of money, and in the course of some four months, to cover eighteen acres of ground, with a building upwards of a third of a mile long, (1851 feet, the exact date of the year,) and some four hundred and fifty feet broad. In order to do this, the glass-maker promised to supply, in the required time, nine hundred thousand square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons,) in separate panes, and these the largest that ever were made of sheet-glass; each being forty-nine inches long. The iron-master passed his word, in like manner, to cast in due time three thousand three hundred iron columns, varying from fourteen and a half feet to twenty feet in length; thirty-four *miles* of guttering-tube, to join every individual column together under the ground; two thousand two hundred and twenty-four girders; (but some of these are of wrought iron;) besides eleven hundred and twenty-eight bearers for supporting galleries. The carpenter undertook to get ready within the specified period two hundred and five *miles* of sash-bar; flooring for an area of thirty-three millions of cubic feet; besides enormous quantities of wooden walling, louver-work, and partition.

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money involved in transactions of this magnitude, that we can form even a slight notion of the great, almost ruinous, loss a trifling arithmetical error would have occasioned, and of the boundless

confidence the parties must have had in their resources, and in the correctness of their computations. Nevertheless it was one great merit in Mr. Paxton's original details of measurement, that they were contrived to facilitate calculation. Everything in the great building is a dividend or multiple of *twenty-four*. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the external ones have no more than eight feet (a third of twenty-four) of separation; while the distance between each of the transept-columns is three times twenty-four, or seventy-two feet. This also is the width of the middle aisle of the building: the side aisles are forty-eight feet wide, and the galleries and corridors twenty-four. Twenty-four feet is also the distance between each of the transverse gutters under the roof: hence, the intervening bars, which are at once rafters and gutters, are, necessarily, twenty-four feet long.

There was little time for consideration, or for setting right a single mistake, were it ever so disastrous. On the prescribed day the tender was presented, with whatever imperfections it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But after-checkings have divulged no material error. The result was, that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the Building Committee.

Mr. Paxton's Glazed Palace was eventually chosen unanimously, not only by the Building Committee, but by the Royal Commission. Some modifications were, however, adopted. It was decided that the most revered of the trees were to be admitted into the industrial building; and the central transept, the apex of whose curvilinear roof is one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their enclosure. In August the space in Hyde-Park was boarded in; and the first castings for the iron columns were delivered on the 14th of September.

The cathedral of St. Paul's took thirty years to finish, and St. Peter's at Rome occupied a period of three hundred; but this glass structure has been completed in four months. The space covered by the building has already been stated; and the edifice itself, rising up in three stories,

is six hundred yards long, and one hundred and fifty yards wide. Its height is sixty-six feet. The entire building contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. It is to cost £79,800, if the contractors are permitted to take it down on the termination of the Exhibition; £150,000, if it remains. The cheapness of this building is not the least surprising thing connected with it. It is said to be actually less costly than an agricultural barn, or an Irish cabin! A division of its superficies in cubic feet by the sums to be paid for it, brings out the astonishing quotient, of little more than one halfpenny (nine-sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot, supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractors when the Exhibition is over. Or, if it remain a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and one-twelfth of a penny per cubic foot. The ordinary expense of a barn is more than twice as much, or twopence halfpenny per foot. The smallness of cost is due to the principle of each component of the building being appropriated to more than one purpose. The six rows of columns, for instance, are hollow, and are used not only as props, but as drains. In the base of each column is inserted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage into the sewers. These strong tubes serve also as foundation: they are links that connect the whole of the three thousand three hundred uprights together. At the top, each column is fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a pole and pulley in a few minutes; and, once fastened, no other scaffolding is requisite for the roof which it supports. Thus, by means of the iron pipes below, and the iron girders above, the structure is held from end to end, a compact, immovable hollow cube. The roofs, of which there are five, one to each aisle or corridor, the highest in the middle, serve for window-light, and heat-adjusters, rain-conductors outside, and condensed moisture-ducts within. The floor is a ventilator and dust-receiver. It is laid four feet above the level of the park. By means of openings in the floor, and louvers fixed in the outer walling, made to open and shut like Venetian-blinds, air is admitted, little or much, as may be required; and the daily accumulations of dust will be swept into the space below by a machine.

Some people have expressed a doubt as to the strength of the building, on account of its very slight appearance; but Professor Cowper has done much towards restoring confidence, by showing, in a very simple experiment, that even two bits of quill, of an inch in length, when placed up end-wise, will bear nearly two hundred weight. The columns used in the building, like the bits of quill, as has been stated, are hollow, and will on that account carry an amazing pressure. The girders resting on the pillars for the galleries are proved to bear fifteen tons, and the breaking-weight is thirty tons; but they will never have to bear more than seven tons and a half.

YOUNG MEN AND CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP.

It is to be feared, (says one,) that the duty of joining the fellowship of the Church is delayed and neglected to a greater extent on the part of our young men than among the young of the other sex. If this be a fact, it is important to inquire into the causes of it. What ostensible excuses can be pleaded in the case?

Youth is pleaded. "We are young, and require greater knowledge, and more experience, ere we take this step." This is specious, and has the aspect of humility and diffidence. Some young persons are diffident in everything, and require encouragement; while others are forward in everything, but the thing of which we now speak. The arts of life, the knowledge and conversation of men, the relations of life, the offices of men, are severally objects of pursuit, while duty to the Church is neglected. This excuse is unsound in principle. Are youth excused from other obligations, such as reading the word of God, prayer, and obedience to the commandments of Christ? Is grace not promised to the young? Is the easy yoke of Christ too heavy for the young? Will death spare the young? Will heaven shut out the young? Will hell not open to receive the young? I am not speaking of very young children, but of those who approach, or have reached, manhood in other things. Are they to put away childish things in every concern but religion, and, pushing forward to

the employments, relations, and honours of this world, shall they neglect their duty to Christ, to their own souls, and to the Church, as if hesitation in this matter were a virtue, and accession to the Church an evil to be delayed to the latest possible hour, or neglected altogether? This excuse has no sound foundation, and cannot apply to young men more than to young women.

The claims of business are sometimes opposed to the claims of Christ. "We are much occupied; we have not leisure for the serious thoughtfulness required in taking a step so solemn, but must attend to it at the first favourable opportunity." This is specious also, but hollow. The world has its claims, but they are secondary, and come after the claims of God and of Christ. Upon the principle of this objection, individuals might excuse themselves from reading the Bible, or performing any other religious duties; and business is pleaded as an excuse for not sanctifying the Sabbath, and being absent from religious ordinances. Only reflect on the lengths to which this objection will lead. Let young men ask, "Has God required this at our hand? and can that business be lawful, or lawfully pursued, which interferes with our obligations to Him?" "No man can serve two masters: ye cannot serve God and mammon." The duties of religion in their time and place interfere with no just claims of business. So far from this, religion enjoins diligence, and rebukes slothfulness. Religion will give a time, a place, and a proportion to all the duties of life, and a spirit for the performance of them, and a pleasure in the enjoyment of the gifts of God, which cannot be experienced where the mind, in the guilt and sense of a constant omission of duty to God, is occupied in the exclusive pursuit of the world, pressing after an imaginary point of acquisition which may never be reached, and which, though it were reached, shall fail to yield the expected rest and satisfaction. Let me warn young men particularly of the danger arising from worldliness, and of the illusiveness of the associations by which they connect wealth and happiness. Remember the order in which Christ has placed things connected with the life that now is and that which is to come. "Seek ye first

the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Unsettledness in life furnishes another pretext for the neglect of Church-fellowship. Young men may not have arranged their plans of business, nor fixed their places of residence; they have it in view to enter upon an honourable relation in life, intimately connected with their future happiness; and they wish to be in a more settled state ere they take the solemn step of fully incorporating with the Church. Thus is the duty delayed, and we observe, with much regret, often delayed, to a time when application for the privileges of the Church assumes a doubtful character, having an appearance of being prompted more by a compliance with the custom of society, to avoid singularity, than an immediate sense of obligation upon the conscience. Let young men ask themselves, Is the event of settlement in life a just excuse for the neglect of other religious duties? If not, why plead it here, where, if comparisons were at all admissible, the obligation is the strongest possible? Will the performance of a plainly-required duty to the Saviour, and an avowed relation to Him, hinder settlement in life, or diminish the happiness of an honourable relation in prospect or in enjoyment? The excuse should be turned into an argument on the opposite side. Honour God, and He will honour you. Do your duty to Christ, and commit all your ways to Him; His counsel will guide you, His providence order your lot, His blessing sanctify your relationship and prosper your undertakings, His grace sustain you in trial, and His presence go with you at last to give you rest.

In meeting these and other objections which young men present to the claims of the Church, the most charitable construction has been put upon their professions. But it is of the utmost importance for them to inquire whether, under all these difficulties and others, there do not lurk and operate insidiously excuses which cannot be presented in their own name, and of which the mind may not even have a distinct consciousness. Is it not possible that individuals may be unwilling to be brought to close and faithful dealings with their own minds, in the matter of their personal faith and

piety? May there not be a secret though unavowed fear that close connexion with the Church will cast a gloom over their minds, and be inimical to their happiness? apprehensions than which nothing can be more unfounded. May individuals not entertain secret desires after liberties that are incompatible with the circumspection of character required by the law of Christ, or be indulging in practices that they know to be inconsistent with the Christian profession? Excuse me, if the supposition be thought severe; for I fear that in some, if not in many, cases, it is founded in truth. Such is the clearly-revealed obligation of young men who acknowledge Christianity, and are professing to look for the mercy of our Lord Jesus unto eternal life, to enter into the fellowship of the Church; and such are the imminent dangers prevented by it, and advantages accruing from it, that no satisfactory excuse can be found for those who live in its neglect. Let no mistake, however, be made, as if this duty were urged indiscriminately upon every individual. It is not urged upon any person who is not laying religion and a religious life to heart. No; none may dare to do this. But no individual ought to be left without earnestly obtesting him, by all that is great and solemn in death and eternity, to give an immediate and deep attention to the great concern; an attention, for which there may not be opportunity to-morrow; and without which, human life, though protracted to its utmost extent, must prove only vanity and vexation of spirit. O, let every reader, whatever else he does, or leaves undone, guard against the folly and criminality of neglecting, by deceitful procrastinations, the GREAT SALVATION.

DON'T GIVE UP.

"I CAN'T do it, father: indeed I can't." "Never say can't, my son: it isn't a good word." "But I can't, father. And if I can't, I can't. I've tried and tried, and the answer won't come out right." "Suppose you try again, Edward," said Mr. W——, the father of the discouraged boy. "There's no use in it," replied the lad. "What if you go to school to-morrow without the correct answer to this sum?"

"I shall be put down in my class," returned Edward. Mr. W—— shook his head, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect.

There was a silence of a few moments, and then the father said, "Let me relate to you a true story, my son. Thirty years ago, two lads about your age were school-companions. Both got on very well for a time; but, as their studies grew more difficult, both suffered discouragement, and each said often to his father, as you have just said to me, 'I can't.' One of these boys, whose name was Charles, had a brighter mind than the other, and could get through his task easier; but his father was very indulgent to him, and when he complained that his lessons were too hard, and said, 'I can't do this, and can't do that,' he requested the teacher not to be so hard with him. But it was different with the father of the other boy, named Henry. To every complaint he answered, 'Don't give up, my boy! Try again; and if not successful, try again and again. You can do it; I know you can.' Thus encouraged, this lad persevered, and in every case overcame the difficulties in his way. Soon, although his mind was not naturally so active as the mind of his companion, he was in advance of him. When they left the school, which was about the same time, he was by far the best scholar. Why was this? He did not give up because his task was hard; for he had learned this important lesson,—that we can do almost anything, if we try.

"Well, these two boys grew up towards manhood, and it became necessary for them to enter upon some business. Charles was placed by his father with a physician; but he did not stay there long. He found it difficult in the beginning to remember the names and uses of the various organs of the body, and soon became so much discouraged that his father thought it best to alter his intention regarding him, and he put him into a merchant's counting-room, instead of continuing him as a student of medicine. Here Charles remained until he became of age. Some few years afterwards he went into business for himself, and got on pretty well for a time; but every young man who enters upon the world, dependent upon his own efforts, meets with difficulties that only courage,

confidence, and perseverance can overcome. He must never think of giving up. Unfortunately for Charles, these virtues did not make a part of his character. When trouble and difficulties came, his mind sunk under a feeling of discouragement; and he 'gave up,' at a time when all that was needed for final success was a spirit of indomitable perseverance, that removes all obstacles. He sunk, unhappily, to rise no more. In giving up the struggle, he let go his hope in the future; and ere he had reached the prime of life, found himself shattered in fortune, and without the energy of character necessary to repair it.

"Henry was sent as a student of medicine to the same physician with whom Charles was placed. At first, when he looked into the books of anatomy, and heard the names of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, &c., it seemed to him that he could never learn these names, much less their various uses in the human body. For a short time he gave way to a feeling of discouragement; but then a thought of the many hard tasks he had learned, by application, came over his mind, and, with the words 'Don't give up!' upon his tongue, he would apply himself with renewed efforts. Little by little he acquired the knowledge he was seeking. Daily he learned something; and it was not long before he could look back and mark the steps of his progress. This encouraged him greatly. Some new and greater difficulties presented themselves; but, encouraged by past triumphs, he encountered them in a confident spirit, and came off conqueror. Thus Henry went on, while Charles gave up quickly. In the end, the former graduated with honour, and then entered upon the practice of the profession he had chosen. There was much to discourage him at first. People do not readily put confidence in a young physician; and he had to wait three or four years before he received practice enough to support himself, even with the closest economy. During this long period, in which the motto 'Don't give up' sustained him, he unhappily got into debt, for articles necessary for health and comfort. While this greatly troubled him, it did not dishearten him. 'I can and will succeed,' he often said to himself. 'Others have met and overcome greater difficulties

than mine: why, then, should I give up?' A little while longer he persevered, and had the pleasure to find himself free from debt. From that time a prosperous way was before him; though he had often to fall back upon the old motto, 'Don't give up.' Many years have passed, and Henry is now Professor of Anatomy in —— University."

"Why, father, that is you!" exclaimed the listening boy, the interest on his face brightening into pleasure. "Yes, my son," replied Mr. W——: "I have been giving you my own history." "But what became of Charles?" inquired Edward. "You know the janitor in our college?" said Mr. W——. "Yes, Sir." "He it is who, when a boy, was my schoolmate. But he gave up at every difficulty. See where he is now! He has a good mind, but lacked industry, perseverance, and a will to succeed. You can do almost anything, my boy, if you only try in good earnest. But, if you give up when things are a little hard, you must never expect to rise in the world,—to be useful according to your ability, either to yourself or mankind. Now try the hard problem again: I am sure you will get the right answer." "I will try," said Edward, confidently; "and I know it will come out right next time." And so it did. One more earnest trial, and his work was done. Far happier was he, after this successful effort, than he could have been, if, yielding to a feeling of discouragement, he had left his task unaccomplished. And so all will find it. Difficulties are permitted to stand in our way that we may overcome them; and only in overcoming can we expect success and happiness. The mind, like the body, gains strength and maturity by vigorous exercise. It must feel and brave, like the oak, the rushing storms, as well as bask, amid gentle breezes, in the warm sunshine.

ON DANCING.

It may, perhaps, be the case, that some children have often wondered that their godly parents should have prohibited them from taking part in this amusement. But a few minutes' serious thought may enable any one to see the propriety of

such a prohibition. You know that your parents wish you to avoid whatever may incline to the immoral: they would have you engage in recreations suited to an intellectual being; they desire to prevent you from indulging in a practice which belongs to the lowest stage of worldliness; above and beyond all things, they long that you should become Christians indeed, and of a truth. They cannot, therefore, consent to sanction what may hinder a work of grace in your souls. Whoever else may dance, it is clear from the following pithy paragraphs of Dr. Yale, a devoted Minister in the United States, that a Christian cannot dance.

Shall Christians dance? (he asks.) Why not *Christians*, if anybody? We would not advise a *sinner* to dance. A sinner is an enemy to God; and shall he dance? A sinner must repent or perish; and shall he dance? A sinner is on the way to hell, and may be there in an hour; shall he dance? There is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner. What fearful declarations those are of Job!—"They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." (Job xxi. 11, 13.)

But a Christian is a redeemed sinner. "He is bought with a price." "He is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "He is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The Christian is the image of Christ, and is to show to the world that he has been with Jesus, and has learned of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart," and "went about doing good." The Christian is "crucified to the world, and the world unto him;" so that "he rolls round his dying eyes upon a dying world." The Christian is, in a little while, to be in heaven, beholding and enjoying, and for ever to enjoy, the glory of God. Let him sing for joy, and dance, too, before the Lord, as David did, if such an exercise be suited to his present condition, and adapted to promote the glory of God, and the salvation of men. For this is the apostolic exhortation: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have a *time* to dance. At what point of time between one communion-season and another shall it be? Just before, or just after, they sit down at the table of the Lord? Is it the kind of preparation which fits them for that scene which Calvary beheld? Will the dance help them to "examine themselves?" Will it enable them to deny themselves as they should after they have been anew to see Christ crucified? Or, will they fix the time equally distant from the celebration past and the celebration to come; so that they may *forget*, or *almost forget*, the command, "This do in *remembrance* of me?" Can they, at the dance, think intensely upon the scenes in the garden; in the palace of the High-Priest; in the hall of Pilate; on the way to Calvary; at the nailing of the victim; and at the innocent Sufferer's cry of agony, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" This cry, under almighty wrath, crushing Him to death for our sins, makes the ears of Christians tingle. How can they forget it, so as to find a *time* to dance between one communion-season and another?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have *leisure* to dance. "Wot ye not," said Jesus, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He began early and continued to the end to be about His Father's business; so that in the end He could say to His Father, "I have glorified Thee upon the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." Then He was ready to depart, and with His last breath cried, "It is finished." Duty and suffering were completed. Are Christians, the followers of such a Saviour, at leisure, so that their work is done long before their sun is set? Do they understand God's word so well, that they need study it no more? Are all their duties to God in the closet, in the family, and in His house, diligently and faithfully performed? Do they perform all that is needful for the young, for the aged, for the church, for the world, and then find leisure to unite with gay companions in moving to the sound of the viol, amid the mazes of pleasurable dissipation? Is the soul duly cared for? And from the dance can they return home to commune with God? to pray for all saints and the Ministers of Christ, with all prayer and without ceasing?

Can they "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and "keep themselves unspotted from the world?"

Shall Christians dance? Then they must be *initiated* by others. Allowing that Christians have *time*, *leisure*, and *money*, for the dance, and that it may be proper for them to dance, still a question remains,—Is it expedient? If it be lawful in the sight of God, does it tend to edification? Is it attended with no danger to others? Will the gay and the thoughtless be likely to derive benefit from such examples of Christians? Did the Apostle Paul say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend?" Should we not also look to the welfare of others? If it be not perilous to ourselves, yet if it be to others, charity requires us to abstain. If we would not advise sinners to dance, we certainly should not set the example If but one member of a church be found in the ball-room, who will not know it? Will not every eye be fixed on that individual? Will not some be ready to say in heart, "Did not I see him *at the Lord's table?*" Will it not be reported the next day? And will not the echo fly among the circles of the lovers of pleasure? Will not the thoughtless urge this example, as a plea for the indulgence which conscience forbids? And will not many be emboldened, not only near by, but far off, to do what no sinner should venture to do, as it must be at the peril of his soul? And will not those gay companions of yours despise you for your vain indulgence?

Professing Christian, how can you have any delight in this vain amusement, or in any other pastime in which they delight who are strangers to holy and refined enjoyments? When all the sweets of paradise are before us, need we covet the forbidden tree? Can you recommend Christ and Him crucified to your jovial companions? Can you converse seriously on the salvation of the soul, while on the way with them either to or from the merry meeting? Allowing that it is no worse than any other vain amusement, is this the criterion of your duty?

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF NATIONS.

No. X.—Part II.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

The Italian tribes form another branch of the Indo-European stock. Italy, prior to its subjugation by the arms of Rome, was peopled by several nations, all of whom, with one exception, belonged to one race. These were the Umbrians, Oscans, Sabines, and Siculi, who all spoke dialects of one language, and formed collectively one great branch, and that a very ancient one, of the Arian race, having migrated from the East in very early times. The *Umbrians* (by the Greeks called Ὄμβροι) were the earliest inhabitants of the north of Italy. Their principal city, Ameria, is said to have been founded three hundred and eighty-one years before the building of Rome; but this is a tradition which cannot be relied on. Their language resembles the Latin in the whole system of sounds and letters. The *Siculi* originally occupied the south of Italy, whence they were driven by other tribes, and took refuge in Sicily, where their name is preserved. They are supposed to have been the same people as the Œnotrii, and also spoke a language kindred with the Latin. The *Oscans*, or *Opici*, inhabited the southern extremity of the country, and spoke a dialect which, at one time, prevailed through all the south of Italy, and was similar to the Latin, but less polished in its structure. Though it was a written language, no books have been preserved in it; but a great number of coins bearing Oscan inscriptions have been discovered, which the skill of antiquarians has enabled them to decipher. They are chiefly in the old Latin character, which was in use at Pompeii when that city was destroyed. The *Sabines* were probably descended from the Umbrians; but they derived their name from one Sabinus, a genius of their country. They originally possessed the highest region of central Italy; and, after conquering the Siculi on the Tiber, gained possession of Latium, in consequence of which they were called Latins, or Latini. The

dialects spoken by these nations had a decided affinity one for another, and at the same time were in some respects analogous to the Pelasgic or Greek, whilst in others they were allied both to the Celtic and Teutonic languages.

The exception alluded to above is the case of the *Etruscans*, one of the most remarkable and interesting nations of antiquity. In very early times, all Italy, from the Alps to the Sicilian straits, is said to have been subject to their government. This extensive territory was divided into three grand districts, called respectively Etruria Campania, which was situated in the south; Etruria Circumpadana, situated in the north; and Etruria Proper, situated in the centre. In the latter, or Etruria Proper, the remains of cities and of cemeteries still exist, some of which have been recently explored, and which fully substantiate the accounts of classic authors relative to the people who erected them; proving that they were far advanced in civilisation and the arts, and that in refinement of manners, the cultivation of taste, and whatever related to the luxuries of social life, they were inferior to none of the nations of the earth, the more polished of the Greeks alone excepted. Rome, before she had any intercourse with Greece, was greatly indebted for whatever tended to elevate and ennoble her—"for her chief lessons in art and science, for many of her political, and most of her religious and social, institutions, for the conveniences and enjoyments of peace, and the tactics and appliances of war"* —to the Etruscans. But for them, therefore, she would probably never have arisen to the greatness she subsequently attained; so that what influence this people, whose dignity and glory have long since passed away, may have had upon the history of Europe and of the world, it is impossible rightly to conceive.

The origin of the Etruscans is involved in mystery. Some maintain that they were the original inhabitants of Italy; but others, founding their opinion on traditionary evidence, suppose that they colonised that country; and there appears some ground for believing that they came to Italy in ships,

* See "The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria, by George Dennis."

and first settled on the coasts of the Tyrrhene Sea. This was the opinion of the Greeks respecting them, by whom they were called Tyrrheni. The religion of the Etruscans was undoubtedly oriental in its character; but whether it was derived immediately from the East, or whether they received it through the Pelasgi, to whose mythological system that of the Etruscans was intimately allied, is a question difficult to decide. The language of Etruria, though belonging to the Indo-European family of languages, differed considerably from the Latin dialects, and appears to have approached nearer to the Greek. To that, however, it was but remotely allied; and, owing to the scarcity of authenticated remains of the language, its true origin will, perhaps, continue a secret.

Another group of nations originally occupied the country which lies southward of the Danube. These were the *Thracians*, the *Illyrians*, the *Epirots*, and the *Greeks;* but of these the last only have left a posterity speaking the language and inheriting the peculiarities of their fathers. The Thracians, who, according to Herodotus, were once a very numerous race, were divided into several branches, of whom the Getæ and the Macedonians are the most celebrated in the page of the historian; but they are described as wild and barbarous in their customs, as addicted to excessive drinking, and as taking great delight in war and plunder. The Illyrians dwelt on the eastern side of the Adriatic; and to the south of their territory were tribes designated by Strabo "the Epirotic nations." All these nations have disappeared from among the tribes and families of men; having been either swept away when their country was invaded by the Turks, or amalgamated with the Hellenic race, to which some of them were perhaps originally allied. This race is the most renowned in European history. In mental acquirements, and in almost every quality that constitutes intellectual greatness and nobility, the Greeks were unrivalled by any people in the world. They gave us Homer, the greatest of uninspired poets; Herodotus, the father, and Thucydides, the greatest, of historians; Socrates and Plato, the profoundest of philosophers; and Æschylus and Euripides, (together with many others,) the earliest of

dramatic writers. It is difficult to account for the mental superiority of the Greeks, as they were undoubtedly descended from the same great stock as the Celts, Goths, and Sclavonic nations; nor is it certain whether they were the aboriginal inhabitants of Greece, or took possession of the country by the force of arms. The Pelasgi, who were the most celebrated of the Grecian tribes, received their name from Pelasgus, represented by Æschylus as the King of the Greeks, but generally conceived to be a mythic personage representing the people of the Peloponnesus. The name of the Pelasgi was changed for that of Hellenes, or Greeks, after foreigners settled in their country. The old Pelasgic language, which was the Æolic Greek, was confined chiefly to the Arcadians and other tribes inhabiting the Peloponnesus, (the Morea,) whilst the Ionic and the Attic, which were modifications of one dialect, were spoken by the people of Ionia or Attica. Dr. Prichard concludes that the Pelasgi were "the original stock from which the different stems of the Greek population ramified." But how wonderful is the history of this people; and what a remarkable illustration they present of the changes to which nations the most illustrious are subject, when no sound principles of religion and morality conserve the social system! National greatness can sustain the shocks of time only when it is shielded by the mighty power of truth. The Greeks, and other nations of antiquity, were destitute of the true elements of conservatism, and their glory faded as a leaf.

T. S.

HOW TO TEACH.

THE PIN.—THE MOTHER-BIRD, HER NEST, AND THE SERPENT.—THE VAPOUR.

If teachers would be successful in implanting religious thoughts in the minds of the children under their charge, they must deal largely in illustration. The immature youthful mind is not capable of grasping abstract truth, except in a very feeble degree; neither does it willingly fix itself on subjects which require close, abstract thinking. But there is no difficulty in placing truth before the youngest

intellect, when that truth comes in a sort of visible, tangible shape.

We will endeavour to describe the kind of lessons found to be most impressive; and an example may be better than a definition.

Take almost any object,—a pin, for instance. Now, a teacher in a class of very young children would perhaps get its "qualities" stated; the children would call it long, thin, pointed, sharp, white, headed, &c. With older children, he would employ it as illustrative of the division of labour, or connect with it some historical teaching. But there is another way of making a pin the subject of a lesson, by using it as a metaphor, an allegory, a moral object: we use this word instead of a better.

We suppose, then, that the teacher, first of all, makes the children understand that they are to have a new sort of lesson about a pin. They are to think carefully, and ascertain what may be noticed about a pin, what it suggests to their mind, what useful lesson may be learned by means of it. He will impress upon them the fact, that, with a mind fully alive to the getting good, we may learn something from the most trifling things. The little pin may preach them a useful little sermon.

The first observation elicited, may be this,—*that little things are often undervalued. Thirty* people are employed in making one pin! Yet pins are not much valued. It is a common saying, "I don't care a pin for it." This may be because pins are useful,—people often prefer the ornamental to the useful; or, because they are common and cheap. How little people prize water, air, sunshine, &c., because they are common and cost nothing!

Another thought illustrated by a pin is,—*that when we lose our blessings, we think more of their value.* The children will easily recollect some emergency—such as a tippet blown away by the wind, no pin to be found—when a pin is considered of great consequence. So of many other things. The emigrant, for instance, in some distant colony, feels sorry he did not better prize and use the spiritual mercies granted him in his native land.

A third important lesson is,—*that crooked tempers spoil great usefulness.* Useful as pins are, when they get crooked their usefulness comes to an end. Many a useful little girl is spoiled by a perverse temper.

Fourthly, it might be said,—*that things should always be kept in their right place.* Pins in a pincushion, not between the teeth; not in the bosom of a frock.

Fifthly, let it be noticed,—*that things should be carefully handled;* or *that points are to be avoided.* If the point be mistaken for the head, the finger may be sadly pricked. Every person has some little peculiarity of disposition, which, if not very carefully watched by us, and carefully handled, will cause much annoyance to us.

The last lesson might more properly have been taken first,—*that little things may be of great use.* To what innumerable uses is a pin put! Yet how small and trifling it is! Children are little, not very wise, rich, or strong; yet may be very useful. Every little child should think, "If I am idle, I am worse than a pin."

All these observations, or lessons, should be drawn by the children; the teacher correcting the language, or putting the thought into better shape. If associations are found not very clear, or of a far-fetched character, still let them be received with deference. If, however, the lessons suggested by the children have no analogy, the mistake should be gently pointed out. This kind of instruction will be found exceedingly attractive, and, we trust, highly useful. It partakes of the allegorical character; always a pleasant medium of conveying truth to the young.

We lately met, in an American book, with an illustration, or analogy, which struck us as possessing great beauty. It could easily be worked up into a most instructive lesson. It is as follows:—"A thoughtful observer, wandering in the woods, had his attention arrested by the agitated motions and cries of a bird, around and within the branches of a particular tree, as if in great haste and peril. He watched the little creature's rapid movements, flying backwards and forwards, and soon traced them to a brood of young nestlings which were putting up their heads out of the nest, and crying for food. But the mother was

wholly occupied outside the nest, in surrounding it with a species of small leaves, which she brought in her bill, and disposed as well as she could close to her nestlings. As soon as she had completed this work, or enough of it, as it seemed, she flew away a little distance to a neighbouring tree, and there rested, apparently quite composed, as if awaiting some immediate result. The secret of all this was not long in coming out: In a few moments, a dark, glittering snake was seen winding himself up the tree towards the nest where the helpless little ones were crying. He seemed sure of his prey; but the very instant he touched the leaves with which the careful bird, on the first approach and the discovery of the danger, had with heaven-taught instinct shielded her nest, the reptile recoiled, as if stung by a torpedo, and crept rapidly away. The leaf was a deadly poison or terror to the serpent, and consequently a powerful security to the birds; and the marvellous instinct and love of the parent bird preserved her young ones in their helplessness, as if a human intelligence had shielded them."

It would be easy to multiply subjects for lessons. WATER would be a very good one. The MIST or VAPOUR seen rolling down into the valley would answer well in a country school. It might be treated as a picture of human life. The scholars would have little difficulty in tracing five points of resemblance. They would discover it to be *unstable—easily dispersed—not lasting long—departing quickly—soon forgotten.* Such a lesson would present the teacher with a good opportunity of closing with a brief, impressive exhortation bearing upon three duties:—to set the affections on things above; at once to look after the salvation of the soul; and to be diligent in every Christian work.

ONE METHOD OF ESTIMATING NUMERICAL STATISTICS.

THE POPULATION OF LONDON.

TAKING, as the boundary of the metropolis, a circle of eight miles' radius from St. Paul's Cathedral, the population of London in 1841 was 2,103,279. This population is *more*

than double what was contained within the same boundaries in 1801, and increases at least 30,000 every year; that is, the entire population of the large city of York is every year added to the population of the metropolis. During the nine years which have elapsed since the last census was taken, London has increased 270,000 individuals, and its population is now more than TWO MILLIONS AND A QUARTER.

We pronounce this number with ease; but it is more difficult to realise it. It is not very much short of the entire population of Scotland, and it is more than double the entire population of Wales, crowded together in a circle of eight miles' radius! It equals 2,400 villages, each containing 1,000 individuals. The largeness of the population of London will appear when it is compared with that of our other cities and towns. The population of ALL the cities of England and Wales, added together, is,—

	Population in 1841.
1. Bangor	7,232
2. Bath	55,487
3. Bristol	145,187
4. Canterbury	20,629
5. Carlisle	24,541
6. Chester	25,613
7. Chichester	8,512
8. Coventry	41,407
9. Durham	14,151
10. Ely	6,825
11. Exeter	39,780
12. Gloucester	18,551
13. Hereford	10,921
14. Lichfield	6,761
15. Lincoln	16,172
16. Llandaff	1,276
17. Norwich	62,344
18. Oxford	23,834
19. Peterborough	7,146
20. Ripon	5,461
21. Rochester	41,422
22. St. Asaph	3,338
23. St. David's	2,413

	Population in 1841.
24. Salisbury	10,086
25. Wells	5,443
26. Winchester	10,732
27. Worcester	30,961
28. York	32,718
	678,943

The population of all the cities of England and Wales, added together, therefore, is not *one-third* of the population of London.

There are fifty-two counties in England and Wales; and, if we compare the population of London with that of the other capitals, or chief cities and towns, of the counties of England and Wales, it will be seen from the table following, that together their population is very much short of one-half of the population of London, although they are fifty-one in number :—

Counties.	Chief Towns.	Population in 1841.
1. Anglesey	Holyhead	3,869
2. Bedfordshire	Bedford	9,178
3. Berkshire	Reading	21,163
4. Breconshire	Brecon	7,430
5. Buckinghamshire	Buckingham	4,054
6. Caermarthenshire	Caermarthen	9,526
7. Caernarvonshire	Caernarvon	8,001
8. Cambridgeshire	Cambridge	24,453
9. Cardiganshire	Cardigan	2,925
10. Cheshire	Chester	25,613
11. Cornwall	Launceston	2,460
12. Cumberland	Carlisle	24,541
13. Denbighshire	Denbigh	8,045
14. Derbyshire	Derby	36,395
15. Devonshire	Exeter	39,780
16. Dorsetshire	Dorchester	6,186
17. Durham	Durham	14,151
18. Essex	Chelmsford	9,045
19. Flintshire	Flint	1,961
20. Glamorganshire	Cardiff	10,077
21. Gloucestershire	Gloucester	18,551

Counties.	Chief Towns.	Population in 1841.
22. Hampshire	Winchester	10,732
23. Herefordshire	Hereford	10,921
24. Hertfordshire	Hertford	5,450
25. Huntingdonshire	Huntingdon	3,507
26. Kent	Canterbury	20,629
27. Lancashire	Lancaster	13,531
28. Leicestershire	Leicester	51,186
29. Lincolnshire	Lincoln	16,172
30. Merionethshire	Dolgelly	2,016
31. Monmouthshire	Monmouth	5,446
32. Montgomeryshire	Montgomery	1,208
33. Norfolk	Norwich	62,344
34. Northamptonshire	Northampton	21,242
35. Northumberland	Newcastle	100,991
36. Nottinghamshire	Nottingham	60,170
37. Oxfordshire	Oxford	23,834
38. Pembrokeshire	Pembroke	7,412
39. Radnorshire	Radnor	478
40. Rutlandshire	Oakham	2,726
41. Shropshire	Shrewsbury	23,590
42. Somersetshire	Wells	5,443
43. Staffordshire	Stafford	10,730
44. Suffolk	Ipswich	25,384
45. Surrey	Guildford	4,761
46. Sussex	Chichester	8,512
47. Warwickshire	Warwick	9,775
48. Westmoreland	Appleby	1,349
49. Wiltshire	Salisbury	10,086
50. Worcestershire	Worcester	30,961
51. Yorkshire	York	32,718
		870,708

We may add to the population of all the chief towns of our counties the proverbially teeming population of the five largest manufacturing towns of England; namely,—

	Population in 1841.
Manchester	353,390
Liverpool	319,253
Birmingham	182,922

	Population in 1841.
Leeds.....	152,054
Sheffield.....	111,054

Making together a further population of ..1,118,673. And if to all these we add the population of Hull, which in 1841 was..... 68,085, we shall still have a population of only .....1,186,758; which, added to the population of the fifty-one chief towns of the counties of England and Wales ..... 870,708, will make a total population of.....2,057,466: and we have yet to add further a population of..... 45,813 before we have made one London of.....2,103,279 inhabitants.

Or if we even compare the population of London with that of entire counties, the following fourteen English counties, at the last census, had together a less population than the one city of London :—

	Population in 1841.
1. Bedfordshire	107,900
2. Berkshire	160,300
3. Buckinghamshire	156,200
4. Cambridgeshire	164,509
5. Cumberland	178,100
6. Dorsetshire	174,300
7. Herefordshire	114,428
8. Hertfordshire	157,200
9. Huntingdonshire	58,699
10. Monmouthshire	134,349
11. Oxfordshire	161,573
12. Rutlandshire	21,340
13. Shropshire	239,014
14. Westmoreland	56,469
	1,884,381

As compared with our colonial population, the one city of London has in it more immortal beings than inhabit the entire colonies, added together, of both Upper and Lower Canada,

Nova-Scotia, New-Brunswick, Cape-Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, the Cape, New South Wales, both Western and Southern Australia, and Van Diemen's Land.

BUDDHIST WORSHIP IN CHINA.

In the provinces (observes a writer in the "Athenæum") of Fokien and Chekiang, the Buddhists seem to have their stronghold. One sees temples on every hill-side; and large monasteries are also not unfrequent. Having occasion to take up my quarters for some time lately near one of these monasteries, I was much struck with the ceremonies of Buddhist worship; and I carefully noted down the various forms of the principal daily service.

Anxious to see the whole of the service, I determined to be in good time; so took my station in one of the passages leading to the large temple a few minutes before the Priests assembled. I had not been stationed long before an old Priest walked past me to a huge block of wood, carved in the form of a fish, which was slung from the roof of one of the passages. This he struck several times with a wooden lever; and a loud hollow sound was given out, which was heard over all the monastery. The large bronze bell in the belfry was now tolled three times; and the Priests were observed coming from all quarters, each having a yellow robe thrown over his left shoulder. At the same time an old man was going round the monastery beating on a piece of square board, to awake the Priests who might be asleep, and to call the lazy ones to prayer.

The temple to which the Priests were hurrying was a large building, fully one hundred feet square. Its roof was about sixty feet in height, and was supported by numerous massive wooden pillars. Three large idols, the Past, the Present, and the Future, each at least thirty feet in height, stood in the middle of the temple. An altar was in front of them; and more than a hundred hassocks were on the floor in front of the altar, for the Priests to kneel on during the service. Ranged on each side of this spacious hall were numerous

idols of a smaller size; said to be the representatives of deified Kings, and other great men, who had been remarkable for piety during their lifetime.

Entering the temple with the Priests, I observed a man lighting the candles placed upon the altar, and burning incense. The smoke of the incense, as it rose in the air, filled the place with a heavy yet pleasing perfume. A solemn stillness seemed to pervade the place. The Priests came in one by one, scarcely lifting their eyes from the ground, and arranged themselves on the right and left sides of the altar, kneeling on the hassocks, and bending down lowly several times to the idols. Again the large bell tolled, slowly and solemnly at first, then gradually quicker; and then everything was perfectly still.

The Priests were now all assembled,—about eighty in number; and the services of the temple began. I took a seat near the door; and, in order that no part of the service might be omitted in this notice, took out my note-book to put down what I saw. The Priest nearest to the altar now rang a small bell; another struck a drum; and the whole eighty bent down several times upon their knees. One of them then struck a round piece of wood, rather larger than a man's skull, and hollow inside, alternately with a large bronze bell. At this stage of the ceremonies a young Priest stepped out from amongst the others, and took his station directly in front of the altar, bowing lowly and repeatedly as he did so. Then the hymn of praise began. One of the Priests, apparently the leader, kept time by beating upon the wooden skull just noticed; and the whole of the others sang or chanted the service in a most mournful key. At the commencement of the service, the Priests, who were ranged in front of the altar, half on the right side and half on the left, stood with their faces to the large images. Now, however, they suddenly wheeled round, and faced each other. The chanting, which began slowly, increased in quickness as it went on, and when at the quickest part suddenly stopped. All was then silent for a second or two. At last, a single voice was heard to chant a few notes by itself; and then the whole assembly joined, and went on as before.

The young Priest who had come out from amongst the others now took his station directly in front of the altar, but near the door of the temple, and bowed lowly several times upon a cushion placed there for that purpose. He then walked up to the altar with slow and solemn steps, took up a vessel which stood on it, and filled it with water. After making some crosses and gyrations with his hand, he sprinkled a little of the water upon the table. When this was done, he poured a little from the vessel into a cup, and retired slowly from the altar towards the door of the temple. Passing outside, he dipped his fingers in the water, and sprinkled it on the top of a stone pillar which stood near the door. I could not help being particularly struck with this part of the ceremony. It brought vividly to mind the following passage in the book of Exodus:—"And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts with the blood that is in the bason.....And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and to thy sons for ever."

While this was going on, the other Priests were still chanting the service. The time of the music frequently changed: now it was fast and lively, now slow and solemn, but always in a plaintive key. This part of the service being ended, all bent lowly before the altar; and when they rose from their knees, a procession began. The Priests on the right of the altar filed off to the right, and those on the left to the left; each walking behind the other up the two sides of the spacious hall, and chanting as they went a slow and solemn air, time being kept by the tinkling of a small bell. When the two processions met at the farther end of the building, each wheeled round and returned in the same order as it came. The procession lasted for about five minutes; and then the Priests took up their stations in front of the altar, and the chanting went on as before. A minute or two after this the whole body fell upon their knees, and sang for awhile in this posture. When they rose, those on the left sang a part of the service by themselves, then knelt down. The right side now took up the chant; and having performed their part, also knelt down. The left side rose again; and so they went on

for ten minutes, prostrating themselves alternately before the altar. The remainder of the service was nearly the same as that at the commencement, which I have already described.

This ceremony had now lasted for about an hour. During the whole time a thick screen had been hanging down in front of the large door of the temple, to keep out the sun's rays. Just before the conclusion of the service the curtain was drawn aside, and a most striking and curious effect was produced. Streams of ruddy light shot across the temple; the candles on the altar appeared to burn dimly, and the huge idols seemed more massive and strange than they had done before. One by one the Priests slowly retired as solemnly as they came.

Prayers being ended, nearly all the Priests adjourned to the refectory, where dinner was served immediately. This is a large room, furnished with a number of cross-tables and forms, and capable of dining at least two hundred persons. The Buddhists eat no animal food; but they manage to consume a very large quantity of rice and vegetables. I have been perfectly astonished at the quantity of rice eaten by one of these Priests at one meal. And yet, generally, they look poor and emaciated beings; which is probably owing as much to the sedentary lives which they lead as to the nature of their food.

STATISTICS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

The population of the world, and the relative number of its inhabitants adhering to its various "religions," cannot possibly be ascertained with any degree of accuracy; yet it is well to have some general idea of the nature and extent of that vast field which is given to the Christian church to cultivate, and from which the great harvest is to be reaped at the end of the world.

The following table is made up from different writers upon this subject:—

	Pop.	Heathen.	Moham-medan.	Jews.	Christian.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Sondermann,	1000	631	160	9	200
Wahlman,	900	500	110	8	260
Ranmer,	650	310	110	5 to 9	228
Gosner,	800	455	140	2 to 5	200

The "Christian" population of the world is thus divided by Gosner:—

Romanists,	80 millions
Protestants,	70 ,,
Greek Church,	50 ,,
Total,	200 millions.

Is our estimate too low, if we suppose that there is only one in ten professing Protestants who sincerely desires that Christ's kingdom should come, and who labours to advance it? But if we could indulge the hope, that there are seven millions in the world who know and love the Gospel, even this would afford about one labourer only for every hundred Heathens, Mohammedans, or Jews! But *are* there seven millions, or *one* million, really alive to the importance of the great work of converting the world to Christ?

The whole Protestant Church now supports about thirty-seven Missionary Societies for the conversion of the Heathen. Bible, Tract, and Prayer-Book Societies are not included in this estimate; nor are Societies for the conversion of the Jews, or for educating native females in Heathendom.

The thirty-seven Missionary Societies are thus divided:—

Germany, 8	England, 9	America, 7
Switzerland, 3	Ireland, 1	
Netherlands, 1	Scotland, 5	
France, 2	—	
Norway, 1	Britain, 15	
—		
Continent, 15		

It is difficult to ascertain from the Reports of those Societies, the number of labourers in the Mission-field. Some Reports omit to mention the native assistants, or female Teachers: others, again, include agents of every kind as such,—printers, translators, &c. It is calculated that about 5,000 persons are employed abroad in this work of Missions, 2,440 of whom have been sent forth from Europe and America. The others are native agents. The number converted from Heathenism, who are now in communion with the church of Christ, is about 147,000. There have been baptized about 400,000.

M. Gosner, of Berlin, calculates that, supposing all the ordained Protestant Missionaries to be equally divided among the Heathen, there would be one Missionary only to every 428,571 of the Heathen.

The sum given by all the Protestant Church for Missions to the Heathen, is, in round numbers, about £500,000; of which Great Britain contributes about £350,000.

It has been asserted that the offerings presented, in one year, to the temple of the goddess Kali, in Calcutta, equalled the revenues of the whole Protestant Church for Missions. Mr. Medhurst states, in his "China and the Chinese," that "the cost of gold and silver paper burnt" (in honour of idols) "in China, in a year, exceeds *a hundred times* all the money collected in the Christian world annually for Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies!"

The present age may be designated as the age of Missions. Let us glance at their recent and rapid increase.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, instituted in 1701, was the first Protestant Missionary Association ever formed.

The next eighty-five years gave birth to four only; namely, Society of Halle (1705); Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge (founded in 1698, but only connected with Missions in 1709); the Moravian Mission (1732); the Wesleyan Mission (1786).

During the next fourteen years, (from 1786 till 1800,) five Societies were established,—the Baptist (1792); London (1795); Edinburgh (1796); Netherlands (1797); Church Missionary (1799).

Thus, during the whole of the eighteenth century, ten Societies only formed *the whole Missionary staff of the Protestant Church;* the one-half of these growing up within the last eight years of the century.

During the first ten years of the *present* century, one Society only (Berlin, which sent forth Rhenius and Gutzlaff) was added to the number.

America entered the field in 1810. Between this and 1820, five great Missionary Societies were established in the United States:—the American Board of Commissioners (1810); the Baptist Union, and Baptist General Convention (1814); the Presbyterian (1816); the Methodist Episcopal (1819); the Protestant Episcopal (1820).

The Basle Society was formed in 1816.

From 1820 till the present year, fifteen Missionary Societies have been added to the number; namely, Berlin, (1823); Paris (1824); Barmen (1828); the Church of Scotland (1829); Hamburgh (1835); Dresden (1836); Lausanne (1837); Glasgow (1838); Wales (1840); Ulster (1840); Gosners in Berlin (1842); Norway (1842); Free Church (1843); American Lutheran (1843); Scotch Secession (1844). It thus appears, that, *for one hundred and fifty-six years after Luther's death, there was not one Protestant Missionary Society; and that all such Societies now in existence, with five exceptions, have sprung up during the last sixty years. The last forty years have given birth to twenty-one of those; the last ten years, to seven.*

At one of the Missionary Meetings in America, two years ago, a very old man addressed the meeting. This man *could* have said, "When I was fifty-four, there were but three Missionary Societies in Great Britain and Ireland; now there are fifteen. When I was upwards of seventy-two, there was not one Missionary Society in all the United States of America; there are now seven. When I was eighty, there were but four Missionary Societies in the continent of Europe; there are now fifteen. When I was an old man, above threescore years and ten, the whole continent of India, China, and the Islands of the Pacific, were shut against the Gospel. Those countries are now all open to Christian Missions; and tens of

thousands, who then worshipped idols, have since been turned to the worship of the living and true God!" All this *could* have been said by that old man, *for he was one hundred and eleven years of age;* and we have supposed him thus addressing the assembly in which he spoke, that our readers may realise what has been accomplished during even the *old age of a living man!*

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A LIONESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her; upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is after?" Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forwards, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn, murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in

the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore-rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey-rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a great fright, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now then for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder; upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand; and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprung upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws. The worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and, slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain helpless. In the struggles of death she half turned on her back, and stretched her neck and fore-arms convulsively, when she fell back to her former position; her mighty arms hung powerless by her side, her lower jaw fell,

blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the three horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain; on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me standing alone and unarmed within a few paces of the lioness, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief.—*A Hunter's Life in South Africa.*

LITERATURE.

INFANT PIETY.

The Folded Lamb: or, Memorials of an Infant Son; with Hints on Infant Education. By his Mother. With a Preface by his Father, the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A., Vicar of Leominster. 8vo., pp. 192. London, Wertheim and Macintosh.

THIS life-like narrative presents, in a quiet, simple manner, incidents in the childhood of one whom Divine grace early ripened, and who was early gathered into the heavenly fold. We hasten to select such passages in this graceful record as may illustrate little Henry's character, and the development of infantine piety.

This lovely child did not fail to furnish early indications of the self-will inherent in our fallen nature. He had been on a visit with his parents to Devon, during which time the domestic discipline had been somewhat relaxed.

"As a natural consequence of undue indulgence, he expected, upon our return home, still to have his own way in everything, and soon endeavoured to obtain it by passionate bursts of crying. The necessity of firmness was manifest; and, under God's blessing, we endeavoured so to exercise it, as to teach him that from henceforth his will must yield to ours. The first contest was long and painful; but we felt it to be one on which the future hung. Such a contest is a crisis in an infant's history: either the parent or the child must gain the victory; once allow it to remain with the latter, and a golden moment has been lost, a battle won, the remembrance of which you may hereafter try in vain to obliterate from his memory. We thanked God then, we thank Him doubly *now*, that at the early age of sixteen months, we were enabled to check in our precious child the marks of self-will, and to conquer each rising ebullition of passion, and this without breaking his spirit, or lessening his strength of feeling. It was not, however, until the Spirit of God had evidently begun to work in his infant heart, and we could clearly trace in his conduct 'the expulsive power of a new affection,' that his passionate spirit was brought under real control. With deep gratitude we were soon permitted to see that God Himself had taken, as it were, the work out of our hands. How thankful he proved himself, in after-days, for the correction he received, his later history will show."

Obedience soon became a striking characteristic of this lovely child:—

"One morning, when leading him down stairs, upon hearing his papa's voice, I placed him upon a step, and told him to remain there alone for a minute until my return. I was un-

expectedly detained; and his nurse, looking over the stairs some little time afterwards, saw him, and wished to take him up, to which he replied, 'Mamma gone 'peak papa; mamma say 'top here; mamma come soon.' The same obedience was cheerfully rendered, if, during a momentary absence, his nurse had placed him under the charge of one of the other servants. On the first occasion of the kind, his nurse, on returning, found him quietly seated in his chair; and upon telling him that he might now come off, his reply was, 'E. told me I sit here till she come back,' nor could he be induced to stir until E. came and released him. I sometimes discovered him alone in the nursery, where he had been left for a few minutes with the same injunction from his nurse, and always found the invitation to quit his position resisted on the same plea; generally adding, 'I did *p'omise* Bye to 'top here.' His extreme liveliness, and great dislike to sitting still, made this obedience the more remarkable."

When he was not more than eighteen months old, the following instance of infant generosity was noticed:—

"Leave then had been given him, on returning from a walk, to go to a confectioner's for a bun. Just before entering the shop, his nurse pointed out to him a little beggar-boy who was coming down another street. 'Poor boy,' she said, 'he looks very hungry: I dare say *he* would like a bun very much.' The cake was bought, and dear little Harry, having been put down on the pavement, began toddling homewards. Turning round shortly to look for his nurse, he saw following behind her the very boy of whom she had spoken. Making an exclamation of joy and surprise, he broke his bun in half, and gave one half to the poor boy, saying, 'Ta! ta!' with as much delight as though he had been the recipient instead of the donor. He had not proceeded many steps further, when he met a little girl carrying a baby; and trying to express in his own language kindness and pity, he broke the remainder in two, and divided it with the poor child, again anticipating any thanks by 'Ta, ta, ta!'"

The importance of truth was early and strongly impressed upon his mind. He placed implicit confidence in his mother's word. She once failed through forgetfulness to keep her promise, which sadly perplexed her little boy:—

"When leaving the house, I had promised to bring him back a bun, but some time elapsed during my absence, and I returned home, having entirely forgotten it. However, upon entering the nursery, I was speedily reminded of it, by his anxiety to claim my promise. He had been watching some hours for my return, and a burst of tears would have been very pardonable. I rather expected it, but not a single expression of disappointment escaped him. The earnest, perplexed gaze which met mine was such as I never encountered before, and made me almost feel ashamed of what I plainly saw was falsehood in his eyes. It was but transient; for, after I had assured him that I had indeed *meant* what I had said, and explained the import of the word *forgotten*, which was so incomprehensible to him, he was quite satisfied. I set off to repair my forgetfulness, and again he took his station at the window to watch for me. When he had obtained his bun, the thought of my promise was still evidently uppermost in his mind; and in his own simple way, he silenced any momentary doubt which might have arisen in his own mind, as to my *truthfulness*, by repeatedly saying, 'Mamma *on'y forgot.*'"

The subject of this memoir was ever mindful of truth himself.

"He had a great regard for the sacredness of his word, which he was never known to break. He never quite considered an injunction from his nurse binding upon himself, unless he had at the same time pledged his word to obey. He would sometimes remind her that he had not done so, by calling her back, and saying, laughingly, 'Bye, I didn't *p'omise.*'"

The question is often asked, at what age religious instruction

should be imparted to children. Much must depend upon a child's capacities. The power which the young possess of acquiring knowledge differs remarkably. Some, like Henry, so early exhibit quickness of apprehension, that there is no little danger of calling the mental powers into injurious activity. Much may, however, be taught in the way of amusement, without any regular attempt at instruction :—

"In a few days from the date of receiving his first lesson, he was fully acquainted with the history of each of the little prints in the first page, consisting of six subjects, and extending from the creation to the tower of Babel. All this was acquired with scarcely an effort on my part to impress it on his mind. He could not as yet talk plainly, but he could always make himself understood in relating the Scripture stories which took such hold upon his imagination. 'Naughty Cain take big *banee'* (stick) 'kill his *b-ur* Aby! Poor Aby die! Good Aby love God! Aby go up *ha'en!'* he would often tell me, varying his tone and expressive countenance with every word, but never so much as when he would add, at the conclusion of this tragic tale, 'Naughty Cain go to hell!'

"Little difficulty was experienced in teaching him simple practical truths from these narratives. Indeed I can scarcely read a single subject illustrated by the little prints, which did not impress its own lesson firmly upon his mind. Thus, with the picture representing our first parents in Eden, when the usual sentence was begun, 'Adam and Eve in paradise, were—' he would at once finish it himself, by adding, 'very happy.' Upon continuing, 'Because—?' he would immediately reply, 'they were very holy.' And he always made the application to himself, that if he loved God and tried to please Him, he too would be very happy. The next print, descriptive of the punishment of their transgression, drew from him the simple inference, that 'they had *kied* because they had been naughty;' and that God would punish people when they sinned. He therefore usually gleaned from it each time a fresh lesson on obedience. He remembered, too, the gradual steps which led to such sad consequences; and whenever temptation was strong to touch that which had been forbidden, and the little hand was approaching nearer and nearer to the desired object, it was generally enough to call him, and ask, 'How came Eve to eat the fruit, when God told her not?' With a thoughtful expression, he would reply, '*First*, she *looked* at it; then she *wished* for it; *then*, she *touched* it; *then*, she put it up to her *mouth; then*, she *ate* it, and God was *so* ang'y with her! He sent her out of the garden.' This *always* produced the desired effect."

Very young children would take in many more ideas than they do, if simplicity of thought, as well as simplicity of language, were adopted. It is not necessary to talk in words of one syllable. To do this is to cramp the style, and to make it unnatural. But it is necessary that a child should rightly *comprehend*. In the case of little Henry, for instance, when inattention at family prayer was the fault under notice, his mother would instruct him by employing such a fable as the following :—

"'A lady had two little boys: one was called *Attention*, and the other *Little Fidgets*. She took them both down-stairs with her one morning to prayer; and before their papa began to read God's holy word, she asked her little boys what was meant by coming to prayer. Now, do you think *you* can tell me what their answer was?' Some reply being given, and his interest increasingly excited, I proceeded to give their supposed answers, and then described their different behaviour at the family worship which followed, seated on their little stools, *Little Attention* being of course as attentive as his name imports, and *Little Fidgets*, who had promised to follow his brother's good example, being so troublesome that, after various warnings, he was sent up-stairs in sad, sad disgrace. 'I do love *Little Attention*;' or, 'What would *I* say to *Little Fidgets*?' was usually the first exclamation elicited by the story; but he invariably

made the application to himself, and often asked, during the day, to hear more about these two little boys, or inquired whether he had been *Little Fidgets*, or *Obedience*, or *Disobedience*, whichever had figured as heroes in the last fable."

This kind of instruction was most completely comprehended by Henry, and sometimes most amusingly referred to in his own performances:—

"'Little David and the Giant,' was the first subject which took an excessive hold upon his imagination. Being one day with his nurse, in a dry, open space, close by the vicarage, soon after this history had been related to him, he observed a person he knew, walking in front of him. He picked up a little stone, which he threw at her without speaking. Turning round, and seeing her little assailant, she asked if he meant to stone her? 'I beg your pardon,' he quickly replied, 'I not mean hurt you; but you is the giant, and I is little David, so I must kill you.' Sometimes, when his nurse had brought him down stairs and remained to amuse him, he would beg her to stay *kiet*, (quiet,) while he went to get some '*tones* out of the *b'ook;*' and having pretended to select five stones and put them into his pocket, he would come back and ask her to personate Goliath, whilst I was to represent the King, anxiously watching his proceedings. 'Dear mamma, be Saul, and 'ook at me.' Frequently he might be seen to lift a chair, or something too heavy for his strength; and if told he must not do so, his usual reply was, 'P'ease I Sampson, and dis is *a* gates of Gaza.' One morning, when we were at breakfast, and he was playing about the room,—no allusion having been made to any Scripture narrative,— I noticed a footstool in his arms, almost as big as himself, which he was carrying towards the fire. I sprang up and caught him, just in time to prevent his throwing it into the flame, and probably tumbling in himself. When questioned as to what he was doing, seemingly unable to give his danger, or aught else, a thought, he answered in the most imploring tone, 'P'ease, I Moses, I do *so* want *on'y* to see *a* burning *bus.*' Whether he had regarded such incidents as examples which he should follow, I cannot tell; but about this time, when I first related to him the history of Moses, while keeping the flock of Jethro in the desert, and of his being summoned into the presence of God at Horeb, he quietly stooped down, and, slipping off his little shoes, put them aside in supposed obedience to the commands of God."

Even his toys had their parts to play in these realisations:—

"His *nine*pins represented Joseph's *ten* brothers, who must be all alike; but one of his bricks was used to personate the man who directed him where to find his brothers in Dothan, for he always considered himself as 'little Joseph' for the time being; and most amusing it was to hear the conversation held with his mute play-fellows. A waste-paper basket in his papa's study served his purpose for a Tower of Babel, which he would place upon a chair, and then throw it down with the greatest indignation, as bringing to his remembrance the sin of which they were guilty who erected it."

As long as he lived, his reverence for the Sabbath was very deep:—

"He early learned the first two verses of the hymn for this day in Miss Taylor's 'Original Hymns;' and used to say, on entering my room every Sunday morning,—

'This day belongs to God alone,
He chooses Sunday for His own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is the Sabbath-day,'
&c., &c.

"Any disposition to forget the sacredness of the day, might at any time be instantly checked, by beginning a line, either, 'This day belongs,' or, 'And we must neither,' when he would immediately finish the line, and at once desist. No toys were ever allowed to be in sight on this day; and yet I am sure he regarded it as the happiest of the week, '*God's* day,' as he loved to call it, with an expression in his tone and manner

which language would fail to convey."

(To be continued.)

NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Anti-Popish Tracts for the Multitude, Nos. IV., V., VI.
Farrar's (Rev. J.) "Biblical and Theological Dictionary." Part I.
Elliott's (Rev. Dr.) "Delineation of Roman Catholicism," with a Preface by the Rev. Dr. Hannah. Cheap Edition. Parts I. to VIII.
Martyrs of the Reformation. 8vo. Part VIII.
Benson's "Commentary," Parts XXI. to XXIV.; also Vol. V.
Doncaster's (Rev. J.) "Friendly Hints." Ninth Edition.
"Familiar Dialogues," by a Teacher. Fifth Edition.
"Young Elizabeth; or, the Power of Early Piety."
Fox's (Rev. W.) "History of Wesleyan Missions in Western Africa."
Glasgow Infant-School Magazine.
D'Aubigne's (Rev. J. H. M.) "Authority of God."
Dod's (Rev. M.) "Incarnation of the Eternal Word."
Paxton's "Flower-Garden," Vol. I.
Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," Vol. I.
Willson's "Treatise on Composition, Light, and Shade."
Vaux's (W. S. W.) "Nineveh." Third Edition.
Scoresby's (Dr.) "My Father."
Chemery's (V. L.) "French Phraseology."
Colenso's (Rev. T. W.) "Plane Trigonometry."
Leechman's (O.) "Logic."
Francis's (G.) "Chemistry for Students," abridged.
Castle's (J.) "Book for Young Surveyors."
Crombie's "Etymology and Syntax of the English Language." Sixth Edition.

VARIETIES.

RECENT DEATHS.

To the literary obituary of this year must now be added the names of *Mrs. Shelley*, the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft, and the relict of the unhappy poet of "Adonais;" and of *Joanna Baillie*, who was born at the manse of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire, (of which place her father was the parish Minister,) in 1762, thirteen years after Goethe, and nine before Scott, having thus outlived them both by nineteen years.

The foreign papers report the death, at Göttingen, at the premature age of forty-four, of *Dr. Benjamin Goldschmidt*, Director of the Observatory, and one of the Professors of Astronomy in the University of that town. He was the pupil and fellow-labourer of Gauss, and has himself published the results of his astronomical observations during a long series of years.

Bavaria has lost one of her medical celebrities, *Dr. Henry de Breslau*, senior of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Munich. M. de Breslau was second medical officer on the staff of Napoleon, under Larrey, and followed the French army in the Russian campaign. He was made prisoner on the field of Waterloo. France, Bavaria, Saxony, Greece, and Portugal, had recognised his scientific eminence by severally enrolling his name among their orders of chivalry.

RECTORSHIP OF THE GLASGOW AND ABERDEEN UNIVERSITIES.—The members of the Glasgow University voted in equal numbers for Lord Palmerston and Mr. Sheriff Alison, the historian. In consequence of the late Rector, Mr. Macaulay, being absent in Italy, the duty of making the casting-vote fell on his predecessor, Mr. Mure, of Caldwell, who gave it in favour of Alison, on the ground that he had most individual votes, although the nations had been equal. Mr. Alison was installed a week or two ago, in the common hall of the University; when he delivered an appropriate address.—We may add, that the election of Rector to the University of Aberdeen has terminated in the installation of the Earl of Eglintoun in that office.

ROYAL PATRONAGE.—The "Ipswich Express" reports that Prince Albert has allowed his name to be used as a patron of the museum of that town. The hope is expressed that His Royal Highness will visit the town in the coming July, on occasion of the next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR APRIL, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Thou gentle herald of the flowery Spring,
Mother of violet and pale primrose,
(Whose beauty now on every wild bank grows,)
Hark! how the joyous birds thy welcome sing!
Some far up in the dewy sky, on wing
Well poised; some chattering in the hawthorn hedge;
Some deep-embower'd in lonely glen or brake,
And others booming from the watery sedge;
All join'd, a various concert, for thy sake,
Most musically and most fondly make!
Sweet April! whose dear face so oft appears
The semblance of the brightest thing on earth,
(Which is a lovely, laughing girl in tears,)
Thy coming wakes the groves to bloom and mirth!"

The first half of the month.—The moles, in quest of worms and the larvæ of insects, throw up the earth; which greatly injures the herbage of light soils. What an extraordinary animal is the mole! We constantly see his traces; but how difficult it is to track him to his hiding-place! and no wonder; for his excavations are galleries of several feet in length, worked out by his snout, and strong fore-paws, with all the ingenuity and expedition of a human miner; and when he is alarmed, he retreats to his citadel, and bids defiance to all his enemies. The mole, as is well known, is destroyed by a trap of peculiar construction, which is discharged by the little animal passing through it.

The bats are seen flitting round the corners of houses, and under trees, and through the shady paths of gardens, in mild evenings, busily employed in catching moths and other evening insects. They resemble owls in their nocturnal flights, and wintry repose; but, strictly speaking, they are animals of the first or mammal class, because they suckle their young. Their wings are literally fore-feet, whose bones are much prolonged, and joined by a very thin skin, which makes a good wing; small hooks are attached to the first joint, by which they hang to walls and roofs of buildings. They have erect sharp-pointed teeth, and are covered with fur, like that of a mouse. These animals possess a remarkable faculty of distinguishing minute objects, by which they can easily take their prey, and avoid flying against the boughs of trees.

Frogs now spawn. Moths and butterflies appear. The little beetle death-watch ticks in the silent night, and excites fears in the anti-philosophical mind, while the admirer of nature listens to its love-notes with pleasure.

The feathered tribes are now very active. The pheasant, crows, and young ducks are hatched; while many of our stationary song-birds, such as the lark, thrush, blackbird, &c., are busy construct-

ing their nests, and also are frequently cheering us with their vernal melody. Some of the early summer warblers, such as the redstart blackcap, chiff-chaff, &c., are now making their appearance, and giving out their peculiar notes.

The vegetable kingdom becomes every day more interesting, both in connexion with the fields and gardens. Ground-ivy renders old sheltered banks fragrant by its little numerous flowers. The early field scorpion-grass, (*myosotis collina,*) which grows in dry pastures, in sandy and gravelly soil, and on the tops of old walls, now exhibits its small blue blossoms; and several of the speedwell family are beginning to bloom. The rose-tinged blossoms of the crab are now ornamenting the hedge-row; while the opening bloom of the apple, peach, apricot, &c., are giving a liveliness to our orchards and gardens.

> "Hail, April! lo, inspired by thee,
> Full many a lovely form I see
> Its long-lost garniture resume
> Of woodland leaf, or woodland bloom."

The last half of the month.—Several of the summer birds of passage now appear, and with them that beautiful little bird the wryneck. The swallow, willow-wren, white-throat, &c., commence their vernal songs. The nightingale, in Kent and other southern counties, pours out his wild musical strains all the night long. The cuckoo visits us at this time: its well-known cry is generally heard about the middle of April, and ceases at the latter end of June: its stay is short, the old cuckoos being said to quit this country early in July. The following account of the economy of this singular bird in the disposal of its egg, was communicated by Mr. Edward Jenner to the Royal Society, and published in the seventy-eighth volume of their "Transactions," part the second. He observes that, during the time the hedge-sparrow is laying her eggs, which generally takes up four or five days, the cuckoo contrives to deposit her egg among the rest, leaving the future care of it entirely to the hedge-sparrow. This intrusion often occasions some discomposure; for the old hedge-sparrow at intervals, whilst she is sitting, not only throws out some of her own eggs, but sometimes injures them in such a way that they become addle, so that it frequently happens that not more than two or three of the parent-bird's eggs are hatched with that of the cuckoo; and, what is very remarkable, it has never been observed that the hedge-sparrow has either thrown out or injured the egg of the cuckoo. When the hedge-sparrow has sat her usual time, and has disengaged the young cuckoo and some of her own offspring from the shell, her own young ones, and any of her eggs that remain unhatched, are soon turned out: the young cuckoo then remains in full possession of the nest, and is the sole object of the future care of its foster-parent. The young birds are not previously killed, nor the eggs demolished, but all are left to perish together, either entangled in the bush which contains the nest, or lying on the ground under it.

"Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen."

The sloe, or black-thorn, (the flowers are whiter than those of the white-thorn,) is a species of wild plum, and is now in full blow. The daphnes, both the spurge-olive and the spurge-laurel, exhibit, at this time, their bright flowers. The willows, "by the water-courses," by their leaves and bloom attract the attention of the botanist. The poplar is in bloom, as is also the hazel. The purple spring-crocus, plentiful in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, continues yet in flower. The common daffodil and the two-leaved squill still remain in bloom. The strawberry-leaved cinquefoil, on dry sandy pastures, exhibits its pretty flowers: both the leaf, and the habit of running, in this plant, resemble those of the strawberry; which led Linnæus to include it among the strawberries, to which, however, it does not belong, though nearly allied to them in its natural character, and some of its habits. The marsh-marigold unfolds its large and handsome leaves, together with its bright yellow flowers. Wood-anemone now shows its little white flowers, which are tinged with purple on the outside: this plant is common in most woods and pastures, and on the high mountains. Violets and primroses spread their delightful fragrance abroad; and at the end of this month the cowslip is in flower; while polyanthuses and other plants ornament our gardens.

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR APRIL, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Roll on, roll on, bright orb of day;
Roll on, thou beauteous Queen of even;
Ye stars, that ever twinkling play,
And sweetly grace the azure heaven."

"As light is an element of so much importance and utility in the system of nature, so we find that arrangements have been made for its universal diffusion throughout all the worlds in the universe. The Sun is one of the principal sources of light to this Earth on which we dwell, and to all the other planetary bodies. And, in order that it may be *equally* distributed over every portion of the surfaces of these globes, to suit the exigences of their inhabitants, they are endowed with a motion of rotation, by which every part of their surfaces is alternately turned towards the source of light; and when one hemisphere is deprived of the direct influence of the solar rays, its inhabitants derive a portion of light from luminaries in more distant regions, and have their views directed to other suns and systems dispersed in countless numbers throughout the remote spaces of the universe.

"Around several of the planets, satellites, or moons, have been arranged for the purpose of throwing light on their surfaces in the

absence of the Sun, while at the same time the primary planets themselves reflect an effulgence of light upon their satellites. All the stars which our unassisted vision can discern in the midnight sky, and the millions more which the telescope alone enables us to descry, must be considered as so many fountains of light, not merely to illuminate the voids of immensity, but to irradiate with their beams surrounding worlds with which they are more immediately connected, and to diffuse a general lustre throughout the amplitude of infinite space. And, therefore, we have every reason to believe that, could we fly, for thousands of years, with the swiftness of a seraph, through the spaces of immensity, we should never approach a region of absolute darkness, but should find ourselves every moment encompassed with the emanations of light, and cheered with its benign influences. That Almighty Being who inhabiteth immensity, and dwells in light inaccessible, evidently appears to have diffused light over the remotest spaces of His creation, and to have thrown a radiance upon all the provinces of His wide and eternal empire; so that every intellectual being, wherever existing, may feel its beneficent effects, and be enabled, through its agency, to trace His wonderful operations, and the glorious attributes with which He is invested."—*Dr. Dick.*

The SUN rises at Greenwich on the 1st at thirty-eight minutes past five, and sets at thirty minutes after six: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at thirty-five minutes past five, and sets at thirty-four minutes after six. The Sun rises at Greenwich or London on the 21st at fifty-four minutes past four, and sets at three minutes after seven: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at forty-three minutes past four, and sets at sixteen minutes after seven.

The MOON changes on the 1st, at thirty-three minutes past six in the evening: she presents her beautiful crescent in the western sky on the 3d, and sets about half-past eight in the evening: she sets on the 4th at half-past nine, and on the 6th at ten minutes before twelve, at night. The Moon sets on the 8th at one o'clock in the morning, is half-full on the 9th, and is due south on the 10th at thirty-eight minutes past seven in the evening: she souths on the 12th at half-past nine, and on the 14th at a quarter past eleven, at night. The Moon is full on the 15th, at thirty-five minutes past ten at night; and rises on the 16th at nineteen minutes before eight in the evening: she rises on the 17th at nine o'clock, and on the 19th at half-past eleven, at night: she rises on the 22d at a quarter past one, enters on her last quarter on the 23d, and rises on the 24th at half-past two: the Moon is now a crescent in the morning sky, and rises on the 25th at three o'clock, and on the 27th at about an hour before sunrise.

MERCURY is at his greatest elongation from the Sun on the 28th, about which time he is visible near the north-western horizon about an hour after sunset: he sets on the 26th at twenty minutes past nine, and on the 30th a few minutes later.

VENUS is yet a morning star, but not favourably situated for

observation: she rises on the 1st at twenty-one minutes past four, and on the 27th at forty-five minutes after three.

MARS is at present invisible to the naked eye.

JUPITER is a splendid object every evening, and throughout the night: on the 14th and 15th he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon: he rises at the beginning of the month soon after sunset, but before the end is seen glowing in the south-eastern skies, as soon as the twilight begins to fade, and puts us in mind of the words of a certain poet:—

"'Tis evening, and the Sun's last ray
Is beaming o'er the eastern sky;
Earth bids farewell to cheerful day,
Which sinks beneath the mountains high:
Those cloud-tipp'd mountains soar afar
In that bright heaven of blue,
And seem to reach *yon eastern star*,
Which glittering you may view."

SATURN is invisible, being obscured by the rays of the Sun.

The *Fixed Stars*.—REGULUS in Leo is due south, or on the meridian, on the 1st, at twenty minutes past nine at night, at about fifty-one degrees of altitude from the horizon. On the same night SPICA in Virgo souths at thirty-seven minutes after twelve, altitude twenty-eight degrees. On the morning of the 2d, ARCTURUS in Boötes passes the meridian with fifty-eight and a half degrees of altitude, at half-past one o'clock. The above Stars south at the end of this month nearly two hours earlier.

POETRY.

CONDEMN NOT RASHLY.

O, KINDLY judge the guilty ones!
And charily condemn:
Perchance the light that blesseth thee
Was never known to them.
What tempting thoughts, what brooding care,
What spirit foes,
Thy brother fought with ere he fell,
God only knows!

Temptation's trying hour to thee
Perchance has never come;
Else, when all other voices blame,
Thou might'st be dumb.
Eyes smile on thee, that frown on him;
Yet spite of those,
The difference 'twixt his heart and thine
God only knows!

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

Engraved by C. Sharpe.

CONSTANCE.

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

MAY, 1851.

CONSTANCE.

(*With an Engraving.*)

This episcopal city is agreeably situated on a projecting angle of ground where the Rhine flows from the Upper Lake of Constance, or, as it is called, Boden Zee, into the Lower, or Zeller Zee. Although situated on the Swiss bank of the Rhine, it belongs to Baden. It is connected with the opposite shore by a long, covered bridge. It contains now about 7,200 inhabitants, instead of 40,000, which it once possessed. It is remarkable for its antiquity: many of its streets and buildings have remained unaltered since the fifteenth century. It belonged to the crown of Austria from 1549 to 1805, when, by the treaty of Presburg, it was ceded to the Grand Duchy of Baden.

The Minster is a handsome Gothic structure, begun in 1052, with fine open-work turrets in the west end. The portal between the two towers is of oak, curiously carved in compartments, with a representation of the Passion of our Lord, executed in 1470, by one Simon Bainder. In the north transept is a representation of the death of the Virgin, in figures of life-size. The crypt is of the tenth or eleventh century. Two sides of the ancient cloisters, whose arches are filled in with beautiful tracery, are yet standing. The other sides were destroyed by fire, in 1824. In an angle of the

cloisters is a curious circular building, in the pointed style, in the centre of which is a Gothic model of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, which is used for the Popish ceremonies of Good-Friday. In the sacristy it is pretended that some curious relics are preserved; such as a piece of the "true cross," the skull of St. Conrad, enclosed in a silver figure, and one of the arrows which pierced St. Sebastian.

This city is deeply interesting from its historical associations. The infamous General Council of Constance held its sittings in the Hall of Kaufhaus, in this city, 1414—18, in a large room supported by wooden pillars. That assembly was composed not of Bishops alone, like the ancient Councils, but of deputies, civil and ecclesiastical. It included thirty Princes and Cardinals, four Patriarchs, twenty Archbishops, one hundred and fifty Bishops, two hundred Professors of Universities and Doctors of theology, besides a host of Ambassadors, inferior Prelates, Abbots, Priors, &c. It deposed the rival Popes, John XXIII. and Benedict XIII., and elected in their place Martin V. But the odious celebrity which this Council has acquired arises chiefly from the treacherous seizure and cruel murder of John Huss, and of his disciple, Jerome of Prague. The Emperor Sigismund, the President of the Council, had granted an explicit *safe-conduct* to the former, by which his personal safety in going and returning was solemnly guaranteed. Disregarding this, the Council both condemned and burned him as a heretic; and then solemnly declared to the world, that safe-conducts, granted under such circumstances, were not to be respected: in other words, it unblushingly asserted the doctrine that *faith is not to be kept with heretics.* Its decision was, "The holy Council declares that no safe-conduct given by the Emperor, by Kings, or by other secular Princes, to heretics, or reputed heretics, thinking thereby to reclaim them from their errors, *however binding the instrument may be considered, shall be of any force, or ought to be, to the prejudice or hinderance of the Catholic faith or ecclesiastical jurisdiction,* so as to prevent the proper ecclesiastical Judge from inquiring into the errors of the party, and otherwise proceeding against them as justice may require, should they obstinately refuse to

renounce their errors; although they may have come to the place of trial relying on the said safe-conduct, and otherwise would not have come. Nor shall he who gave the safe-conduct continue to be bound thereby in any respect, seeing he has done all that is in his power." Thus openly did Popish Ecclesiastics advocate falsehood, to enable them to commit murder. What Rome was in the fifteenth century she is in the present day. She professes to be an unchanging Church, and glories in the fact. Whatever concessions she may make, in order to deceive unthinking Protestants, she can, and, if it suit her purpose, will, revoke them as readily as the safe-conduct of the Emperor was violated by the Council assembled at Constance.

The days of Rome's heresy and iniquity are, however, numbered; for, although, as some for two hundred years have thought, she may regain, for a season, in her last struggles, somewhat of her former ascendency over the nations, her time is short. The word of the Lord has gone forth, and in a way she little thinks of, amidst her arrogance and her assumption, that unfulfilled prediction may receive in her speedy downfal a terrible fulfilment, where it is written, "Whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming." The same Council that burned John Huss, decreed, when thirty winters had passed over Wycliffe's grave, that his bones should be exhumed and burned, and the ashes thrown into a brook that ran by Lutterworth; "to be conveyed," said Fuller afterwards, "into the Severn, thence to the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is" to be "dispersed all the world over."

ABSALOM; OR, THE FATHER'S GRIEF.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.*

THERE are instances, I admit, in which the education has been religious, and the training good, and yet the child has

* Extracted from a useful little work, entitled, "A Father's Religious Counsels addressed to his Son at School."

grown up disobedient, irreligious, and profligate. Parents may have sown good seed, but the enemy has sown his tares also; and these have borne their appropriate fruit, while the good seed has been choked. Now it is only a *wise* son that maketh a glad father; and how great is the delight of a pious parent when he sees his children walking in the truth! It is the solace of his life, and the rich reward of his anxieties and prayers. What pleasure must Abraham have had in Isaac, and Jacob in Joseph, and Elkanah and Hannah in Samuel, and David in Solomon, and Eunice in Timothy! These trod in the steps of their fathers, and kept the way of the Lord, faithfully worshipping at His altar, and obeying His law.

Yet some of these parents had children of *another* spirit. How great a grief was the mocking Ishmael to Abraham! And yet we know he was the subject of his father's earnest and affectionate prayers; as when he cried to God, "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" And was not Absalom to David the occasion of deep and enduring sorrow? And can we suppose that David neglected to teach him the fear of the Lord? He was not less beloved than Solomon; and we know the solemn and pious charge which he received from his venerable parent: "And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever." (1 Chron. xxviii. 9.) And if this were David's belief, would he not take care to impress these truths on the mind of Absalom also? "For he was the object of tenderest love, and no doubt his pious father had given him a religious education; and it is very probable that, considering the remarkable beauty of his person, David was ready to hope, that he would be endowed with virtuous and holy dispositions of soul, the correspondent beauties of the mind. But these hopes were dreadfully disappointed; for the darling, the beautiful Absalom became a *murderer* and a *rebel;* he dishonoured his father in the sight of all Israel, and openly attempted to take away the life of

him from whom his own was derived, and by whose indulgence it had been spared when forfeited to justice." Is it not strange that the son of such a father should become so unnaturally and perfidiously wicked? It is probable that his personal beauty fed his vanity and pride, and became the occasion of his ruin: for "in all Israel there was no one so much praised for his beauty; from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him." But whatever his *outward* beauty and grace, he had none *within.* His mind was depraved, perverted, and debased. The worst of sinful passions possessed and ruled it. This was displayed in the murder of a brother, while a guest at his table. For this offence he fled from the city to escape punishment; and when his indulgent parent forgave him, and gave him permission to return, he immediately began ungratefully to conspire against that parent's throne. By his subtlety and guile, he stole the hearts of the people of Israel from their lawful and divinely-appointed King, and then appeared in open rebellion against him, and expressed his approval of a plan to take away his royal father's life.

Thus were the last, and otherwise peaceful, days of David's reign disturbed by the cruel rebellion of his son, who, having alienated the affections of Israel from their rightful Prince, compelled the venerable Monarch to flee for safety from his own capital, to Mahanaim, beyond Jordan. And how affecting is the brief and simple description of that flight, as given by the sacred historian! "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." (2 Sam. xv. 30.) Under any circumstances it would have been a great affliction to the aged Monarch to be driven by rebellion from his capital; but it must have added poignancy to that grief to know that the standard of revolt had been raised by one so nearly allied to him, and that, as in his younger days he had been hunted like a partridge upon the mountain by Saul, so now, in his old age, he is pursued with equal hatred by his *own son.* The heart of the suffering parent was not only

wounded by Absalom's rebellion against *him*, but he knew he was also a rebel against God; and David's greatest fear was, lest in that state he should leave the world, and enter the presence of his righteous Judge. It was the young man's *wickedness* that was the greatest trouble to his pious father's heart.

It is not for you, my child, to imagine the grief of a religious parent, who lives to see his children growing up in a practical disregard of his instructions, or acting in direct violation of them. Yet such cases are, alas! too frequent. How many parents are this day mourning over a prodigal child! Well did Solomon say, "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him." And as pride, vanity, and selfish ambition were the forerunners of Absalom's crimes, so have these feelings led many others into the same paths of guilt and folly, though their situation in life has been more humble.

But there is a trial which Christian parents are sometimes called to endure, greater than even that of seeing their children *live* wickedly, though that may make a parent's heart to bleed.

A son may be a grief to his father, and bitterness to his mother; yet, so long as he lives, hope is indulged respecting him. He may be *reclaimed*. Some day the prodigal may return, and say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Wanderer and rebel though he be, for him a living Saviour pleads; with his sinful heart a living Spirit strives; and on his behalf sincere and earnest prayers are offered. But only let life expire; let him die in his sins, and let the grave close upon his corruptions,—THEN comes the stroke which breaks the heart.

And such was the stroke that fell upon David, Israel's King. Hence, when his soldiers took the field against his rebel son, he hoped to prevent his death; for he entreated them to deal gently with the young man for his sake. In effect he said to them, "Spare his life; let him not die in his sins: let him have time for repentance before he enters that eternal world from which none return." But that which he

dreaded came to pass. In attempting to fly, after the battle which scattered his rebel forces, Absalom was caught in the bough of an oak by the hair of his head; and while he was thus suspended, Joab, unmindful of David's request, pierced him through the heart, so that he died. And how humiliating his death! And not less so his burial: "And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him." A messenger hastens with the news to David. How does he receive the intelligence? Does he forget the father in the King, and rejoice because a rebel is subdued? No; he felt as a parent, a *religious* parent, who knew that his child had entered eternity, and, he had every reason to fear, totally unprepared. And in this light the expression of his grief, though intense and overwhelming, does not appear extravagant. "And the King was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" You will remember that this was the lamentation of a pious father over a wicked child, whose sin had brought him to an untimely end. How happy might that son have been; the stay and comfort of his parent in his declining years! But, no: he heeded not the instruction of a father, but listened to the enticements of sinners; and the consequence was his own early overthrow, while he brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. His conduct was the more offensive to God, as his religious privileges had been so great; and hence, after such an abuse of Divine mercy, one can scarcely hope that space was given for repentance.

In the day of temptation, keep this memorial of youthful pride and ruin before you, and avoid the sins which lead to such an end. And from David's grief and tears, learn what would be my sorrow, if that fatal day should ever come, that I should have to mourn over "an ingrate son that pierced his father's heart."

THE SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE OF SPENSER THORNTON.

On the morning of Saturday, January 12th, 1850, while the Rev. Israel Holgate was in conversation with a friend in one of the Ministers' houses connected with City-road chapel, a messenger, out of breath, arrived, to request him to go and see a gentleman, dressed like a Minister, who had fallen down dead in a neighbouring street. On reaching the spot in North-street, Finsbury, he ascertained that, as a woman was cleaning some windows there, she observed a gentleman stagger and fall to the ground. Assistance was rendered, but it was unavailing; life was extinct. From a card found in his pocket, it was ascertained that the Clergyman thus hurried into eternity was the Rev. Spenser Thornton, Vicar of Wendover.

Mr. Thornton was in the prime of life, and, happily, a very godly man. His life, as it appears from his biography, just published, was one of deep devotedness and surpassing love to his Saviour. He had, it seems, quitted home an hour or two before, apparently in excellent health and spirits. But in a moment, and without warning, before the morning sun that had risen upon him had reached its meridian, death struck him down. Happy is it for surviving friends that they required no dying utterances to assure them of his safety. None who knew him would have any doubt that with him sudden death was sudden glory. In early life he sought and found his Saviour; and it may not be without profit for our youthful readers to peruse a few passages in his school and college life.

Mr. Thornton was born in London, October 13th, 1813. Although carefully trained by a pious mother, he did not, for the first twelve years of his life, manifest any signs of true conversion. Accustomed, however, to obey his parents, he was not deterred, at the first school to which he went, by the ridicule of his companions, from repeating every night and morning his prayers. Upon the Sabbath morning also, when at home, he would get up long before the family, to visit the cottages of the neighbouring poor; exhorting the inmates to

put on their best clothes, and prepare for public worship. Still, in all this, however pleasing, there was no evidence that his piety was more than the performance of some external acts, suggested by a correct early training, and a naturally active disposition.

In 1828, he removed to Rugby School, then under the superintendence of the well-known Dr. Arnold. A deep spiritual change here passed upon Spenser Thornton. The Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, and led him to the Saviour, as the only refuge of perishing sinners. At first, seeing the spirituality and extent of the Divine law, he was troubled with apprehensions that he was too great a sinner to be saved. A sermon, however, on the text, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," was the happy means of leading him to solid peace.

Spenser Thornton now felt (what has happily been termed) "the expulsive power of a new affection." Love to the Saviour became his principle of action; and, youthful as he was, he began actively to labour for the good of others. His schoolfellows were naturally the first objects to whom his efforts were directed; and over them he speedily acquired great influence by his manly but modest piety. "It was no love of display," says his biographer, "which led him on one occasion to remonstrate with an elder boy for swearing in his presence, for which he received a cuff; but to whom, in return, he gave a tract on swearing." "I have known," says one of his schoolfellows, "boys check themselves, when about to use bad words, if he were near; and we used to remark that, when he played at football, there was a great absence of swearing." "He did, indeed," observes a third, "adorn his Christian profession by the sweetness of his disposition, his gentlemanly manners, and conciliatory and affectionate bearing; always cheerful; always ready to enter into the recreations and pastimes of boyhood; but at the same time always bearing in mind the obligations and responsibilities of his Christian profession."

If at any time he saw a boy suffering under any species of distress, he would console him, and offer to read the Scriptures to him. So wisely did he cherish his influence with his

companions, that lads much his superiors in scholarship and ability would come to him as their counsellor and friend. It occasioned some remark to see two or three boys regularly attend church, at an hour when they were not required by the regulations of Rugby School to do so. Among them was Spenser Thornton. He induced, at one time, as many as thirty boys thus to be present at the hearing of God's word. When he was about eighteen, he struck out a higher path of usefulness, and became a tract-distributer and a visiter of the sick. Let it not be supposed, however, that this was done in a rash, offensive manner, unsuitable to his age. He was noted, amidst all his efforts to do good, and all his boldness in confessing Christ, for the unobtrusiveness of his piety. He stamped a new character on Rugby School. It assumed, we are told, a different aspect from what it ever had, before or since. And all this was done by the consistency of a youth of eighteen!

Spenser Thornton's usefulness was not to be attributed to the enjoyment of any great intellectual powers. Good, plain common sense seems to have been the highest mental property he possessed. In deep communion with God was to be found the secret of his strength. "One thing I remember," says a companion,—"his habit of early rising, to secure time for devotion; and I recollect his saying to me one day how much he had felt ashamed at seeing some poor tradesman already at his day's labour in his shop, before he had begun his morning worship. He said something about our caring so much less for our souls than a poor tradesman did for perishable goods." This habit of consecrating the morning to devotion (one often found exemplified in the lives of eminent Christians) prevailed, we may observe, with Spenser Thornton in all his after-years. When travelling in Switzerland, for instance, having to start on an excursion at four in the morning, he rose at two o'clock, so as to secure a couple of hours for closet-duties. When a country Pastor, too, he observed the same wise application of his time. "In order," says his biographer, "to carry out his plan of giving the first part of the day to communion with God, his study-fire, in winter, was laid over night. He usually rose at six.

He considered early rising very important. Private reading or prayer occupied him till breakfast, at eight, or half-past in winter." Peculiar circumstances may render such a distribution of morning time impracticable for many; but the principle ought to be adopted by all.

We have seen the influence which Spenser Thornton exerted upon his schoolfellows. He also made a deep impression upon his remarkable preceptor, Dr. Arnold. Peculiar as, in some respects, was this distinguished individual, he seems to have felt a deep anxiety for the spiritual welfare of young men who attended Rugby School, and was ever solicitous to encourage the manifestations of early piety. Spenser Thornton speedily attracted his notice, from having visited a poor person who was dangerously ill. "Yesterday," writes the subject of our notice, "Dr. Arnold said to me, just after school, 'Thornton, have you seen the woman at the turnpike to-day?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'And I should like to know, if you have no objection to tell me, who was with you?' 'The two Pyms, Sir.' 'O! then, they were too young. I only wished to know if the boys went with you from the same motive as yourself.' He continued to say he had heard of me many times in that way, and that he hoped I should persevere; and that he wished there were many more of that spirit in the school." This was not a mere passing admiration on the part of Spenser Thornton's high-minded instructer. In speaking of his pupil afterwards, he stated, "To that man I would stand hat in hand." "It was," says Thornton's biographer, "the most personal praise which he ever bestowed on any pupil." He is supposed, also, to have alluded to Thornton in the following passage in one of his sermons:—"Nor do I know of any sight more beautiful, nor one which ought to be more kindling to us who are older, than to see a young man, and still more to see a young boy, striving fearlessly in his Master's service, and shaming, by his courageous zeal, our more measured efforts." If praise is to be estimated by the worth of the party bestowing it, then this was indeed high praise.

On leaving school, before entering upon his studies at the University, Spenser Thornton was followed by the regrets and kind wishes of his teachers and fellow-pupils. A

further proof was given of the estimation in which he was held, by the letters addressed to him from the parents of some of the boys to whom he had shown kind and Christian attentions. Men venerable for piety were found thanking him for the blessings which he had diffused by his consistency of conduct. So true is God's promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

Spenser Thornton's career at College must be dismissed in a few words. He pursued the same course. He gained respectable academic honours, and acquired the friendship of an influential circle. His landlady, who became a pious woman, attributed her conversion to his reading the Scriptures morning and evening with her. By means of his methodical and energetic habits, he was enabled not only to attend to his college duties, but to discharge efficiently the office of Secretary to an important local Missionary association, and to act as Superintendent of a Sunday-school. He seems to have been a model Teacher. By his frequent domiciliary visits he gained the hearts of his children, and in after-years took, on one occasion, a long journey, for the purpose of having an interview with some of his old scholars. He visited the sick and poor, distributed tracts, stirred up others to do the same, and, in short, abounded in every good word and work. All this, too, was done in a modest, loving, humble spirit, which proved that it was no transient flash of natural zeal, but the fruit of deep-seated love to the Saviour.

Among his fellow-students his influence was most happily exerted. Many are the souls, we are told, which owe their spiritual life to his labours. "Where are you going this evening?" he once said to a friend whom he met. "To a wine-party," was the reply. "You had better come to our Missionary meeting." The young man went, received his first religious convictions, and became a Minister of the Gospel. "It has been said," remarks his biographer, "that from twenty-five to thirty under-graduates obtained their first religious impressions through their intercourse with Spenser Thornton; and doubtless many, whose testimony is not known on earth, will in the great day rise up and call him blessed."

Such was the youth of Spenser Thornton. He afterwards

became a devoted and successful Minister of the Gospel. But into this part of his career it is not our purpose to enter. We ask our readers, and especially the young men among them, to mark well at least three things which characterized his early piety. He was a happy young man, a useful young man, an honoured young man. His religion made him happy. "I cannot tell you," he wrote to a companion, "how much happier I am now, since God was pleased to turn my heart, than when I was living in the love of sin." It brought him honour. "I would stand to Spenser Thornton hat in hand," was the gifted and intellectual Arnold's expression. It brought him love. At his funeral, in Wendover, every shop was closed, and almost every eye suffused with tears. It prepared him for death; death in its most sudden form. As men stood awe-stricken round his corpse, so swiftly deprived of life, his ransomed spirit entered into endless rest.

THE LAW OF THE SABBATH IN THE DECALOGUE.

We have already seen that, immediately that creation was finished, its memorial was given to our race in the Sabbath of Eden. The event of creation was universally and unchangeably interesting to the whole race; and its memorial appointed at the time of the event was accordingly given to the whole race. And so when the time came, in God's own providence, that written laws were to be communicated to His chosen people, the Jews, the law of the Sabbath was not placed in the midst of those which were to be binding exclusively upon that people. We do not find its observance enjoined amidst their ceremonial, or political, or judicial laws. It has no place in the midst of such laws, for instance, as those which enjoin that every seventh year the land should rest from ploughing and sowing; that the people should not plough with an ox and an ass together; that they should not eat any part of animals proclaimed to be unclean: or in those respecting the feasts of the Passover, or Pentecost, or Trumpets; or the fasting, humiliation, and repentance of the

great Day of Atonement. All these were symbolical and shadowy. But the law of the Sabbath is enshrined among the eternal verities of the *moral law*. It formed one of the ten commands delivered from Mount Sinai; and, along with the other nine, it possesses three marks of distinction which entirely separate it from the merely judicial and ceremonial statutes given to the Jewish people. 1. It was spoken immediately by the voice of God in the hearing of all the people. All the other laws were revealed only to Moses, and by him communicated to the people. 2. It was written, in common with the other parts of the Decalogue, by the finger of God, on one of the two tables of stone; whereas the ceremonial laws were written by Moses in a book. 3. These Ten Commandments, as one great whole, were preserved, and alone preserved, in the Ark of the Covenant. (Deut. x. 2, 5; 1 Kings viii. 9.) The book which contained all the other laws and ordinances of God delivered to Moses was not placed within, but at the side of, the Ark. (Deut. xxxi. 26.) Now these peculiarities must have had a meaning. Do they not distinctly imply, that the Decalogue was in some respects of a more fundamental nature, more important and stable, than the rest; and that while the latter might be removed, and taken out of the way, the other stood among the final and imperishable things of God?

The Sabbath law does not stand either at the commencement, or at the close, of the Ten Commandments. Had this been the case, men might have said that it did not form a part of the Decalogue. But, as if to surround it with a defence against the attacks of semi-infidel men, the law stands in the very midst of the Commandments. It is thus obvious that this, like the other nine statutes, is a part of that common law of the race, which, beginning with the race, was never to become obsolete. The very terms in which the Commandment is couched show that it had reference to an earlier and formal appointment:—"*Remember* the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord *blessed* the Sabbath-day, and *hallowed* it." And now we have no more ground for

considering the law of the Sabbath, than for considering the law against theft or murder, abolished; not one of the Ten is either cancelled or relaxed. The law contained in these Ten Commandments is that which Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil. They are one complete whole, and must stand or fall together. Again we repeat, there is not one of them repealed, and the rest left standing in their original force. The same authority that thundered "Thou shalt not steal," spoke and wrote, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

The arguments by which it has been sought to evade this view of the matter are very easily disposed of, and can carry no weight with any one who looks beneath the surface to the real nature and connexion of things. It is said, for instance, that the penalty of death was affixed to the breach of the Fourth Commandment among the Jews; and as it is certain that the penalty is not now to be enforced, must not the Commandment have also ceased, if that be dropped? By no means. The penalty formed no part of the Commandment in the Decalogue. Besides, was not adultery punishable with death, under the Jewish commonwealth? and even, in certain cases, the breach of the Fifth Commandment? Was not the person who brought in the worship of strange gods, breaking the First Commandment, as well as he who blasphemed the name of God, breaking the Third, doomed to the punishment of death? But who will say that these portions of the moral law are abrogated, or, in their obligation on all men, relaxed? Such a penalty annexed to the Fourth, or any other laws of the Decalogue, only shows that, besides being there, they were admitted into the civil polity of the Jews, and formed a part of the judicial laws of the kingdom; but argues nothing against their general nature and permanent obligation, as written on tables of stone. Again, it has been contended, that the observance of the Sabbath was enforced on the Jews by reasons peculiar to themselves, and, therefore, that it could not be of perpetual and universal concern. Thus, in Deut. v. 15, their deliverance from Egypt's bondage is given as the special reason why they were commanded to keep the Sabbath-day. But all the rest of the Ten Commandments,

which are confessedly moral and universally obligatory, might be explained away in the same manner. The Fifth, for example, has a special reason of a different kind, inserted along with it on the very tables of stone. And the whole Ten are prefaced by the consideration of God's having delivered them from the land of Egypt, not certainly because these Commandments were intended solely for the Israelites, but because, having received such a token of Divine mercy, they above all men were bound to give them a ready and devoted obedience.

DO SOMETHING.

In practicalness (says one) we require honesty to do something; wisdom to do the thing possible, and next us; courage to do poorly, and as at our worst, when we must do this or nothing. We can only then satisfactorily affirm to ourselves the dominance of a spiritual affection, when conscious of an assuring practical tendency. There must be a confidential friendliness between our moral meditation and our common conduct, else we despise self, and others will despise us; we become moralizing liars to ourselves, and our resolution neither to self nor others vouches for a deed. Often we will not plant our acorn, because it springs not up at once before our eyes an oak. We feel that in a manner we have the grown oak within us; can see it, but cannot show it. Our vision deceives us not, if as a vision we regard it: it is a true dream of prophecy. A stout oak for timber and for shelter may arise, but as yet it is not, except in vision. We must plant our germ in the soil *fact*, and be patient; for the first shoots will be feeble, and the growth slow. The thinking man has wings; the acting man has only feet and hands. It is what the hand findeth to do that must be done with might; and what the hand findeth, must be at hand—reachable. The eye pierces into infinite space: so is it with man's work; it is where he is that man must labour. In our deeds we must not so much be afraid o bungling and inadequacy, as beware of insincerity. He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy. Pride frustrates its own desire: it

will not mount the steps of the throne, because it has not yet the crown on; but, till first throned, we may not be crowned. Pride would be acknowledged victor before it has won the battle. It will do nothing, rather than not do brilliantly. It is well sometimes to fall below self, sometimes to fail. Not only thus are we goaded and stirred, and our resolve braced; but the effort being one that conscience demanded, saying, "Do what you can," we get assurance that we love excellence, and not alone have complacency in our own manifestations of ability. A Divine blessing is on industry according to forethought; on a step-by-step advance according to tentative, approximative method. It is thus we gain success inward, and in the world: it is thus that we come to the heights and hidden places where truth has inscribed words, erected memorials of things done, or prepared stations for outlook upon extensive prospects: it is thus that we obtain place and influence amongst men, clear some little space in the wilderness of the world, and leave behind us timber-trees and fruit-trees in its forests and orchards.

THE WHITE LILY.

This beautiful flower has been chosen as the emblem of purity; and all must acknowledge that the distinction has been fairly won. Of Christian purity it is strikingly emblematic. Its large white blossom expands, unblemished by a spot, and fills the air with fragrance. The sunlight that rests so lovingly on its head, far from revealing a stain on its snowy bosom, only makes more manifest its unsullied loveliness. So is it with the Christian who has "washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." To those around he appears in all the winning attractiveness of a holy life; and when the searching light of Jehovah's eye is thrown piercingly upon him, that light shows his heart purified, and his garment unspotted. The Saviour rejoices over him, well pleased to see the fruit of His sufferings in the guileless Israelite; and says, with tenderest complacency, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." H. E. T.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, he will mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop for ever:
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog 's in the air:
A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest:
The meek possesses a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick:
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more: keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, and bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

A TALE OF PERSECUTION.

About two hundred years ago, persecution raged in Scotland against those who preached a pure Gospel, and contended that Christ alone should bear rule over His church. Among those who were pursued, and driven from place to place, was the Rev. Mr. Blackadder.

On a certain occasion he left home, with his wife, to find some place where they might live concealed from their foes. He left his three children at home with a nurse. The second child, a son, was about ten years old.

It was at the end of winter when the parents thus left their children for a time, to find a place which should not be visited by the persecutor. Having found a place of concealment, it was their purpose to send for their children, that they might all be once more re-united under the same roof.

The very day that Mr. Blackadder left home, a warrant was issued for his arrest, and a party of soldiers came to seize him. They surrounded the house about two o'clock in the morning, and commanded those within to open the door. They were obeyed. The fire had gone out, and it was dark within. "Light a candle immediately," said the leader of the party,

"and on with a fire quickly, or we will make one ourselves, and roast you all in it."

As soon as a candle was lighted, they drew their swords, and split up the stools and chairs to make a fire. While they were engaged in this work and that which followed, they made the little boy, ten years of age, hold the candle. He trembled very much, and was afraid they would, as they threatened, throw him into the fire.

They then went to searching the house for the boy's father: they went first to one bed and then to another, and ran their swords down through the beds and bed-clothes. They came to a bed in which there was a little girl fast asleep. They ran their swords through the bed on which she was lying, and cried out, "Come out, rebel dog." They searched every part of the house, and threw all the books on the floor, and carried some of them away, and destroyed or carried off nearly everything of value in the house. During the search the little boy was obliged to hold the candle for them. All the while he was shivering with cold, and with terror; for they kept threatening to throw him alive into the fire.

When at last they took the candle from him, he thought he would try to make his escape. He went to the door, but he found a sentry, with a drawn sword, on each side, and guards around to prevent any one from escaping. In giving an account of his escape, he says: "I approached nearer and nearer, by small degrees, making as if I were playing myself. At last, I got out there, making still as if I were playing, till I came to the gate of the house: then, with all the little speed I had, (looking behind me, now and then, to see if they were pursuing after me,) I ran the length of half a mile in a dark night, naked to the shirt."

The boy reached a village, and tried to creep into some house, to keep himself from perishing from the cold; but all the houses were closed, and the people asleep, and he did not dare to make a noise to waken them. At last he lay down upon a door-step, and fell asleep. About six o'clock in the morning, a woman came along, and awakened him, and asked him who he was. He told her he was Mr. Blackadder's son. "O, my poor child," said she, "what brought you here?"

He told her what had happened to him and his father's house.

"O, my poor child," said the kind-hearted woman, "come in, and lie down in my warm bed." He did so, and afterwards remarked, "It was the sweetest bed I ever met with."

The children of Mr. Blackadder were dispersed about the country, homeless and destitute, dependent upon charity for shelter, and food, and raiment.

The times in which that little boy lived are very different from those in which we live. For no crime but fidelity to the cause of Christ, the father of that family became a fugitive, and his family beggars. There are no such trials awaiting the faithful followers of Christ at present. True piety is honoured rather than persecuted. We can become Christians without exposing ourselves to the loss of property, liberty, or life. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. How thankful ought we to be to God for His goodness to us! How thankful that we are so far removed from the rod of the oppressor and the fires of persecution!

PARENTAL RESTRAINT.

"Do you allow your daughter Mary to go to Mrs. M.'s this evening?" said Mrs. A. to Mrs. W. Mrs. A. had called to consult with Mrs. W. respecting some benevolent enterprise connected with the church of which they were both members.

"I do not know what I ought to do about it. Mary wants to go very much; and I am afraid, if I refuse her permission, it will create a great prejudice in her mind against religion. Do you let Rebecca go?"

"No," replied Mrs. A., in her usual mild, quiet manner.

At this moment the door of the sitting-room was hastily opened, and Mary appeared in a loose dress, and with locks uncared for, holding in her hand a piece of bright-coloured silk. She was embarrassed at the sight of Mrs. A.; but soon recovered sufficiently to say to her mother, "G. says this will not make the flounces wide enough."

Mrs. W. rose without speaking, and followed her daughter

to the nursery. An expression of vexation rested upon her countenance; but whether it was owing to the revelation of the fact that Mary was in course of preparation for the party, or to G.'s opinion respecting the inadequacy of the material for flounces of due width, was not known.

Mrs. W. did not leave her visiter alone more than a minute or two. She attempted to appear composed when she returned, and remarked, "I have not told Mary that she may go; but she has taken it for granted. I cannot think it is my duty to interfere authoritatively, and say she shall not go. I am sure it would do more harm than good. Do you not think so?"

Mrs. A. was silent, but indicated by her manner that she did not think so.

"It is sometimes very hard to know what one is to do," continued Mrs. W.

"It is sometimes hard to do what we know to be right," said Mrs. A.

"You do not consider it to be a plain duty for us to refuse to let our daughters go into society at all?"

"Certainly not. That is not the question involved in the case before us. The question is, whether it is right for a Christian parent to permit her daughter to go where there will be little else but trifling conversation, levity, and dancing to a late hour in the morning; where a taste for display and flattery may be formed, where envy may be cherished, where seriousness must be banished. Is it the will of God that we should expose our daughters to such influences? It seems to me the question is, whether God's will shall govern us, or the maxims of a sinful world."

"A taste for display and flattery may be formed in such places, it is true; and so it may be in many other places. If we would get out of the reach of temptation, we must go out of the world."

"It cannot be denied that the temptations to levity and a want of seriousness are very strong at such gatherings. It is easy to trace the effect on the minds and hearts of those who frequent such places. They seem to live only for the excitement thus occasioned."

"Your remarks apply to those who go to an extreme in the matter. And then, the effect is different on different minds. I would not have you think I am disposed to apologise for dancing, and the waste of time occasioned by large parties. But I do feel as if we must let our children go occasionally. I am sure I should rejoice if Mary could prefer the prayer-meeting to the party; but as she does not, and I cannot change her heart, I think less harm will come from allowing her to go occasionally, than would come from restraining her altogether. Don't you think there is such a thing as exercising too much restraint?"

"It is certainly possible to do so; but it is a fault into which few parents are in danger of falling at the present day."

"I have thought, but I may be wrong, that those who are restrained from all amusements are less likely to become religious than those who have a reasonable degree of indulgence. They get such gloomy ideas of religion, that they are repelled from seeking it. They think there is a great deal more in the pleasures from which they are restrained, than there really is. Don't you really think that there are quite as many brought into fellowship with the church from one class as from the other?"

"I cannot say that I do. You must admit that one who is trained up in a pious family is more likely to become religious than one who is trained up in an infidel family."

"Certainly."

"On the same principle, one who is kept from influences adapted to banish seriousness from the mind, and to pre-occupy the heart with sinful affections, is more likely to become religious than those who are subjected to those influences. The children of truly pious parents are much more frequently converted than others."

"Rebecca, you say, is not going to Mrs. M.'s."

"She is not."

"Does she not wish to go?"

"She has, I presume, the desire for society which all young persons have."

"That is just what I wished to speak of. Young people have a natural desire for society; and it seems to me rea-

sonable that it should be indulged. We cannot make young people old, if we try ever so hard."

"Young people have a natural desire for food; but we do not allow them to partake of that which we know will prove injurious to their health, however tempting to the palate that food may appear, and however strongly they may desire it. We tell them it is not good for them, and that they must not have it. We should look with great disapprobation upon a mother who would allow her child to take poisonous food because it was pleasant to the taste."

"I wish I could see the matter in the same light that you do, and had your firmness."

Mrs. A. was silent for a moment. She did not admit the sincerity of the remark just made, nor did she feel under obligation to call it in question. Still less was she disposed to allow the conversation to take a turn complimentary to herself. "I have known," said she, "many persons who have expressed great thankfulness that they had been restrained by their parents from a free indulgence in folly and vice in their youth. And I have known instances in which persons have reproached their parents as the cause of their everlasting ruin, in consequence of yielding to their sinful wishes. A Minister once described to me a death-bed of despair, to which he was a witness. The victim was a lady about fifty years old. For years, she had been perfectly careless on the subject of religion. She occasionally attended a place of worship, but felt not the slightest interest in the services. When her last illness came, her conscience awoke from its slumber. The Pastor was sent for. He attempted to give her counsel suited to her case. She told him it was too late. 'I sinned away my day of grace,' said she, 'when I was young. It was my mother's fault.' 'Your mother was not a religious woman?' said the Pastor. 'She was; and is, I have no doubt, in heaven, where she will never see me.' 'Did she never exhort you to attend to your soul?' 'She did; but then she never restrained me from mingling with the gay and thoughtless, and thus I became the most thoughtless of all. I chose the world for my portion, and now am left to die in despair. If my mother had kept me at

home, or made me go to the meeting, instead of allowing me to go to the dancing-assembly, I might have become a Christian.' It was in vain that the Pastor attempted to lead her to Him who is able to save even to the uttermost. She persisted in saying she had sinned away her day of grace.—But let us attend to the business for which I called."

That was speedily attended to, and Mrs. A. withdrew. Mrs. W. was deeply affected by the considerations which Mrs. A. had set before her. She thought of going to her chamber to pray over them, but she did not. She went to the nursery, half resolved to attempt to persuade Mary not to go to Mrs. M.'s. Before she had time to speak, she was so overwhelmed by questions respecting this ribbon and that dress, that her purpose was fairly driven from her mind; and ere long she was actively engaged in making the preparations which absorbed her daughter's every thought and feeling.

THE ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY.

Few topics of inquiry possess an interest so profound and awful, or are overshadowed by a mystery so mournful, as that which we are now approaching. It is an inquiry which belongs not less to the philosopher than to the theologian, to the student of history than to the student of the Bible. The all but universal prevalence of an infatuation so incredible, of a propensity so monstrous, of a custom in many respects so cruel and oppressive, as idolatry, is one of the most perplexing phenomena that can employ the penetration and industry of the inquiring, one of the strangest prodigies which ever saddened the meditations of the contemplative and devout. It is as astounding an example of mental idiotcy as of moral debasement. With the malignant might of Satanic sorcery it subjugated the faculties, the affections, the imagination, and the will of every nation under heaven. Idolatry defiled the strong, stately, subtle intellect of the Greek, making Athens, the metropolis of mind, a huge pagoda where gods outnumbered men. Idolatry made the proud, all-conquering spirit of the Roman crouch in fawning supplication or craven

terror before the image which his own arms had captured, his coin had purchased, or his fingers fashioned. Idolatry made the mild, effeminate Mexican delight in the butchery and torment of human victims. Idolatry drives forth the ease-enamoured Hindoo on his thousand miles' pilgrimage of pain, when every tread is torture. Idolatry lured the Hebrew from the benign, solemn, and elevating worship of Jehovah, to lacerate his flesh for Baal, or burn his first-born for Moloch. Idolatry reared the stupendous piles of ancient architecture, claimed the fair creations of the sculptor and the artist, and called forth the glorious enthusiasm of the poet. How did this crushing and colossal despotism fasten itself upon mankind? By what process did man bring himself to adore the thing he himself made, rather than the Being who made him?—not only to worship the creature rather than the Creator, but to worship his own creature rather than his Creator? Our subject receives an accession of interest, in this Missionary age, from the light which is continually being poured upon the abominations and atrocities of Paganism. To trace the parentage and growth of this monster-evil cannot be unproductive of instruction and advantage.

Did you never wonder by what dark and winding path the human mind found its way into the horrible and haunted cavern of actual idolatry? "by what steps of deterioration man sunk down to the miraculous debasement of stooping his upright stature and his heaven-born intellect to the creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth?" It is remarkable that the book of Genesis gives no account of the mode in which this strange and corrupting practice commenced. The first allusion to it is incidental; where Rachel purloins her father's gods. But we learn afterwards that the crime was common many generations earlier than that; for we are told that the ancestors of Abraham served other gods on the other side of the river Euphrates: but who first gave the honours of the eternal God to a created thing, what scene was first desecrated by an impiety so awful, with this the Holy Spirit has not thought fit to pollute the sacred page. But though Moses has not narrated the historical events by which image-worship grew into an established and world-wide

system, yet St. Paul has traced the moral process by which man's evil heart of unbelief, in departing from *the living God*, drew after it the powers of the perverted intellect, till the affections and faculties of almost the entire human race sunk to the level of adoring the image of a four-footed beast.

In the following brief but instructive statement, the Apostle explains the origin of idolatry: "When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened;" and they "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." Here we have the genealogy of the monster-sin,—idolatry. Its first progenitor is that parent-evil which characterizes the unregenerate in our own day,—a thankless forgetfulness of God. There was a period when all mankind knew God. There was a time (alas, how brief!) when the entire human family worshipped the true and living Jehovah. When the ark found rest on the broad table-land of Mount Ararat, and Ocean, gorged with his protracted and unsparing carnival, sunk back, exhausted, into his ample bed, the sun broke forth in long-forgotten splendour, and the bow of a propitious God over-arched the glistening earth; the weary voyagers of the universal sea came forth from their stupendous mansion: then the solitary family of Noah knelt around the altar of the one true God, and the smoke of their pure offering, the voice of their heart-breathed praise, rose gratefully up to heaven; and the Lord smelled a sweet-smelling savour, and cast His enriching benediction upon them, and upon the earth for their sakes. But scarcely five hundred years had elapsed before the world which God had built and beautified for the glory of His goodness, was converted into one vast idol-temple. Mankind presented the first-fruits of God's annual bounty, and the homage of their terror and their trust, to grim, uncouth images, and demons insatiate of blood; so rapid was the downward course of the human mind from a thoughtless ingratitude to a senseless idolatry. This was the first step,—"When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful." Mankind had received the most impressive

demonstration alike of the holiness and mercy of God; of His holiness in sweeping from the earth its entire corrupted population, and His mercy in showing grace to one family that called upon His name, re-establishing His covenant with the rebellious race, and placing His stringless, arrowless bow of peace in the clouds. They therefore knew God as a Being of infinite purity and beneficence; but "they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful." They abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of the gift without thinking of the Giver; they became weary of worshipping Him; they did not like to retain Him in their knowledge, because the thought of Him intermeddled with the indulgence of unholy passions; and therefore they not only neglected to adore the Holy One, but dismissed Him from their minds: and then the dreary vacuum which was produced by banishing the ever-blessed God from their thoughts was filled up by the wild creations of a lawless and licentious fancy, which overshadowed their souls with still deeper gloom: "they became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened;" and then, by a righteous and retributive curse, being abandoned by the God whom they had first so grievously forsaken, they shaped their vain imaginations into images; "they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to" (at first) "corruptible man," and after that, in the fatal progress of delusion, man gave the adoration of the eternal God, in whose image he was made, to senseless quadrupeds and hideous reptiles. The things which were seen became more the objects of love, and hope, and reverence, and dependence, than the Father of their spirits.

It were incredible, if inspiration had not affirmed it, that within a hundred and fifty years after Noah had entered into rest, whilst some were doubtless yet living who had dwelt with their saintly grandsire in the ark, idolatry prevailed. The voice of tradition pleading for Jehovah was treasonably suffocated; the responsive pretext of conscience died away into a portentous silence; and the corrupted families of the earth, given over to their own hearts' lusts, slid back from God by a perpetual backsliding, till they went past all recollection of their obligation to Him, and the very idea of the one living

God was worn out from the defaced entablature of their minds, and they peopled the gloom into which they had fallen with gods which their own fancy and their own fingers had made. For there is a point of degradation at which man, when he has once reached it, becomes capable of any infatuation, any monstrosity, any crime. Just as that huge mass of ice they call an avalanche, when once loosened from the mountain-summit on which it reposed, slides imperceptibly down the dread declivity, until it reaches the ledge of some fearful precipice, then thunders over it with one tremendous plunge into the abyss below: so, when the frozen heart of man detached itself from the Rock of Ages, it slid unconsciously, but not slowly, down the steep of debasement, until it reached the brink of idolatry, and was lost at once in the rayless gulf.

(*To be continued.*)

ALMANACK-MAKING.

EARLY ENGLISH ALMANACKS.—THE ASTRONOMER AT GREENWICH.—THE GERMAN ALMANACK-MAKER, KEPLER, AND HIS MOTHER.—ASTROLOGY.—WITCHCRAFT.

THE word "Almanack," or *Al-mon-aght*, is of Saxon origin. In the British Museum, and in the libraries of our Universities, there are some curious specimens of the early publications of this class. The Egyptians, it is supposed, were the first to compute time by the aid of instruments. The earliest almanack ever printed was published at Buda, in 1472. In the year 1497 one was printed in England, by Richard Pynson. Tybault's "Prognostications" were published in 1533; Lilly's "Ephemeris," in 1644; "Poor Robin's Almanack," in 1652; "The Lady's Diary," in 1705; and "Moore's Almanack," in 1713. "Season on the Seasons" was commenced in 1735; "The Gentleman's Diary," in 1741; and "The Nautical Almanack," in 1767. Of Moore's, at one period, upwards of five hundred thousand copies were annually sold. By virtue of letters-patent granted to the Stationers' Company and to the two Universities by James I., the exclusive right of publishing these works was claimed by these Corporations until 1790.

In looking over the pages of one of these works, a mass of results, the fruit of profound thought and an untold amount of calculation, present themselves. A few figures and symbols in its columns (says one) inform you what is to be the whole history of the heavenly bodies during the coming year. Every star before which the moon will pass is noted, and every eclipse of each of the four tiny satellites of Jupiter predicted with the precision of half a second. Of the difficulty of the calculations necessary to arrive at such results, it would be hard to convey an idea. To know beforehand what stars the moon will hide in her journey, we must know her true path through space; and this, owing to her double motion, (that round the sun, and round the earth,) is of a very complex character. Then, to know what stars the moon will at any moment conceal from *us*, we must know where the earth will be just then, and where, too, will be that portion of the earth on which we happen to be stationed. To have deduced from observation the laws which will enable us to predict such occurrences, with infinite exactitude, may indeed be deemed a proud triumph of the human intellect.

But the Astronomer in Greenwich-Park could do, and could tell, and could show, things a great deal more wonderful than the results which appear in the pages of the almanack. Give him a pencil and paper, a brass tube, with a piece of polished metal at the end of it, a clock, a few cobweb threads, and his own good pair of eyes, and he will be able to weigh Jupiter or Saturn; to measure the height of the mountains in the moon; to tell to a day, from a few observations of the path of a comet, when it will revisit our system, though it may previously have to travel for some years through space, with a velocity of a thousand miles a minute. He could tell you, in fine, events in the history of stars which are so remote that the light which left them before the flood has not reached us yet.

To no one, perhaps, Newton excepted, is our knowledge of these wondrous laws more indebted than to a poor German almanack-maker,—we can scarcely call him more,—who, oppressed by the extremest penury, with a puny and sickly frame, broken down by bodily ailment, tortured by the

miseries of his relatives, and persecuted for his adherence to the Protestant faith, has immortalised his name by unfolding to our gaze the laws of the planetary system. And these discoveries were, many of them, made not with the resources of a well-stored observatory, but with the rudest and most inefficient instruments. Writing to a friend, he asks him to restrain his laughter while he describes the apparatus with which he had just completed a valuable series of observations on the fixed stars. A wooden triangle, some ten feet long, suspended by one corner from the ceiling, and having bits of quill stuck at equal intervals along the side, constituted the sole instrument with which JOHN KEPLER detected secrets of the universe, which had remained hidden through all preceding centuries from all the sages of the world. A dark room, and a round hole through which the sunlight could enter and shine on the opposite wall, enabled him, by measuring the varying shape of the image, to make observations on the orbit of the earth. Such was this wonderful man, this puny, sickly almanack-maker. It was Kepler who discovered that the planets move in ellipses, (or oval-shaped figures,) and not in circles. It was mainly by means of Kepler's laws that, a year or two since, Adams was able to tell to the astronomers, that if they would direct their telescopes to a particular point in the heavens, which he named, they would there behold a planet that had hitherto eluded their observation. They did so, and they saw it.

Two centuries and a half ago the people of Germany—and, indeed, of Europe and of England—were superstitious and bigoted to the last degree. The Protestant religion had not had time to work its civilising and enlightening effect. The belief in sorcery and witchcraft had a strong hold on the minds of even the upper classes. Wallenstein, the great General, who about this time held the destinies of the empire in his grasp, was a firm believer in astrology, and always kept an astrologer in his service, without whose favourable report on the aspect of the stars the Duke would venture upon nothing. Kepler himself, who, towards the end of his life, held a Court appointment of astronomer, was frequently applied to by his imperial master to cast nativities, and

predict events from the conjunctions of the planets. From the peasant to the Emperor, all, without exception, believed in the reality of magic and witchcraft. Men protected themselves by ruthlessly burning and drowning those who were suspected of being witches.

Kepler's mother was still alive, and she was so unfortunate as to be distinguished by several of these supposed tokens of a witch. Though descended from a respectable family, she was much reduced in circumstances. She was upwards of seventy, and far from prepossessing in her appearance. She was strange and restless in her habits, and her temper was overbearing and petulant. After the death of her husband, in the war against the Turks, she chose to live alone. She knew something of medicine, and of the use of herbs, and had a habit of never looking at the person she was speaking to. Half of these circumstances had been sufficient in those times to give her the reputation of a witch. The prosecution was urged forward by the inveterate malice of one of her neighbours, whom she had affronted, by name Reinhold. So deeply were all imbued with superstition, that her son, the astronomer, and his wife, were the only persons who dared to avow that they did not believe in her guilt. Her daughter Margaret protested that she had been piously brought up by her mother, and instructed in Christian conduct; but this only brought on an accusation against Margaret, of participating in her mother's practices.

Dame Kepler, though untried and unconvicted, had now to undergo all the horrors of a loathsome lonely imprisonment. In her seventy-fifth year, on the very borders of the grave, this unhappy woman was thrown into a cold, damp dungeon; her food was supplied only through the devotion of Margaret. Six weary months she passed in the solitary cell, expecting every hour to be dragged forth and tortured on the rack; for in dealing with supposed witches, the plan which had been found by the authorities the shortest and most effectual was, before hearing the evidence, to torture the accused into a confession of her guilt; and as the agonies of the rack seldom failed to produce one, this was deemed to supersede further trial, and the production of evidence; and the wretched

creature was forthwith led to the stake. Such were, at this time, in Germany, the ordinary judicial proceedings. Of course, an accusation of witchcraft was an easy and often-practised method of gratifying private malice, or of getting rid of any one who was obnoxious in a neighbourhood. In addition to this, there were, even in England, paid witch-finders, who received so much a head for each old woman executed by their means.

The proof was now to be made of her guilt or innocence of the imaginary crime. On the 28th of September, 1621, the decrepit woman was brought, barely alive, before the Magistrate. He ordered the jailer to produce all the horrid implements of torture, while he explained them to her with barbarous minuteness, and dilated on the agonies she would endure if subject to them. He then exhorted her to make a full confession of the truth, before these tortures should be applied. Raising herself up, she feebly spoke as follows :—

"You may do with me what you will, but I have nothing to confess. Were I so wicked as you say, I surely must have known it myself ere now. *I will rather die than tell a lie.* Should I, in the agonies and torment of the rack, confess aught, it will not be true. Who, of those who stand here, will commit the sin of making me confess that which is untrue? Though I die for it, I assert I have nothing to do with witchcraft. God, to whom I commit all, will, after my death, reveal the truth. He will aid me, and He will not take His Holy Spirit from me." And then she fell upon her knees in silent prayer.

When the Magistrates found that the terrors of the rack produced no effect upon her, they were prevailed upon, on account of her extreme age and infirmities, to proceed no further against her, especially as judicial proof was entirely wanting in the case. She was accordingly liberated, guarantees having been procured for the payment of the costs.

A few months after, death freed this poor injured widow from all danger of further prosecution.

Kepler himself, though in the most indigent circumstances, as he never was able to obtain payment of the stipend due to him as Court Astronomer, had left his wife and children at

Linz, where he was residing, and had journeyed to Wurtemburg, (nearly three hundred miles,) in order to assist his mother. When he returned to Linz, saddened and impoverished, he found that he himself had been dismissed with disgrace for his supposed desertion of his post, and his appointment had been bestowed upon another. He was then in the midst of printing his immortal work, the Rudolphine Tables; and it is said that on his return he found the soldiery, with whom the country swarmed, had rifled his house, had cast his types into bullets, and had made cartridges of his priceless manuscripts. An exile, he had to wander through Germany, now desolated with the horrors of a civil war.

A few years later, while fruitlessly engaged in attempting to collect some arrears of salary due to him, died John Kepler, broken down by misfortune and neglect.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF NATIONS.

No. XI.—Part I.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

(*Concluded.*)

The Slavonian nations occupy the greater part of Europe eastward of the Vistula. Some writers suppose that they are descended from a people called the Venedæ, who in very ancient times dwelt on the northern coasts of the Continent, in the neighbourhood of the Baltic. They have been divided into two great branches, distinguished by the dialects they use; the eastern and the western. To the first of these belong, 1. The Russians, or Muscovites, now one of the most powerful nations of the earth, but originally composed of numerous independent tribes, who were spread over the regions northward from the mouths of the Danube. They became a united people in the ninth century of the Christian era, and soon after received Christianity, as taught by the Greek Church. The Russian Princess, Olga, was baptized at Constantinople, in the year 955, and took the name of

Helena; and subsequently, Vladimir, uncle to the Grand Duchess, abandoned Paganism, and exerted all his influence in favour of the Gospel. But he made his people Christians by compulsion; and at his command vast numbers of persons were baptized in the river Dneiper at one time. Kiew, the capital of the empire, became the seat of an Archbishop. 2. Next to the Russians are the Servians, Croats, and Wends, (the first including the Servians proper, the Bulgarians, and the people of Wallachia,) tribes whose dialects are allied to those of the Russians, and who embraced Christianity about a century before them. The Servians inhabit portions of Turkey and of Austria; the Croats are the inhabitants of Croatia, which forms part of the Austrian kingdom; and the Wends, or, as they call themselves, the Slovenzi, occupy certain parts of Hungary.

The western Slavic nations are the Bohemians, Slovaks, Poles, and northern Wends. Christianity was introduced into Bohemia in the latter part of the ninth century; and in course of time the people became celebrated for their love of literature, and for great refinement of manners. During the thirty years' war, however, their national spirit fell, and their literature rapidly declined. The Moravians are intimately related to this people, and speak a dialect of the Bohemian language. They take their name from the river Morava, one of the branches of the Danube. The Slovaks are supposed to have been the principal inhabitants of Hungaria, prior to the arrival of the Magyars, and still possess parts of that country, though subject to their conquerors. The Poles were originally called Lechs, which signifies *free* or *noble* men, and were divided into several tribes; those who dwelt in the plains (*polie*) being first called Poles. They have engaged in many struggles to maintain their freedom; but Russia has subdued them to its yoke; and they have doubtless suffered innumerable wrongs and great injustice. The northern Wends were a people who passed over the Vistula, and occupied an extensive region on the coasts of the Baltic, left destitute of inhabitants by the German tribes, when they moved towards the south to inundate the Roman empire. Here they built towns, carried on commerce, and learned the use of letters.

But they rejected Christianity. In some of their towns magnificent temples were erected to their deities. Weneta, at the mouth of the Oder, was a city of great extent, and sunk into the sea. Julin, which succeeded it, was set on fire by lightning, and totally consumed. Three centuries elapsed before Paganism fell. The language of these tribes has now almost disappeared.

All the dialects of the Slavonian nations belong to the Indo-European system of languages. Their affinity to the Sanskrit is said to be very striking; and some have thought them nearly allied to the Greek; whilst others, again, have seen in them a similarity to the Celtic. A great portion of the roots are common to that language, and to the Gothic. Letters did not make much progress among the Slavi for some time, and their literature of the earliest date is monastic. The Russians, like many other nations, pretend to great antiquity. According to one of their Bishops, the city of Slavensk, in which many of their Princes reigned, was built by Slaven, a grandson of Japheth! Originally, the Slavic tribes lived a solitary life, in miserable cabins, scattered at remote distances from each other, in the woods. They were nearly naked. Some of them had nothing with which to cover them but hose, which came up to their waists. In battle they had no defensive armour, and their only weapons were short javelins or spears. Their religion was connected with that of some of the Asiatic nations. They believed in a supreme Being,—the maker of lightning, whom they regarded as the governor of the universe, and to whom they offered sacrifices of all descriptions. But they had many inferior deities, who presided over fields and forests, and were the offspring and ministers of the one great God. A kind of dualism was received among them. They believed in the good and evil principles; the former identified with light, and called Veli-boge, or "the white god;" the latter with darkness, and designated Czerne-boge, or "the black god."

T. S.

LITERATURE.

INFANT PIETY.

The Folded Lamb: or, Memorials of an Infant Son; with Hints on Infant Education. By his Mother. With a Preface by his Father, the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A., Vicar of Leominster. 8vo., pp. 192. London, Wertheim and Macintosh.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

WITH the view of affording illustrations of the operation of Divine grace in an infant mind, we resume our selections from these memorials. Up to this period, his mother had thought him too young to understand the story of redemption. She supposed that it was impossible to explain to him that the Child in the manger was yet the Almighty God. The difficulties, however, which weighed upon her mind were soon removed in an unexpected manner. On one occasion he was taken to church:—

"On the day following, he was constantly heard repeating to himself in a low tone, 'Through Jesus *Ch'ist* our Lord.' No notice was at first taken, but ere long we asked him what he meant. 'Papa say so yesterday, when he pray to God,' was his immediate reply; and then followed an earnest entreaty to be taught about Jesus. That summary of the Gospel, so wonderfully adapted for infantine comprehension, in Miss Taylor's 'Original Hymns,' instantly occurred to me, and I repeated to him the beautiful hymn,—

'Jesus, who lived above the sky,' &c.

"'What does *instead* mean?' was Harry's ready inquiry, when the sixth verse was repeated. It is well, in instructing children, to avoid the use of words which they cannot understand; but when such occur in simple hymns,—and the simplest lines ever composed must necessarily contain many words beyond an infant's comprehension,—we must be careful to convey a clear and correct *idea* of the sentiment. This is far more important than that they should be taught to explain one word by another, or by many, which often confuses the mind, and renders the lesson unintelligible and uninteresting. The whole force of the Gospel scheme, so simply yet so clearly explained in these lines, hinges upon the very word at which Harry had stopped me to inquire its meaning. Inwardly praying that he might soon experimentally know that Jesus had borne his 'punishment *instead*,' I gave him a book to hold while I took up a toy, and then proposing an *exchange*, made him comprehend that he would thereby have my toy *instead* of the book. I soon found he had caught my meaning; and as he listened with fixed attention, while I proceeded to explain what would be the penalty of our sins, if they were not laid on Jesus, and the blessed exchange we gained by our Lord's bearing them in His own precious body on the cross, his infant heart seemed melted in love and gratitude to his newly-found Saviour. O let us not think our little ones too young to learn of Jesus and His love! Soon as their infant tongues can tell of childish joys and sorrows,—soon as they can express some of the overflowings of their hearts towards *us*, in return for our deep, fond love for them,—they may be taught of a truer and higher love than ours, and of claims upon their young affections to which ours are but secondary. Without much attempt at making him learn the hymn, he could soon repeat it all by heart. The tale of the Babe of Bethlehem now engrossed his attention, and '*Please* tell me *all* about Jesus,' became his constant request. From morning to night, the remembrance of what Jesus had done and suffered for him, seldom appeared to be long absent from his thoughts. All those difficulties which had seemed to me to be in the way of leading him to Jesus, now vanished. The truth, that God the Father and God the Son are one, and that He who trod the earth as perfect man was yet 'equal to the Father as touching His Godhead,' he received at once with unquestioning simplicity.

I could not but believe this to be the Lord's doing; it was so different from his wonted habit in other matters, which was always to inquire the *meaning* of whatever he could not comprehend."

Little Henry taught himself to pray:—

"Being our first child, we rather mistrusted the evidence of our own senses as to how much, or how early, this lamb of the fold might be taught, or how soon we were to expect the marks of promise, already discernible in our beloved child, to ripen into evidences of grace. Whenever he was naughty, he had been taught to ask forgiveness of God in one or two simple petitions, and soon he invariably did so of his own accord; but at his early age I had not thought of teaching him to pray regularly, morning and evening, until I found that the Lord had been, as it were, beforehand with us, and graciously led him to feel his need of a throne of grace.

"Shortly after the period above alluded to, he was with me one evening when his nurse came to take him up to bed. No resistance to this summons, such as I have often witnessed in other children, was ever attempted by Harry in his short life-time; but on this occasion he said, 'Top a little, while I p'ay to mamma;' and at once kneeling down at my side, he uttered, without the slightest hesitation, the following prayer:—

"'O Lord Jesus *Ch'ist*, O Lord Jesus *Ch'ist*, save my soul. P'ay God make me good boy. My Jesus *Ch'ist* love Har-'ee. Pity my simp'icity! Good Jesus *Ch'ist* live above *a 'ky*, suffer me to come to Thee! He went about, He was so kind! Come down to be a man and die. *Good* Jesus *Ch'ist!* Har-'ee love Jesus *Ch'ist*. Amen.'

"My Testament was at my side, and with these unexpected words sounding in my ears, I wrote them down on a fly-leaf, as he left me.

"At the moment, I could find no language for my astonishment, as no form of prayer had ever been taught him; but I felt that from that time no delay should be allowed in bringing him night and morning to present his own simple petitions to his loved Saviour."

He made many efforts after self-government:—

"Almost every day now witnessed some fresh effort in Harry to conquer in himself what he knew to be wrong, or to determine on what he knew to be right. His very natural aversion to taking medicine was so strong, that hitherto reasonings, persuasions, inducements had all failed, and compulsion had generally to be employed. He never was deceived as to its taste: the falsehood and treachery so often practised in the nursery, to induce the child to swallow a nauseous draught, on the unchristian principle of doing evil that good may come, was never allowed. He could quietly talk of it himself, and make good resolutions beforehand; still his terror at the sight of the medicine increased each time he had to take it, until it seemed invincible. One day, about this time, some castor-oil had been prescribed, and I was dreading a repetition of the usual struggle which almost made him ill before he took it, when, to my surprise and delight, he said very deliberately, but in a firm tone, '*Cas'or* oil *not nice*—it *nassy 'tuff*, but it make me better.' He then suffered his nurse to give him the dose, which he swallowed without even a wry face; and from that time forth seldom, if ever, did he make the slightest resistance to those unpalatable remedies. I mention this, because I cannot view aught connected with the opening mind of a child as unimportant; least of all an effort, however trifling in itself, which conduces to a habit of self-control, the foundation, of all others, for future happiness."

At the age of two years and nine months he knew his alphabet, and for a short time he received a daily lesson in words of two letters. This was found so very irksome that it was abandoned. He preferred oral instruction, and his retentive memory enabled him to give the outline of many a Scripture narrative, with surprising expression and energy:—

"The first time I ever remember noticing an instance of it, he was

alone with me in the study, when, climbing up into an arm-chair, he drew a large Bible towards him, and, opening it very reverentially, inquired, 'Shall I *read* you a chapter?' On finding the supposed place, he began, 'They brought little *chillren* to Jesus that He should *b'ess* them.'

"'The 'ciples say, Take them 'way! Take them 'way! Don't *b'ing* them here! (The 'ciples were very naughty.)'

"'What did Jesus say?'

"'Jesus say, Suffer the little *chillren* to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"'What did the 'ciples say then?' he added, in a tone of inexpressible triumph, the preceding invitation of our blessed Lord having been pronounced in a voice of the deepest pathos."

We must not omit to notice Henry's love of prayer, and his strong assurance of its power with God:—

"About this time, I received a letter, informing me of the illness of one of my brothers. Henry was with me, and, throwing his arms around my neck, instantly exclaimed, 'My own dear mamma, what is the matter?' I told him that I was afraid his dear uncle was very ill; when at once he said, 'Then we must *p'ay* for him;' and taking my hand, he begged me to kneel down with him, and pray for his uncle's recovery. Upon rising from his knees, and frequently after, he assured me that God *would* hear his prayers. He seemed always to remember, what many older Christians forget, to look out for and expect answers to prayer. Little did he know how his simple faith confirmed mine!"

He set apart a place for private prayer:—

"A little closet inside his nursery was the spot which he consecrated as his 'Bethel.' Here he delighted to shut himself in; and often, when no human eye was upon him, was he overheard by his nurse, pouring out his heart in prayer for himself, and intercession for those around him. Any one who had taken kind notice of him, or who had given him the most trifling present, was sure to be remembered in this Bethel, as the only recompense he could make them. Being too young to open the door for himself, as soon as he had concluded his devotions, he always knocked for his nurse to let him out."

He never noticed any misconduct on the part of other children without endeavouring to remonstrate with them. He was also very jealous of his own conduct, and always ready to confess a fault:—

"On one occasion, and I believe only one, he so far forgot himself, as to raise his little hand in momentary anger, to slap a little friend with whom he had been walking. His nurse immediately brought him home, when she related what had passed, adding, that she believed he was truly sorry, but having told him she would mention it, she could not break her word. I looked sorrowfully at the little offender without speaking; but a look was usually enough to melt his heart, and he hid his face in my lap, without making any extenuation. When at length I said, 'Harry, I could not have believed this of *you*,' his little head was instantly raised, and he sobbed out, 'I couldn't have *be'eved* this of *Bye*.' He was nevertheless soon duly sensible of his fault; and then he could not rest until he had seen the little girl, to kiss her, and ask her forgiveness. From this time forth he determined, apparently, to be his own accuser. If he had been at any time disobedient when out walking, he always, on returning, came immediately to the door of the room where I was sitting, and knocked for admittance. If asked where he was going, his answer generally was, 'I was naughty boy out: I must go and tell my own dear mamma.' And yet I believe he had no sort of idea that this voluntary confession was any atonement for the fault he had come to own; a mistake into which children are apt to fall, if they are led to imagine that, because they have of their own accord acknowledged their faults, no blame nor punishment can attach to them."

It was an interesting sight to

mark little Henry in God's house:—

"We thought him too young to attend with real benefit: however, his own entreaties being united to his nurse's, and many promises made that he would 'be *kiet* the *whole* time,' the desired permission was given. I was unable to take him myself, and he sat with his nurse. With almost motionless attention he listened to the commencement of the service; and when he was about to kneel by her side, he suddenly made an effort to rise, whispering softly, that he *must* speak to one of the other servants. Astonished at this seeming inattention, she inquired the reason, when he pointed out to her that the servant alluded to was not kneeling; adding, 'I must tell her to *kneel* when she p'ay to God in God's house.' A beautiful instance of his reverence in worshipping God! Would that more, at public worship, were actuated by the same feeling! After his wish had been explained by signs to this servant, who was following the too prevalent custom of sitting during the prayers, and she had gratified him by attending to it, he was perfectly satisfied, and gave his whole attention to the remainder of the service. Upon his return from church, he was questioned as to what he had heard. (His papa's text had been taken from Gal. vi. 7, 8: 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' &c. And as the sermon was for the benefit of the Sunday-school, the necessity of the Bible being made the basis of education had been much dwelt upon.) Pausing for an instant, as if to collect his ideas, with a thoughtful yet animated expression of countenance, and accompanying every word with a graceful motion of his little hand, he said, very deliberately and emphatically, 'The *only* seed which must be sown is God's word, which is the *b'essed* Bible.' It would have been impossible, in a single sentence, to have conveyed a clearer idea of the substance of the sermon. In order, however, to ascertain if it were mere words that he had gleaned and put together, without understanding their full import, the question was asked, 'And where must the seed be sown?—In the ground?' 'O, no, papa,' he quickly replied, gravely shaking his little head; 'in men's hearts, that they may be forgiven!'"

His place, however, in that sanctuary was never filled again. In five short months from the time when the above incident took place, all that the spoiler could claim was carried thither again, and laid in the tomb to await the resurrection morn, while his happy spirit rejoiced in the presence of God and the Lamb. In the interval, he left home with his parents for the sea-side. While there, a very striking exemplification occurred of his dread of sin, as being that which would separate between him and God, and of the watchful guard he kept over his own heart.

"His playthings having been left at home, a new toy was soon bought, (a cart and horse,) which he received with inexpressible delight. That afternoon he amused himself for a length of time with his new acquisition, and in driving it round and round his play-room, where his nurse was seated at work. She heard a perpetual 'Ghee up!' and saw him constantly using his little whip as he drove his horse along; but all that was perceptible was the evident pleasure that it afforded him. Suddenly, however, he left his toy, and seated himself on a low chair, remaining for some time perfectly silent. Hearing him, at length, heave a deep sigh, his nurse looked at him, when he exclaimed, 'I am so naughty!' Nothing wrong having appeared in his conduct, she inquired what he meant, when he said, 'O, Bye! I have been so wicked! I have beaten my poor horse so much.' She tried to soothe him, for his little heart seemed ready to burst, and said, 'Why did you beat your poor horse so much?' 'O, only just because he would not do just as I wanted him, and that made me *angly*; but I *so* sorry! I *hope* God will forgive me; I will never do it again!'

"At my particular desire, the little incidents of the day, which I had witnessed, and in which dear little Harry had borne a part, were never mentioned in his presence, but

always related to me at night by his nurse, that thus anything affecting his opening character and disposition might be brought under my immediate notice. Knowing nothing, therefore, as yet, of what had occurred, I went alone with him that evening, as usual, for prayer. When we had closed the door, he said, 'I can't *p'ay* to God to-night, mamma: God does not love me!' So unwonted an expression of unhappiness surprised me not a little; but I assured my darling child of God's love towards him, of which I had never before heard him express a doubt. Often, indeed, had I envied the unclouded assurance of faith which this infant believer always appeared to possess. What could now cause this new and sorrowful complaint? Something was evidently burdening his tender spirit. It was too full not to overflow; and, with a little encouragement, I soon drew from him a simple recital of that which weighed upon his mind. He said, with tears, repeatedly, 'that he hoped God would forgive him, and that he would never do it again.'"

"But this story would be incomplete, and I should not be a faithful biographer, were I not to relate that the very same temptation tried him on the following day; but now again the adversary was foiled in his attack. As before, the risings of anger were known only to himself; but, throwing down his whip, and turning to his nurse, he exclaimed, 'Take it away, Bye; take it all away!' (meaning his new cart and horse, and whip, almost the only kind of toys he ever really valued;) '*never* let me see it again! it has made me wicked again, and now God will never forgive me!' Could he more simply have acted in the spirit of the injunction, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee?' Was there not manifest a holy, filial fear, leading him to dread the first motions of sin, as that which would entail the hiding of God's countenance?"

About this time, little Henry's nurse came under deep conviction of sin. Seeing her weeping one day, he quickly asked,—

"'My dear nursey, why do you *k'y?*' She said, 'O, my dear child, I am such a great sinner.' 'I will *p'ay* to Jesus for you,' he immediately replied; but added anxiously, 'Why are you such a *g'eat* sinner? Jesus doesn't love sinners. You don't wish to make Jesus *ang'y*, do you? O, *do* love Jesus!' When he went to bed, his sleeplessness evinced his anxiety on her account. In the middle of the night, he sat up, and began the subject nearest his heart: 'My dear Ma'y, I do *sink* so much about your being such a *g'eat* sinner! I wish you wern't such a *g'eat* sinner. But *do* love Jesus! *Do* tell me that you love Jesus!' And this conversation ended, as did every other, at this time, by his saying, as the only comfort he could desire for himself, or for her, 'I will *p'ay* to Jesus for you!'

"Up to this time, I was quite unaware of the interest which he had taken in his nurse's state of feeling, for he had told me nothing of what had passed; but his anxiety soon betrayed itself. In speaking to her one morning, I put some questions, hoping to find that she had been enabled to cast her burden at the foot of the Cross; and as Harry appeared to be quietly engaged in play, I little expected he would take any notice. Her reply, that she was still very miserable, was given in a low tone, but not so low as to be unobserved by him, who, turning quickly round, hid his face in my shoulder, and burst into such uncontrollable grief, as to make me fear the effect of the agitation.

"When at length he had reason to believe that his '*dear* nursey,' as he now always called her, had found peace, his joy knew no bounds. 'Do you *really* love Jesus? O, tell me again that you love Jesus!' was ever on his lips. A selection of suitable hymns had been pointed out to her; and these he never wearied of hearing her repeat, often reminding her of them. A line of a verse beginning with, 'I love Jesus, yes, I do,' she had somewhere learned; and this seemed to afford him greater pleasure than all the rest. 'Say it to me, dear M'ay; say it *again*,' was his constant request."

The disposition of Henry was, as will have been remarked, of a nature unusually fine and acute.

"One evening, on leaving church, I had become very faint, and con-

tinued so for some hours. Happily my dear little boy was asleep, and unconscious of that which would have filled him with much distress, had he known it. In the night, however, he awoke, asking, as he frequently did, 'How is my own dear mamma?' Being well aware of his affectionate sensibility in all that concerned me, his nurse made no allusion to my indisposition, fearing to disturb his rest, and soon succeeded in again hushing him to sleep. But when, on the following morning, the inquiry was repeated, she merely replied that I had not been quite well the night before. She told me afterwards, that she was little prepared for the burst of real grief which ensued. To all her attempts at comforting him, his only reply was, 'I *do k'y*, Ma'y, when my *own dear* mamma is ill.' It was long before she succeeded in soothing him so as to enable her to dress him, and then it was from an idea suggested by his own affectionate thoughtfulness that he derived any comfort: 'O, M'ay, I must make haste and go to my own dear mamma, and ask her to send for Mr. B. to make her better.' (Naming a medical man whom he had not seen for some months.) His tender, loving caresses throughout that day, his unwillingness to have me out of his sight, I never can forget."

Want of space compels us to postpone the touching account given of Henry's last illness until next month.

NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Watson's "Conversations for the Young." Eighth Edition. Royal 18*mo.*

Wesley's "Sermons." 3 *vols.*, 8*vo.*

Leppington's "What is Popery? A Catechism for Children and Young Persons." 32*mo.*

Farrar's (Rev. J.) "Biblical and Theological Dictionary," Part II.

Martyrologia, Part XXVI. With three Portraits, finely engraved on Steel. 8*vo.*

The empty Nest. 32*mo.*.

Fleming's (Dr. J.) "Temperature of the Seasons."

Simmond's (P. L.) "Franklin and the Arctic Regions."

Taylor's "History of Mohammedanism."

Cone's (S. E.) "Outlines of Mechanical Philosophy."

White's "Selborne," edited by Jesse.

VARIETIES.

WINGS OF WIRE.—The mystery, the secret of the electric telegraph, is simply this:—Two handles serve to break and to re-unite the current of the electric spirit; each breakage causes a needle, swinging above the handles, to move. Another similar needle, miles away, moves at the same instant in the same way. Different amounts of motion of this needle are understood to indicate certain letters; and thus the telegraph people talk to one another, by spelling what they have to say, letter by letter. Theirs is a new calling, and a curious one, too. They hear the strangest and the earliest of news. With hands upon the two handles of the instrument, and a sharp eye upon the dial, the work goes on: it would be in silence but for the noise made by the instrument. "Jerk! jerk!" go the handles; "Chop! chop! chip-chop!" are the sounds heard in response, as a little cylinder moves, and metal meets metal, to break and re-complete the circuit. At all the chief railway stations on all the chief lines, with one or two exceptions, there are telegraph clerks day and night on duty, ready to transmit and receive messages.

ORIGIN OF PIN-MONEY.—Towards the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that marks a transition-style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favour as New-Year's gifts. They displaced the old wooden skewer, which no effort of skill, no burnishing or embellishment, could convert into a sightly appendage. Pins, in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of high price, and the gift was frequently compounded for in money; an allowance which became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality, that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin-money." We still keep up the term, although, now that pins are as cheap as dust, it means everything or anything except that which it originally implied.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR MAY, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Farewell, April, and thy showers!
Welcome May, and all thy flowers!
With lightsome heart and garlands gay,
We haste to meet thee, rosy May.

"Ere Aurora opes the morning,
While the dew the bud's adorning,
We rise to meet thee with the day,
And greet thy coming, welcome May.

"Hark! the merry groups are singing;
'Flowers beneath her feet are springing;'
Cast vain tears and grief away,
Welcome! welcome! sprightly May.

"Bring we violets and primroses,
Cowslips sweet and blooming posies;
Cast we now our cares away
To welcome thee, approaching May.

"Now she trips beyond the mountain,
Now she skips beside the fountain:
On tabors loud and pipes we play,
To hail with joy, thee, lovely May."

Jos. Chattaway.

"The delightful month of May is connected in our minds with all that is verdant, promising, and attractive. How exquisitely are its colours mingled! From the agreeable green which clothes the fields, to the rich azure which fills the sky, all declare the unwearied providence, paternal benignity, and unrivalled greatness of nature's God. The earth, the air, the water, teem with delightful existence. How many objects that engross and delight the soul, crowd upon our view at this season! What freshness is felt in the morning, and what brilliancy is seen in the day! God sends the copious showers to purify the air, soften the ground, and nourish the plants; so also He draws from the bosom of the earth rivers and streams, which course their devious way to invigorate and beautify the world.

"As we stand on an eminence, how enchanting is the varied view before us! We receive pleasure from the forms, and colours, and motions which are before us; from the various green of fields and woods, showing itself in many different shades, some dark and deep, some vivid and glossy, and some light and pale; from the waving surface of valleys and hills, contrasted with the level extent of meadows and fields; from the forms of trees, some spiry and slender, others spreading and pendulous, and others shooting

forth strong branches, and displaying an unbroken mass of leaves; from the opening buds, the clustering blossoms, the humble shrub, the majestic oak, and the beautiful garden. We are gratified with the cerulean hue of the ocean, varying as it is ruffled by winds, and by the light and shades which pass over it; with the blue heavens and the white fleecy clouds, and the general effect of sunshine and shade. We are gratified with the life we see mingled in the group; with the sight and voices of men at labour rejoicing in the prospect of contented industry; with the boundless agility of young animals, as they sport at the side of others intently grazing with a sharpened relish; with the cheerful song and easy flight of birds, the lyric lark, for example, soaring joyfully, and singing as he rises to hail the early day, or greet the coming spring."—*The Naturalist's Diary.*

The first half of the month.—The mole extends its burrows, the hedgehog hunts for cockchafers, and the brown rat litters near water. The garden-warbler and the swift appear; the song of the former is not much inferior to that of the nightingale. The titlark sings, the turtle-dove coos, the grasshopper-lark wheezes out its notes, and the lesser petty-chaps sounds its curious chip-chap. Numbers of the feathered tribe are at this time in full song. The cabbage-butterfly, the goat-moth, the cockchafer, the common blue butterfly, the rose-chafer, and several species of ladybirds are now to be seen.

The vegetable kingdom at this time displays almost an infinite variety of interesting objects. A thousand joyous feelings are associated with the scent of hawthorn and the lily of the valley, the sight of the bright green trees, and the daisies and cowslips spangling the surface of the grassy fields.

"When fishes leap in silver stream,
And tender corn is springing high,
And banks are warm with sunny beam,
And twittering swallows cleave the sky,
And forest-bees are humming near,
And cowslips in boys' hats appear,
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom,—
We then may say the May is come."

CLARE.

The bright yellow flowers of the laburnum-tree give a pleasing and cheerful appearance at this time. The laburnum was originally a native of the Alps, whence it was brought to this country about the year 1596.

The last half of the month.—The well-known notes of the cuckoo, in spite of their monotony, are heard with pleasure. The linnet, among the furze-bushes, sings, and constructs his nest. The bright plumage of the goldfinch, and his lively notes, attract our notice:—

"I love to see the goldfinch twit and twit,
And pick the groundsel's feather'd seeds;
And then in bower of apple-blossom perch'd
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song."

HURDIS.

Insects every day increase in number: the cabbage-butterfly is seen playing in the solar beams, with other species of the lepidopterous tribes, putting us in mind of the various changes these little creatures pass through from the egg to the perfect state.

The sweet woodruff in mountainous woods unveils its numerous small, pure white flowers. Various species of bed-straw are now in bloom, along with the stork's-bill and crane's-bill tribes. Borage, wild hyacinths, the large purple mallow, &c., are in blow. The garden is now richly clad: the modest lily puts forth its cups of snowy whiteness; the gay parterre of tulips engages the eye with its variegated hues.

"From the west as it wantonly flows,
Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine;
The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;
For *May* is the mother of love."

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR MAY, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Is there no God? Who spread the firmament
Abroad? Whence came that visible display
Of inconceivable immensity;
Which, being no subsistence of itself,
In some subsistence surely must inhere?
At whose command rush'd forth the starry orbs'
Innumerable host on the strong-holds
Of universal night, who, seizing each
A portion of her realm, keep garrison,
Like satrap Kings, in their own regal sphere?
Who wheel'd their systems round those central stars,
And keeps them moving in majestic dance,
Where order smiles where once wild chaos reign'd?
Whose was the arm, omnipotent, unseen,
That through its orbit bowl'd the earth along;
The arm whose hand in mercy is held o'er her,
Wide open to supply her every need?"

The intelligent Christian is never at a loss for objects in nature to raise his mind to religious contemplation. The spangled vault of heaven, especially, has this tendency, agreeably to the sentiment of a late writer, who says, "The discoveries of astronomy, instead of having an opposite effect, warm my heart. I think of eighty millions of stars in one nebula, and of two thousand nebulæ, and I feel elevated and thankful to bear part in this magnificent creation; to be the child of Him who is the Governor of these boundless dominions. I feel unspeakable pleasure in the declaration so often reiterated in

the word of God, the unvarying truth of the Supreme Being. To me there is something inexpressibly sublime in the assurance, that throughout the whole immeasurable extent of the all but infinite empire of God, truth always extends, and, like a master-key, unlocks and opens all the mysteries of wisdom, and goodness, and mercy of the divine dispensations."

The SUN rises at Greenwich or London on the 1st at thirty-four minutes past four, and sets at twenty minutes after seven: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at nineteen minutes past four, and sets at thirty-five minutes after seven. The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 25th at fifty-seven minutes past three, and sets at fifty-five minutes after seven: he rises at Edinburgh on the same day at thirty-three minutes after three, and descends below the horizon at nineteen minutes past eight.

The MOON changes on the 1st, at two minutes past nine in the morning; and presents her fine crescent in the evening sky on the 2d, and sets at half-past eight; she sets on the 3d at a quarter before ten, and on the 5th at a few minutes before midnight. The Moon sets on the 7th at a quarter before one in the morning, is half-full on the 8th, and descends below the horizon on the 10th at half-past two in the morning: she is due south on the 11th at eight minutes past nine, and on the 14th at a quarter before twelve, at night. The Moon is full on the 15th, at five minutes after eight in the morning; and appears in the south-eastern horizon on the 16th soon after nine o'clock in the evening: she rises on the 17th at eleven minutes past ten, and on the 19th at four minutes before twelve, at night. The Moon enters on her last quarter on the 23d, and rises on the 25th at a quarter past two in the morning: she changes on the 30th, at forty-seven minutes after eight in the evening; and sets on the 31st at a quarter before nine in the evening.

"Sweet Moon, as on thy silver rays,
Entranced in mute delight, I gaze,
While silent all, beneath thy beams,
Lie hill and valley, wood and streams;
It is because the landscape there
Seems in thy modest light more fair
Than when, beneath the glare of day,
It sparkles in the Sun's bright ray.
The thought that while thine orb I view,
Some absent friend beholds it too;
That thought inspires the calm delight
With which I hail thy welcome light.
The Moon which gilds my native isle,
Shines on my distant friends the while;
And though between us oceans lie,
They still are near to Fancy's eye.
Then hail! pale Empress of the night!
Whene'er I view thy welcome light,
Her magic aid let Fancy lend,
And bear me to some distant friend."

MERCURY is visible in the evenings during the first week of this

month: he sets in the north-west on the 1st at twenty-four minutes past nine, and on the 6th about four minutes earlier.

VENUS can only be seen on very clear mornings, in consequence of her rising only about an hour before the Sun.

MARS is in the vicinity of Venus, but too much in the rays of the Sun to be visible this month.

JUPITER is well situated for observation, and appears a splendid object in the evenings: he is due south on the 1st at twenty-two minutes after ten, and on the 17th at a quarter past nine, at night: on the 11th and 12th he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon: his belts and satellites at this time will afford much pleasure to the telescopic observer.

SATURN is unfavourably situated for observation.

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S COMFORT.

BY EDMESTON.

I HAVE a son, an only son, his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell;
To us for less than four short years his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph-brow:
The thoughts which fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know, for God doth tell me this, that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, in their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, his father dear, and I,
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls us here below, *his* life can never cease;
Our lot may here be grief and care, but his is certain peace.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still may be,
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of care, and feel this grief and pain,
O, we'd rather give up everything than have him back again!

THE ANGLER.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

I saw the angler bait his hook,
He dress'd it with a silken fly:
I saw the heedless fish he took,
Dragg'd struggling out to bleed and die.

And Satan, like the angler, stands,
To make unthinking souls his prey:
Let me escape his cruel hands,
And haste from his false baits away.

I have no wisdom, Lord, to know
How far his dreadful skill can reach;
But Thou dost see that subtle foe:
O, deign a simple child to teach!

I would not from Thy ways depart,
But still obey Thy just command:
Renew my spirit, cleanse my heart,
O Lord, and guide me with Thy hand.

TRAINING THE YOUTHFUL MIND.

To guide the head, to teach the heart;
To train the opening mind,
Be henceforth my delightful part,
In which my joy I find.

The soul to fill with living truth,
Before the cares of life
Have furrow'd o'er the brow of youth,
And led to manhood's strife.

Unseen, obscure, may be my place,
My work unknown to fame;
But let me calmly toil to trace
On minds the deathless Name:

That Name which stands on high sublime,
The symbol and the text
Of all that's great through rolling time,
Of future endless rest!

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

SAINT HELENA.

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

JUNE, 1851.

ST. HELENA.

(*With an Engraving.*)

The island of St. Helena is situated in the Atlantic Ocean, twelve hundred miles from the western coast of Africa, in west longitude 6° 30′, south latitude 15° 55′. It is about twelve miles in length, and twenty-eight in circumference.

Like the Cape de Verde islands, Ascension, and many others, its origin is volcanic. It consists chiefly of lava, and presents to the eye, as it is viewed from the sea, an immense mass of dark-brown rock, which rises from the ocean almost perpendicularly, and seems to bid defiance to the approach of man. Here and there, however, there are favourable landing-places; and on one side are the bay and town of St. James, of which our engraving gives a representation. The town is situated in a singular ravine, on each side of which is a precipitous and barren hill. Its appearance is by no means uninviting. The landing is not difficult, and the beach is somewhat interesting. Near the entrance of the town is a neat little English church; and on the left is the castle, or residence of the Governor. The habitations are built in the European style, and are generally whitewashed. The population of the town consists of Europeans, chiefly English, a few Lascars and other foreigners, and a large number of liberated Africans. Many slave-ships captured by our cruisers are brought into

the bay, and here their wretched cargoes are frequently discharged. Several such ships may, generally, be seen on the beach, dismasted, and perhaps sold, and broken up for firewood.

From Rupert-Hill, on the left of the town, to Ladder-Hill, on the right, is an extensive line of works for defence, formidable in appearance, and thoroughly efficient.

In the interior of the island, there are several mountains. The highest of these is called Diana's-Peak, and rises two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Several of the mountains are covered with wood, and many of the valleys are beautiful and fertile. A rich soil has accumulated on the rock, in which trees, plants, and flowers of great variety grow luxuriantly. The climate of the island, however, is hot, and subject to sudden changes of temperature; so that it is now but seldom visited by Europeans, and few are disposed to remain for any length of time.

St. Helena was discovered by the Portuguese on St. Helen's day in the year 1502: whence its name. But the Portuguese were not anxious to retain it, and soon after it came into the possession of the Dutch. In the year 1600 they were driven out of it by the English, but regained it by surprise in 1673. It was, however, speedily recovered, and has since remained in the possession of Great Britain.

This island, as every reader is aware, was the place of Napoleon's exile. That celebrated man was sent thither by the British Government to end his days. He resided at Longwood, in an elevated part of the island, his house being visible from the sea, and being as favourable a spot as any that the island could afford. Here he dictated to his friends the memoirs of his life. Here he spent, doubtless, many a thoughtful hour. Here he had time to reflect upon the past, and to learn the vanity of earthly glory. He landed on the 17th of October, 1815, and died on the 5th of May, 1821. His last words, uttered early in the morning, were, "Head—army." "It was eleven minutes before six o'clock in the evening," says his physician, "Napoleon was about to breathe his last: a slight froth covered his lips; he was no more! Such is the end of all human glory." He was interred in a

secluded spot called Slane's or Haine's valley; and for many years after, the grave of the illustrious exile was visited by every one who landed on the island. How improbable, at one time, that that grave would ever be disturbed! But Napoleon had said in his will, "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I love so well;" and his wish was at length granted. A few years ago, with the permission of the British Government, during the reign of Louis Philippe, his remains were removed to Paris, and there interred with grand funereal pomp.

The writer visited the island of St. Helena in the year 1846. Napoleon's grave was scarcely any object of attraction then, as his remains had already been removed. A French ship of war, however, had just previously called there; and the officers and men on board, with characteristic feeling, no sooner reached the shore, than they proceeded instantly to the spot, broke off branches of the willow that remained, and even took handsful of the soil away with them, as mementos of the place. At the time of our visit to the island, a Missionary was successfully labouring among the inhabitants, who was chiefly supported by Christian friends in Cape-Town.

T. S.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

The God of heaven has special claims upon the young. It is one of the most lovely features of His dispensation of mercy, that its claims meet them at the dawn of their existence; that the riches of His grace are coeval with their want and woe. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness," is His loving command, His precious invitation. None of the young in Christian lands are to be found with whom His Spirit does not strive, into whose minds He does not pour some rays of heavenly light, and to whose awakened sensibilities He has not found access. Most delightful is it when the young listen to such admonitions of heavenly wisdom; nor is it safe to resist such claims as these. There is, for a time, a deep sea of troubled feeling in many youthful minds; but at length it subsides; and when that is

the case, there is the resemblance, the tranquillity, the calm of death. It is easy then for such a mind to keep on in the path of alienation from God: it slumbers on, and wakes to learn that it is lost for ever.

Youthful piety is specially beloved by God.—It is as when "the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." The graces of the Spirit are then engrafted on the green, fresh stalk, before it is withered and riven by the blasts of winter. "In the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning, thou hast the dew of thy youth." They may not be the richest and most splendid robes with which youthful piety is adorned, but they are the least sullied; they sparkle like the spangles of the early dew. "I remember thee," says God to His ancient people; "the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown. Israel was holiness to the Lord, and the first-fruits of His increase." How precious the thought to the youthful Christian, that, amid all his inexperience and exposures, in all his conflicts with the world, the flesh, and the devil, He whom his young heart has chosen as his portion and refuge, remembers him, and will never leave him nor forsake him!

Early piety is the most useful piety.—There is a vast difference between the growing brightness of that piety which is early entered upon, and the fluctuating, dull light of that religion which is commenced in advanced years. It is not often that the light shines brilliantly which is first kindled in a dusky old age; nor is it possible it should shine long. The day gives the brightest promise that rises clear: even though obscured by a passing cloud, it sweeps its strong and steady course brightly to the western sky. All history, all biography, all observation and experience, show that comparatively few become pious much beyond the period of youth. "On examining the biography of nearly sixty Christian men and women, who were greatly distinguished for their piety and usefulness, I have found," says one, "that they all became subjects of Divine grace between ten and twenty-five years of age." It is not the miserable remnant of a life jaded with

pleasure and worn-out in sin, that God asks for. His kingdom is not a hospital for the old: it is a house of refuge for the young. For one veteran enemy of God that finds access to it, ten thousand youthful offenders set their faces toward it in penitence and hope.

Early piety is the happiest piety.—It has more just and clearer conceptions of God's truth, and therefore it has stronger hopes. It has a more rich and varied experience of the goodness and mercy of God; of the way in which He leads His people; of the discipline by which He weans them from the world, and trains them up for heaven; and of His unchanging faithfulness, than the piety which is not subjected to this early and long-continued teaching and trial. These are experiences which cannot be crowded into a short compass: the mind cannot at once grasp them; nor can they ever be so vividly felt as when they make their first impression on the youthful heart. Youthful piety gives full proof of the declaration, that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The youthful Christian makes religion his joy. It is his relaxation from toil, his comfort in trial, his light in darkness; he is gloomy and depressed only when he does not enjoy it.

There is a drawback, so to speak, attendant on the piety that originates in the later periods of human life, that is almost as fixed as the law of our intellectual and moral nature. The enjoyments of men, to some extent, arise from visions of the past. There is enough in the retrospect of those who from childhood entered the school of Christ, to fill them with self-abasement and humiliation; but there is something else to look back upon. There is the awakening power of God's truth; there is the begun work of His Spirit, and there is the life-giving influence of His grace. And these are precious memories. There is the dawn of life and hope; there are the joys of the new-born soul when it first puts on the garments of gladness and salvation. There are songs in the night. There are strongly-marked times and seasons of fellowship with God, when the soul was led in green pastures and by the still waters. And when in the more advanced period of his history, the seared leaves of autumn begin to fall, and the

winter of life sets in, memory throws her thoughts backward, and is cheered by the sunshine of by-gone years. Yesterday is forgotten: in the more immediate past there is a chasm, in which the mind takes little interest: memory alights upon earlier days, and more vivid scenes; and these are made glad by the light of God's countenance. This is one of the rewards of early piety. It relieves the natural imperfections of age, comforts its despondency and sorrows, and cheers its loneliness. No man can be refreshed by the retrospect of scenes that never existed. With those who become pious in advanced life, the proximate past is often forgotten just as it is with other men: their thoughts are with the days of their youth. And if they were days of atheistic worldliness and forbidden joy; if the seed-time of life run to waste, and its summer was uncheered and barren; if it was not until autumn or winter that the ground was planted; it is no marvel if the frozen soil yields but a scanty crop of joy. Memory runs back upon time and opportunity lost; the imagination rests upon scenes that are mournful; and if the Sun of righteousness breaks in upon the frozen heart, it makes a sweep low down in the southern sky; the joys are wintry joys, and have none of the freshness of the new-born spring.

The young are slow to learn that the winter of life is coming on. We counsel them not to add to it the bitterness and burden of youthful impiety. It were wisdom to sow while "the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the light be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain." It will be no grief of heart on a dying bed that you were early adopted into the family of God. It will not be matter of regret when God shall bring you into judgment. Who will say, when that untried scene arrives, "I was pious too early; I was beloved of God, I was happy, too soon?"

THE ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY.

(*Continued from page* 221.)

PAGANISM is the result of the action of two opposing laws or forces in the moral constitution of man. First, an intense

enmity to the character and government of the holy and immutable God; and, second, a deep consciousness of weakness and dependence, and a strong innate impulse to seek the protection of a superior and invisible power. The first of these tendencies led mankind to dethrone Jehovah from their affections, and to dismiss Him from their thoughts; to forsake His worship, and to cast off His fear: the second impulse drove them to make to themselves gods after their own heart, who would not discountenance their impurities, nor interfere with the reckless indulgence of evil passions.

That human nature revolts from the strictness, the sanctity, the spirituality of the law of God, is too palpable for proof. That there is within us a strong necessity for worshipping something, the history of mankind abundantly demonstrates, and one notorious event of modern times gives humiliating exemplification. When intelligent and scientific France abjured Christ, and wrote in blood its insane and unmanly creed, "There is no God," then the religious instinct of our nature (if I may so term it) wrought so strongly within them, that they decked a prostitute as the goddess of reason, and worshipped her with thundering acclamation, and with the gorgeous rites and frantic orgies of the ancient Paganism. And thus when, upon the death of Noah, the human family, in one vast apostasy, abandoned the worship of God, they found it impossible to live without a faith, without a hope, without a creed, an altar, and a God, of one kind or other; and therefore they began to supplicate and to adore those objects in outward nature which were the chief agents in conveying the providential bounty of God, or in inflicting His righteous vengeance. Tradition tells us that the sun was the first object to which Divine honours were offered by the erring families of the earth. There is a most remarkable passage in the book of Job, the most ancient of all compositions, which is strongly corroborative of this legend. Rehearsing a catalogue of crimes of which his friends might suspect him to be guilty, in their attempt to account for the unprecedented calamities which had fallen upon him, he says, "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed

my hand: this also were an iniquity to be punished by the Judge: for I should have denied the God that is above." The soundest chronology places the date of the composition of this book earlier than the migration of Abraham from Chaldea. Now, not the slightest allusion to any other species of idolatry occurs throughout the book. We have here, then, the very beginning of Paganism,—the worship of the sun and moon; not, at first, as an established system, but a secret, solitary, stealthy, covert sin. "If I.....and my heart hath been *secretly enticed*," not, at first, by pompous ceremonies, and by periodical and public services, nor even by prostration of the person, or bending of the knee; but simply by putting the fingers to the lips in sign of adoration,—"and my mouth hath kissed my hand." We may infer, also, from this remarkable passage, that idolatry did not originate with the secular power: it was not enforced upon a reluctant people by the despotism of an impious government. It was, at first, an actionable offence: judicial penalties were attached to it. "It was an iniquity *to be punished by the Judge*." It was not patronised by the civil Magistrate, but "punished by the Judge." Idolatry was, for some time, the vice of a few, who communicated the deadly infatuation to others, until, by degrees, the whole human race became polluted and phrensied by the horrible contagion. As some malignant animal poison, generated in a few particles of putrid matter, spreads itself over the nations, till the whole planet becomes a pest-house, so idolatry, conceived by a few corrupted hearts, was breathed into the rest, so that at length the horrible spiritual contamination became co-extensive with the race of man. They did not begin by attributing original, essential, and proper Divinity to the grand, the lovely, the beneficial objects in external creation. No; they simply imagined that a distinct intelligence and an individual will inhabited and controlled each of the magnificent phenomena of nature, and these indwelling essences they strove to propitiate by a sort of equivocal homage, which gradually deepened into the profoundest religious reverence, and the most abject superstitious dread.

One cannot wonder that the first object of Pagan adoration

was that resplendent luminary which is the chief minister to man's physical comfort, is the parent of light, the painter of beauty, the producer of all the precious things of the earth, and the consecrated emblem of the glory and benignity of Jehovah Himself. When baleful vapours intercepted his genial ray, they fancied that he withheld his beams in moody, menacing displeasure. When he glared fiercely through the simmering atmosphere, and flung abroad a fierce radiance over the fainting, fevered, phrensied nations, and every beam was pestilence, the destruction that wasted at noonday they ascribed to the poisoned arrows of an incensed divinity, who made the sun his chariot and his citadel. The sun-struck were bewailed as the victims of Phœbus, the shining-one, the god of day. When an eclipse darkened its refulgent disc, and spread night unnatural over the awe-struck landscape, they deemed it the wrathful frown of an affronted Monarch, portending calamity and death; and they strove to appease his vengeful indignation, now by the hideous howlings of terror, now by slaughtered herds, and now by human blood. But when his smile rested on the broad bosom of the earth, making it flush into varied beauty, and mantle with exuberant fecundity, then their mouth kissed their hand in impious adoration; and in the morning they made their prostrations towards the kindling east, in the evening they worshipped the gorgeous west.

The *moon* was naturally associated with the sun in this sacrilegious homage; "the moon walking in brightness," as Job poetically phrases it. In the serene and brilliant nights of Asia, when the moon-lit scenery seems to lie in soft and solemn trance, and reason is brought into charmed captivity to imagination, then did this bewitching lunacy, the worship of the Queen of heaven, first steal upon the godless hearts and the apostate minds of men. The vacant shepherd, keeping watch over his flock by night; the weary but wine-excited reaper, piling his sheaves in light furrow beneath the autumnal effulgence of the broad harvest-moon; the hunter, chasing the hungry prowlers of the night through dim woods and shaggy wildernesses; the home-sick and lonesome mariner, threading the dangerous coast; the young

and gay, weaving the wild midnight dance; the imaginative and the dissolute, abandoning themselves to fancy and to passion; all these were exposed to, and all these embraced, the hell-born temptation to worship the moon.

The *stars* were next subjected to this insane and impious veneration. This species of Paganism originated in Chaldea. The boundless plains which characterize the geography of that country, its pure, still, translucent atmosphere, and its cloudless expanse of firmament, peculiarly fitted it for astronomical observations. Observatories were erected, which, in the lapse of years, became temples. The Chaldean astronomers, unable to explain the movements of the heavenly bodies as they pursued their silent march over the midnight sky, imagined each of them to be animated by an independent spirit, who exercised a mighty and mysterious influence over the fortunes of families, and the destinies of empires.

In that age the two characters of philosopher and statesman were united in the same individual; and then, as centuries afterwards, in the time of Daniel, these blind but pretenceful students of the sky were the advisers of royalty, and the steersmen of the State. Seduced, partly by the desire to veil their own ignorance in an imposing theory, partly by that love of the marvellous which is so deep-rooted in our nature, but most of all by the passion for power and the desire to invest their own persons with an importance and a sanctity, they assiduously taught the people that those glorious luminaries were inhabited and controlled by vicegerent immortals, the plenipotentiaries of the Most High; that the Supreme was too transcendently exalted to be approached by man; too absorbed in the ever-flowing felicities of His own imperial pavilion to waste an inquiry upon this dim and diminutive scene; and, therefore, it is the interest of mortals to propitiate the spirits of the stars with perfumes and with blood, with mystic dance and reverent invocation. This teaching, coming from men of scientific repute, encouraged, and, as it were, authorised, the strong tendency to star-worship which stirred in the breasts of men.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

A GENTLEMAN was once stopped in the streets of London by a stranger, who asked him, "Did you ever thank God for your reason?"

"I don't know that I ever did," the gentleman replied.

"Do it quickly, then," said the stranger; "for I have lost mine."

We are very liable to forget to thank God for His common mercies, whose greatness we can never duly estimate till we have experienced their loss. Did the young reader ever thank God for his eye-sight? The following interesting narrative will remind him of that duty.

Once there was a good little boy in Scotland, about eight years old, who took the small-pox; and when he grew better, it was found that it had shut up both his eyes, so that he could see nothing. He had been such a gentle, good boy, that all the family loved him, and led him about, and were very kind to him. He had a little sister Annie, twelve years old, who used to find amusements for him; and when it came warm weather, she would take him to walk in the country.

One day they took a long walk, and sat down at the foot of a great tree. "Annie," said James, "what a pleasant day this is! The air feels so soft and warm to my face. I hear the burn racing the smooth stones, and the sheep and lambs bleat. How I wish I could see them again! Hark! there is a thrush singing over our heads. O! how beautiful it used to be to sit down here, and look to the far-away hills, and the clear blue sky, and see the mill yonder, and the pretty ducks in the pond! Ah! Annie, I think I shall never see these things again."

Then the little boy thought how dismal it would be to be always blind and dark, and felt so helpless and sad: and he began to cry. "Don't cry, Jamie," said his dear sister: "may be, you'll see yet. There was Daniel Scott, you know, had the small-pox, and was blind for weeks; but he got well; and now he sees as well as anybody. Besides, you know," said she, "God will do right about it, as dear mother says; and, if He leaves you to be blind, will make you happy some

other way. Besides, we all do what we can for you; and I will read to you, and it will not be so bad."

But poor James kept thinking of his misfortune, and sat down with his head bent upon his hands, with his elbows on his knees, and kept on crying. The flood of tears pressed their way between his eyelids, which had stuck together, and when he lifted up his head, he cried out, "O, Annie, I can see! There's the brook, and the mill, and the sheep! O, how glad I am!" Annie was as joyful as he, and hurried him to return home so as to tell the good news; but James lingered long, for he wanted so to look about him. "O!" said he, "how little do children know of the blessing of sight! If they had only lost it awhile, like me, they would never cease to thank God for eye-sight."

You may think how pleased they all were at home. At night, when the father prayed in the family, and came to thank God for restoring dear little James to sight, he almost wept for joy. James soon got completely well; and when he grew up to be a man, he never forgot to be grateful to his heavenly Father that he was not blind.

TRANSMISSION OF ANCIENT BOOKS.

THERE are few of our readers, we are persuaded, who are wholly unacquainted with the facts of ancient history, who have not some knowledge of the Greeks, and Romans, and Egyptians, or of the less polished nations of antiquity. It may be presumed also, that they regard the principal facts of ancient history as worthy of credit, although they may not have inquired particularly into the nature and extent of the evidence by which the truth of the record is established. It is, however, natural for a thoughtful reader of ancient history, when referred in proof of any statement to the fact of its being affirmed by a writer who flourished two or three thousand years ago, to propose the questions, How has the work of this ancient author come down to us? and how can we be assured that the work was really written at the

time to which it is ascribed, and by the individual whose name it bears ?

Regarding works of poetry and fiction, the questions, when were they written, and by whom, are of comparatively little importance, as far as the value of these works is concerned. But it is very different with regard to such works as profess to be records of facts; their whole value sometimes depending on the questions as to their author, and the date of their composition. It would not, for example, lessen the sublimity and beauty of the "Paradise Lost," to discover that it was not written by Milton, in the reign of Charles II., but by some obscure author, a hundred years before: the wit and humour of Falstaff would not be diminished by the discovery that the character was not conceived and delineated by Shakspeare, in the reign of Elizabeth, but by a dramatist of the eighteenth century. An assurance of the genuineness of a book, a well-founded conviction that it was written at the time ascribed to it, and by the author whose name it bears, does indeed conduce, in some degree, to the enjoyment derived from its perusal; but as the merits of works of genius are intrinsic, the discovery of their spuriousness does not lessen their real value.

It is very different in the case of historical works. Let it be supposed, for example, that it were discovered that Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," instead of having been written by Hyde, in the time of Charles I., or during the period of the Commonwealth, was written by some one whose name has perished, in the time of George II., the book would be deprived of all its value. It professes to be a record of transactions in most of which the writer was personally concerned, and a description of scenes which he personally witnessed.

These remarks are equally applicable to ancient literature. If it were established, for instance, that the poems ascribed to Homer and Virgil were not written by these men at all, but by persons who lived at a period long subsequent to that in which they flourished, the discovery would in no degree diminish the intrinsic merits of these wonderful productions. It would be very different, however, if it were discovered that the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus among the Greeks,

and of Sallust and Tacitus among the Romans, were written not more than seven or eight hundred years ago. Their value as historical records would be destroyed; and the only excellence they could claim would be connected with the purity and vigour of the style, and the accuracy and depth of the general reflections. They are questions, then, of not a little interest and importance, How have the writings of ancient authors been transmitted to us? and what evidence can be produced satisfactorily to determine the date and authorship?

There are reasons, besides those to which we have alluded, by which the interest and importance of such inquiries might be demonstrated. They are connected in the closest manner with a rational belief in Christianity, the principles of which, and the historical facts with which these principles are inseparably associated, being contained in books, some of which claim to have been written nearly two thousand years ago, and others of them at a much earlier period. Now, although we may be disposed to admit many of the facts of ancient history, without troubling ourselves as to the kind or amount of evidence by which they are established, it is the duty of every rational being, to whom has come what claims to be a Divine revelation, to examine the evidence of the genuineness of the record in which that revelation is contained. It surely must be to every one a matter of interest and importance to ascertain that the books of the Old and New Testament were written at the time to which they are commonly ascribed, and by the individuals whose names they bear, and that they have been transmitted to us very nearly, if not altogether, in the state in which their authors gave them to the world. This part of Christian evidence is precisely of the same nature with that which is adduced in support of the genuineness of ancient literature in general; and the only specialty in the case of the books of Scripture is, that the evidence for their antiquity and genuineness is much more abundant than that which can be adduced respecting any other ancient books. If this can be established, it is obvious that no man can consistently doubt or deny that the books of the Bible were written at the time which has been claimed for them, and by the men whose names they bear, who does not at the same time doubt or deny the

genuineness of every part of ancient literature. The evidence in support of the antiquity and genuineness of the writings of the Evangelists and the Apostles is much more abundant than that adduced in support of any portion of the Greek and Roman classics.

The art of printing was invented between the year 1440 and the year 1450. Little or no difficulty is found in tracing back ancient books to this period. In some of the public libraries of Europe there are copies of editions that were issued soon after the invention of printing; and we have references to these books, and new editions of them, from that time to the present. "There are, for example," says Isaac Taylor, in his very interesting and learned treatise on the transmission of ancient books, "now extant printed copies of the History of the Peloponnesian War, dated 'Venice, 1502;' other copies of an edition of the same work, dated 'Florence, 1506;' others dated 'Basle, 1540;' and others printed within a few years of the same time, at Paris and Vienna. On being compared with each other, these editions are found to agree in the main, and yet to disagree in many small variations of orthography, syntax, or expression, so as to prove that they were separately derived from different manuscripts, and not successively from each other. These printed editions, therefore, sufficiently prove the existence of the work in the fifteenth century, and also that the text of the modern editions has not been materially impaired or corrupted during the last four hundred years." It is obvious, as has been stated in the passage which we have here quoted, that there were manuscript copies of the book mentioned previous to the year 1500. Numerous manuscript copies of particular portions of the sacred Scriptures, as well as of the Greek and Roman classics, are still in existence, and have been deposited in the libraries of Britain, and the countries of Continental Europe. Are there any data by which we may conclude satisfactorily as to the period when these manuscripts were executed? and is it possible to derive from them any information as to the date and author of the original work? If we had a manuscript in the handwriting of the author, and if it could be proved to be such, the discussion might be speedily closed; but we have no such

manuscript of any ancient author,—no copy of the Æneid, in the handwriting of Virgil,—no autograph of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The copy of the law of God, which was written by the hand of Moses himself, was preserved, it is supposed, for many ages; and some believe that it was that copy which was found by Hilkiah, the High-Priest, and read in the ears of Josiah. "And Hilkiah the High-Priest said unto Shaphan the scribe, I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord: and Hilkiah gave the book to Shaphan, and he read it." (2 Kings xxii. 8.) "And Shaphan the scribe showed the King, saying, Hilkiah the Priest, hath delivered me a book. And Shaphan read it before the King. And it came to pass, when the King had heard the words of the book of the law, that he rent his clothes." (Verses 10, 11.) If the "book" here spoken of was indeed the copy of the law written by Moses, of which, however, doubts may be entertained, it has long since perished. From a passage in the writings of Tertullian, who flourished towards the close of the second century, it has been supposed that the autograph copies of the apostolical epistles were in existence in his time. "Well, if you be willing," says he, "to exercise your curiosity profitably in the affair of your salvation, visit the apostolic churches, in which the very chairs of the Apostles still preside; in which their veritable epistles (*ipsæ authenticæ literæ*) are read, sounding forth the voice, and representing the countenance, of each one of them. Is Achaia near you? you have Corinth. If you are not far from Macedonia, you have Philippi, you have Thessalonica. If you go to Asia, you have Ephesus. If you are near to Italy, you have Rome, from whence we too may be easily satisfied." Dodwell, Simon, Michaelis, and others, contend that the idea of "original documents" is conveyed by the phrase, "*ipsæ authenticæ literæ:*" Griesbach, Hug, Henderson, Lardner, and others, think, more correctly we believe, that "accurate copies" are meant. In the public libraries of our country are to be found the original manuscripts of some well-known English books; but of the immense number of books which have been published during the last hundred years, how very few of the original manuscripts, those written

by the author or his amanuensis, now exist! Not one in ten thousand, we may safely affirm. The circumstances, however, connected with the preservation and transmission of ancient manuscripts are such, in some instances, as to establish the genuineness of the work with little less certainty than if the original manuscript had been preserved.

It may here be of some importance to advert to the period of the revival of letters, and to some of the circumstances connected with that period. Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern empire, was taken by the Turks in the year 1453. More than fifty years before the time mentioned, the learned men belonging to that city, apprehensive of the destruction of the empire, had begun to emigrate into Italy, and had, as private tutors to the children of the wealthy, and as masters of public schools, done something to direct attention to Greek literature, the study of which had fallen into absolute neglect. The celebrated Boccaccio was the first, it is generally believed, to introduce the study of the Greek language into Italy, about the close of the fourteenth century. After his death the study of Greek was again neglected; but an attempt was made, with considerable success, to revive it by Emanuel Chrysoloras, a noble Greek, who was born at Constantinople about the year 1355. This distinguished man was employed by the Emperor, John Palæologus, and by the Roman Pontiff, Martin V., in several important embassies. During the intervals he was occupied in teaching the Greek language in Florence, Milan, Pavia, Venice, and Rome. He died in the year 1414, a few days before the opening of the Council of Constance. The disciples of Chrysoloras were numerous, so that when, at the destruction of Constantinople, multitudes of learned Greeks repaired to Italy, they found not a few men of kindred spirit who were disposed to aid them with their patronage and co-operation.

One of the most munificent of the patrons of learning was Cosmo de Medici, a merchant of Florence, the representative of a family that, by a long course of extensive and successful commercial speculations, had raised themselves to princely wealth, and to great political influence, not only in the Florentine republic, but also in all parts of Italy, and in various

other European states. Cosmo was a man of considerable genius, and of fine literary taste. One learned man of the period, speaking of him, says, "You have such humanity and moderation in dispensing the gifts of fortune, that they seem to have been rather the reward of your virtues and merits, than conceded by her bounty. Devoted to the study of letters from your early years, you have, by your example, given additional splendour to science itself. Although involved in the weightier concerns of State, and unable to devote a great part of your time to books, yet you have found a constant satisfaction in the society of those learned men who have always frequented your house." Another writer says of Cosmo: "A citizen who, while he excels in wealth every other citizen of Europe, is rendered much more illustrious by his prudence, his humanity, his liberality, and, what is more to our present purpose, by his knowledge of useful literature, and particularly of history."

The learned Greeks who came to Italy at the fall of Constantinople, or who had come previous to that event, brought with them manuscript copies of some of the works of the ancient Greek authors; and this circumstance suggested to Cosmo de Medici, and other illustrious patrons of learning, the formation of libraries, in which these manuscripts might be preserved, and the sending of competent persons to all parts of Europe, to Northern Africa, and Western Asia, to collect manuscripts. It seems a striking manifestation of the wisdom of Divine Providence, that the merchant-princes of Italy were animated by this spirit at this time; for if the work of collecting ancient manuscripts, particularly those of the Greek and Roman classics, had been much longer delayed, the loss would have been irreparable. Many of those that were then recovered were found in circumstances which indicated that, but for their rescue, they would have been speedily and completely destroyed.

The most industrious and successful agent of Cosmo de Medici in the collection of ancient manuscripts was Poggio, a very learned and profligate Romish Priest. During a period of not less than fifty years, Poggio was engaged in visiting different parts of Europe; and the large number of manuscripts

discovered by him during that time, is a lasting and convincing proof both of his diligence and sagacity. When he was attending the Council of Constance, in 1415, he took the opportunity of visiting the convent of St. Gallo, situated about twenty miles from Constance, in order to prosecute his favourite researches. His diligence was crowned with considerable success; for he had the happiness to find a complete copy—the first that had been discovered—of Quintilian, and the first three books, and part of the fourth book, of the "Argonautics" of Valerius Flaccus. In a letter to a friend, announcing his discoveries, he gives the following account of the situation and circumstances in which he found these valuable remains of ancient literature:—"Not in a library, as their dignity required, but in a very foul and dark dungeon at the bottom of a tower"—(*in teterrimo quodam et obscuro carcere*). By his researches Poggio recovered several of the orations of Cicero, and there seems reason for believing that by him also was the famous work of Lucretius brought to light. In the prosecution of his task, Poggio visited Britain, and found in this island some valuable manuscripts, which he transmitted to Italy.

Among the principal coadjutors of Poggio, in the work of collecting manuscripts, may be mentioned Guarino Veronese, Giovanni Aurispa, and Francesco Filelfo. To acquire an accurate knowledge of the Greek language, and to obtain manuscripts, these men visited Constantinople and other parts of the East. In returning to Italy, Guarino was shipwrecked, and his valuable collection of manuscripts was lost. Giovanni Aurispa was more fortunate. In the year 1423 he arrived at Venice with *two hundred and thirty-eight* manuscripts, among which were the entire works of Plato, Proclus, Lucian, Xenophon, the histories of Arrian, and Diodorus Siculus, the geography of Strabo, the poems of Pindar, and several other works.

So much enthusiasm was at this time excited in reference to the writings of the Greek and Roman authors, that the discovery of a manuscript diffused little less joy than the acquisition of a kingdom. In proof of the high estimation in which the writings of the ancients began to be held, Roscoe relates the following anecdote:—"A manuscript of the history

of Livy, sent by Cosmo de Medici to Alphonso, King of Naples, with whom he was at variance, conciliated the breach between them; and although the King's physicians insinuated that the book was probably poisoned, Alphonso disregarded their suspicions, and began with great pleasure the perusal of the work."

The researches of the learned in all parts of the world were so diligent, and the patronage bestowed on them by the wealthy was so liberal, that, in the course of a few years, manuscript copies of almost all the ancient books that we now possess were collected in the libraries of Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, Milan, Vienna, and Paris; and were afterwards given to the world through the medium of the press. From the year 1490 till 1540, many editions of the Scriptures, the Christian Fathers, and the Greek and Roman classics, were printed; differing in various minor points, according to the manuscript or manuscripts from which they were taken, but agreeing in all points of importance.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Principle rather than appearance should ever influence us in all our words and actions. And yet how many, even among the young, are governed in all they do by what others say or think; or make some silly display of their independence of the opinion of others, rather than be guided by a fixed *principle* of action!

We have in our minds three young ladies, all of them lovely and interesting, so far as we can judge from their appearance. But these three are very unlike in their characters, and very unlike in the motives which direct and control their conduct.

Mary is a timid girl; but she is governed wholly by the opinions of others. The inquiry ever present to her mind, in regard to all she does or says, is, "How will it appear?" or, "What will others think of it?"

Laura is a bold girl. She despises the opinions of others, and often adopts a course of her own, not because she prefers

it, but for the sake of showing that she dares to be singular. She prides herself on her independence of what others say or think.

Amelia is a girl of *principle*. She neither idolises nor contemns the opinions or the examples of others; but her first concern is with herself. She has a standard of her own,—the unerring and undeviating rule of truth.

Now, what young reader does not see a very great difference in the character of these three young ladies? Amelia alone is a girl of *principle*. Mary and Laura are girls of *appearance*. The former only is in the path of safety, and even of true respectability. How can we respect one whose every action is prompted by an idolatrous regard to the principles of others, or by a proud and reckless disregard, a false and affected independence, of those opinions?

EVERYBODY LOVES HIM.

That is, everybody that knows him. He is an apprentice-boy, about seventeen years old, the son of a poor widow, and of course has not a very large circle of acquaintance. But he is a modest, quiet boy, industrious, and faithful to his employer, who confides in him, knowing that his work will be as faithfully performed in his absence as in his presence. His evenings are spent generally at home, with an occasional interruption of an hour or two at the house of God. He is fond of books; not light, trashy novels, which dissipate without informing or strengthening the mind, but histories, biographies, travels, popular scientific works, religious memoirs and treatises. His Bible lies constantly upon his table, and a portion of it is perused every day. From his active daily labours, he finds in these rest, recreation, and enjoyment. His Sabbaths are to him days of rest, but not of idleness. He has a little class on the Sabbath, and he is interested and delighted in instructing them. His bright face is always seen in the accustomed place in the sanctuary. He is always cheerful, furnishing a model for a picture of quiet, peaceful enjoyment. His widowed mother lays her

hand upon his head, and smooths his glossy hair with maternal pride and comfort. He promises to be the solace and support of her declining years. There is a smile for him on every face, and every eye grows brighter when he enters the home his presence always makes happier. All who know him love him.

THE CONTRAST.

I know another youth, a little older. He, too, is an apprentice, and his mother is a widow. He hurries from his work in the evening, and mutters his impatient displeasure, if his supper is a little delayed. He is in haste to be out again among his companions. He is reckless and boisterous. He has no taste for reading, beyond an occasional glance at a newspaper. His evenings are uniformly passed in the streets; as often as he can get the means, at the theatre. His conversation is always low and vulgar, often obscene, and generally interspersed with horrid and senseless oaths. He thinks it manly to be able to toss off a glass of liquor at the tavern-bar. He affects the bully, and is often threatening to fight. He delights in rude and mischievous pranks, and finds a pleasure in tormenting others. He helps to "make night hideous," with his boisterous laugh, his ribaldry, and blasphemy. At a late hour, he seeks his bed, more wearied by his amusements than by his labour. His work indeed is irksome to him, and frequently neglected or slighted. His Sabbaths are his gala-days. He is out upon wild excursions, or roving the streets in search of amusement. His mother's heart is oppressed whenever she thinks of his wayward life. He is no comfort to her now, nor is there any probability that he ever will be. His home, never happy, is more wretched when he is in it. For boisterous as is his mirth in the streets, at home he is sullen and grumbling. He is cauterising all his social affections, and leaving uncultivated his intellectual powers. Few love and none respect him.

THE PROBABLE FUTURE.

It does not need a Prophet's foresight to predict the future course of these two young men. In all human probability, the one will be a respected, useful member of society, the other a scourge and a curse in the community, or at least will find a

level among the lowest and most debased classes. The one may look forward to the confidence and regard of men; the other to their scorn or indifference. The one has already begun to rise, the other to sink. The influence of the one will be beneficial, of the other baneful. These characteristics and habits of youth must mould the future life, and prove a blessing or a curse. Even if there were no eternity, the young man is a silly fool who fritters away his time, and forms habits that are necessarily unfitting him to fill any position of influence or respectability among men. But there is an eternity! What then?

TRUE HISTORY.

True history, says one, is not the history of what has taken place during the last six thousand years, or of what has taken place only on the earth. But the period to which it is limited is eternity; and the scene is infinite space. Wherever God is, there is history.

Our world is indeed history; and is almost the only history we know, but in another sense from what is generally termed history. Many thousand years before it was created, it may have been rumoured abroad in heaven, that God was about to display in a remarkable manner some of His attributes, hitherto imperfectly understood; and that this world was to be the scene of their exhibition. Beings of the highest order, of the greatest wisdom, and most profound research, may have been all expecting it with the deepest interest, and using their reason to investigate its mysteries, desiring to look into it. At last, the world was created; man fell; and four thousand years afterwards a Saviour came, even God Himself in human form: and, wonder at it, ye heavens! He died.

What thrilling suspense must there have been in heaven during this time! With what emotions must angels have listened to the news of each action performed by their Lord on earth! What indignation they must have felt when He was put to death! and yet what could possibly teach them better about God's holiness, and love to all His creatures, than His condescending to die for men?

This is history. Though despised on earth, yet it is duly weighed and studied in heaven.

And this is not all the history of our world. Our Lord, by rising from the dead, destroyed death, to which man was in bondage. Again: He has appointed a day to judge the world; and the angels shall see it, and be actors there. Then all men shall rise with their bodies; and some will be doomed to the companionship of the devil and his angels; some will live and reign with Christ, and be near His person for ever. *This* is history.

For ever will they dwell with Him, and be a standing, everlasting witness of God's attributes. Other beings, amidst the many mansions of their Father's house, will not forget to visit man, and to enter into converse with him about his present and his former state. To look on man will exhibit to them the attributes of God, His holiness, truth, justice, power, wisdom, and love, in a far greater degree than if they had only heard of those attributes, or heard of man.

This is history; and it will continue to be so to the end of time, for ever and ever; and we shall for ever continue to be examples, some of God's wrath, and some of God's love. It remains with us which we shall be. Salvation is offered to all; and although it is no merit on our part to accept it, yet it is now and ever will be our own fault if we are strangers to its blessings. And we shall justly be for ever punished, if we put away from ourselves eternal life.

Thus the humble Christian, when a soul has been saved from hell by his instrumentality, may say, with Napoleon, "I have been making history."

Yes, but let him add, what Napoleon forgot to add, "Yet not I, but God by me."

THE TESTIMONY OF PROPHECY TO THE CONTINUANCE OF THE SABBATH IN GOSPEL TIMES.

The Prophets were mainly commissioned by God to direct their countrymen, by the eye of faith, onward to the better things to come, which were to be disclosed in "the dispensation of the fulness of times." The prophetic word was

emphatically "the testimony of Jesus," witnessing beforehand, in some respects, of the work which He was to fulfil, or the nature of the kingdom which He was to establish. The declarations and announcements, therefore, which refer to these subjects, unfold the mind and will of Christ, and bear as direct and immediate a reference to Gospel times as if they had proceeded from the pen of an Evangelist. Prophecy, indeed, may well be called history written beforehand. If, then, in the prophetical writings, you find unequivocal statements respecting the observance of the Sabbath under the Gospel dispensation, then you have not only the evidence that such was to be the fact, as we who live under that dispensation fully know that it really is so, but also that it is in accordance with the law of Christ that the Sabbath-day should still be kept holy.

The Prophets, then, do distinctly announce the continued permanence of the Sabbath in New-Testament times. Let us hear the words of Jeremiah:—"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord: but this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." (Chap. xxxi. 31—34.) The new covenant here mentioned is expressly affirmed in the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews to be that brought in by Jesus Christ. There can be, then, no doubt that this passage in Jeremiah is a portion of prophecy which refers immediately to the Gospel dispensation. And what were to be the leading characteristics of

this new covenant, as contra-distinguished from that formerly made in the wilderness? Were they not chiefly these two? First, a provision was to be made for the pardoning of iniquity, which the other could not do, it being a simple revelation of law, threatening death for every transgression: and, secondly, that the law, by the new covenant, was to be put in "their *inward parts*," and written in their hearts; while, under the old covenant, it was only written upon tables of stone, and consequently was *without* them. But what law is it that was thus to be transferred, as it were, from the tables of stone to "the fleshy tables of the heart?" Not, certainly, the ceremonial law, as the Mosaic ritual is often called; for this, so far from being exalted into a higher place by Christ, was abolished in Him, passing away like the shadow when the substance came. It is remarkable that, though the outward ritual is sometimes spoken of as a law, it is never designated the *law of God*. No law but the law of the Ten Commandments can ever be meant when the law and the covenant are considered, as in this passage, in a great measure identical. The Decalogue, and this wholly, and this alone, formed exclusively the old covenant. It is therefore undoubtedly the case that what the Spirit of prophecy here foretold should one day—namely, in the Gospel dispensation—be written by the finger of God upon the hearts of His people, was the law contained in the Ten Commandments. Their relative position to man was indeed to be changed. They were no longer to be placed before him as a law, on the perfect keeping of which he was to make good his title to God's favour and blessing,—that was to be found in Christ alone; but then, along with the pardon and the favour to be bestowed through Him as a free gift on the guilty, the Holy Ghost, by His living energy, was to impress upon the hearts of all possessed of the free gift, that very law, the image of God's holiness. In short, by the terms of the new covenant, the people of God were not to have the law of the Ten Commandments imposed on them as the way by which they were to attain life, but breathed into them as the form and pattern of life already received through Christ,—they became the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

But if this be true of the Ten Commandments as a whole, it must of course be true of each; of the Fourth Commandment as well as of any of the rest.

Of the accuracy of such views as these, the writers of the Liturgy of the Church of England were convinced. For, with a right understanding of the truth, they have added, after the reading of the Ten Commandments in the public service, the well-known prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee." And is not this prayer the very language of the prophecy which has now been considered, turned into a petition? The argument which has been drawn from the words of Jeremiah is strikingly confirmed by the records of experience. Wherever any one has been admitted into the privileges of the new covenant, the prayer of the Liturgy has been answered, and the answer has been realised in the experience, and seen in the outward life. Did you ever know a truly Christian man who did not delight in the Sabbath-day? The more a man experiences the grace of God, and drinks into the spirit of the Gospel, the more invariably does he count the Sabbath "the holy of the Lord, honourable."

Another proof from prophecy that the Sabbath was to be observed in Gospel times is to be found in Isaiah, where there are these words:—"Neither let the son of the stranger, that hath joined himself to the Lord, speak, saying, The Lord hath utterly separated me from His people: neither let the eunuch say, Behold, I am a dry tree. For thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs that keep my Sabbaths, and choose the things that please me, and take hold of my covenant; Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters: I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off. Also the sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord, to serve Him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be His servants, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an

house of prayer for all people. The Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel saith, Yet will I gather others to him, beside those that are gathered unto him." (Chap. lvi. 3—8.) Now that this prophecy could not refer to Jewish but to Christian times is evident not only from the place which it occupies in the chain of prophecy of which it is a part, but also from certain notices occurring in itself, and which do not admit of any other interpretation. For it is connected, first of all, with the revelation of "God's righteousness," and the "coming nigh of His salvation," which can only be understood of Gospel times, as is admitted by all sound interpreters, and proved, in particular, beyond all contradiction, by the learned Vitringa. Here the duty and blessedness of observing the Sabbath are spoken of as belonging to the eunuch, who, under the Mosaic dispensation, was excluded from the congregation of the Lord, and also to the sons of the stranger, who might be said, as a body, to be excluded,—the calling of the Gentiles, and the removal of all outward personal disabilities in God's service, being unquestionably marks of the New-Testament church; and yet, of such a church it is expressly predicted that the observance of the Sabbath was to form a distinguishing peculiarity. And, finally, not only is the observance of the Sabbath three times repeated with singular emphasis, but it is coupled with other things of the law of God,—with laying hold of the covenant, with doing justice, and with loving the name of the Lord,—clearly importing that its place was with the all-important and permanent appointments in the kingdom of grace. The pious observance of the Sabbath is thus held up to our view in this passage as both a clear evidence of a sound Christian state, and an essential part of God's worship and service in Gospel times.

We might refer to another argument of precisely similar import afforded by another passage in Isaiah:—"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and

I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Chap. lviii. 13, 14.) But enough has already been advanced to make good this branch of the evidence on which the permanent obligation of Sabbath observance rests. The testimony of the Prophets is in perfect accordance with the Old-Testament history, and of the law on the two tables of stone, written by God's own finger. They each and all ascribe a place to the Sabbath in the ordinances of God very different from that assigned to those institutions the use of which was only temporary. And they each and all clearly teach, that as the appointment of a Sabbath coeval with the birth of man had been announced at the giving of the old covenant, so it should survive the existence of that covenant, and continue to the end of time, under the new and better dispensation of the Gospel.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

THE LINNET.—THE BLUE-CAP.

The following anecdote, respecting a curious habit of the common linnet, which fell under my notice while walking one day on a common, may prove interesting to the reader of this work, says a writer in "The Naturalist."

I had just passed a low furze-bush, when my attention was attracted to a bird, which fluttered and fell a few feet before me, as if in a fit. My first impulse was to step quickly forward, and pick it up, the former of which I did; but when within about two feet of it, it rose, and fluttered on a few yards further. Thinking it was wounded, I again attempted to pick it up, when it again appeared to receive a fresh amount of strength, and made another intoxicated kind of progress for a few yards further yet. This it did several times, and I began to doubt if I should catch it after all; when at last, to my great joy, just as I was near enough to touch it, it rose up, and flew away, twittering (laughing at me, as I found afterwards) like the strongest and pertest linnet in the world. At first I was puzzled to account for its very eccentric behaviour; but it struck me that, possibly, like the

partridge, it might have performed the antics described, to decoy me from its nest. I therefore returned, and searched the furze-bush; where, sure enough, I found it, with five eggs, which were still warm from the heat of that body which the faithful little bird had exposed for their preservation; for, had I been so disposed, I could, without difficulty, have knocked her down with my stick. I do not know if this trait in the character of the linnet has been recorded: it was new to me, and it delighted me much.

The blue-cap seems to eat all kinds of food. Its principal food consists of caterpillars, spiders, moths, and other insects, and their eggs. They have been observed, by the Rev. Messrs. Matthews, to carry food, a caterpillar or an insect, to the young, three or four times every ten minutes. Mr. Weir communicated to Mr. Macgillivray his observations on their feeding their young, from a quarter past two in the morning, to half-past eight in the evening; and found that they did so, in that period, on the average of the different hours, four hundred and seventy-five times, generally bringing one caterpillar, sometimes two or three, so that probably this one pair of birds destroyed six or seven hundred in the course of a single day. Well has the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus written, "All things are double one against another, and God has made nothing imperfect."

The "Journal of a Naturalist" records the following:—"I was lately exceedingly pleased in witnessing the maternal care and intelligence of this bird; for the poor thing had its young ones in the hole of a wall, and the nest had been nearly all drawn out of the crevice by the paw of a cat, and part of its brood devoured. In revisiting its family, the bird discovered a portion of it remaining, though wrapped up and hidden in the tangled moss and feathers of their bed; and it then drew the whole of the nest back into the place from whence it had been taken, unrolled and resettled the remaining little ones, fed them with the usual attention, and finally succeeded in rearing them.

"The parents of even this reduced family laboured with great perseverance to supply its wants; one or the other of them bringing a grub, caterpillar, or some insect, at intervals

of less than a minute through the day, and probably, in the earlier part of the morning, more frequently; but if we allow that they brought food to the hole every minute for fourteen hours, and provided for their own wants also, it will admit of perhaps a thousand grubs a day, for the requirements of one, and that a diminished, brood; and gives us some comprehension of the infinite number requisite for the summer nutriment of our soft-billed birds, and the great distances gone over by such as have young ones, in their numerous trips from hedge to tree in the hours specified, where they have full broods to support."—*History of British Birds.*

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF NATIONS.

No. XI.—Part II.

THE ETHNOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

(*Concluded.*)

The Slavic nations are generally supposed to be identical with the Sarmatians of the Roman writers, whose country was situated in the north of Europe; but of these the Scythians, described by Herodotus, were the ancestors; so that the modern Slavonic nations are the descendants of that people, a fact in the ethnography of Europe of considerable interest.

The Slavonic nations possess the same physical characteristics as the Indo-European family in general. Many of the Poles have dark complexions. The northern Russians are very fair, and the peasantry of Russia have light-brown or red hair. The Slovaks, who form a considerable part of the population of Hungary, are about the middle height, strongly formed, and of light complexion. They are said to be of an indolent disposition, and much inferior to the Magyars, both in physical and mental energy. From the descriptions still extant of the Scythians, it would seem that the Slavic tribes very much resemble them in their physical characteristics, as well as in their dialects; a fact which goes to establish the conclusion that the Scythians were the ancestors of the Slavonians.

We have now referred to all, or nearly all, the tribes and nations inhabiting the continent of Europe, belonging to the Indo-European stock. There is, however, another race, which, prior to the occupation of Prussia by the Germanic nations, dwelt in that country, and had a peculiar language, and religious rites and ceremonies, that differed, in many respects, from the nations that surrounded them. Some have supposed that these people sprang, originally, from a mixture of the Germans and Slavonians; but others are of opinion that they were a distinct branch of the Indo-European family, though nearly related both to the Slavi and the Goths. Their religion was peculiar. They had a priesthood, possessing great influence over the people. The High-Priest was styled Griwe, that is, "Senator;" and was not only a Priest, but a Legislator and a Judge. He was called by Monkish writers "the Pope of the northern Pagans." He shrouded himself in mystery, lived retired in the secrecy of a forest, was approached only by Priests and Priestesses, and thus maintained his influence among the people. The principal deities of the ancient Prussians were three:—Perkunos, the god of the firmament and of thunder; Potrimpos, in honour of whom a sacred serpent was kept, and to whom young children were offered up in sacrifice; and Pikollos, the god of death and of all evil, whose figure was that of an old man with a grey beard, and his symbol three skulls. These people made a long and obstinate resistance to Christianity, owing to the powerful influence exerted on their minds by the Priests, and to the singular character of their religious system. There are undoubtedly some kinds of superstition which present a much more formidable front than others. Such, for example, is the idolatry of India, which still maintains its ascendancy over the population of that country. But before the chariot of Immanuel, that, and every other system of idolatry, is doomed to fall.

The language of the ancient Prussians has recently engaged considerable attention. One of the dialects is the Lithuanian, another that of the Letts. It has been found that the former has the nearest affinity to the Sanskrit of any of the dialects or languages of Europe; and that both the Lithuanian and the

Lettish were strongly allied to the sacred and classical dialect of Hindoostan. This singular fact would lead to the conclusion that the ancient Prussians, Lithuanians, and Letts formed a group of nations originating from the Indo-European stock, distinct both from the Germans and the Slavonic tribes; and it is not improbable, according to Dr. Prichard, that they were identical with the Venedi of the classical writers, who, in very ancient times, dwelt on the eastern coast of the Baltic.

Such is but a brief and very imperfect sketch of the ethnography of Europe. But how full of interest are many of these facts! Let the reader take a map of the Continent, and look at the number and variety of the tribes and nations by whom it is peopled, and then ask himself the question, Whence have all these nations sprung, and how are the diversities existing among them to be accounted for, on the hypothesis that the human race is one family? The facts and observations we have offered furnish a reply to this inquiry, and, to a great extent, remove the difficulties that thus present themselves before the mind. All the nations of Europe may be classified according to their dialects and physical peculiarities; and the result of that classification is, that they arrange themselves under two, or, at the most, under three, divisions. Where, then, is the difficulty of tracing them to a common origin? It is reduced to the simple question, Can the three be traced to one? a question which is by no means difficult to answer.

In a similar way it can be proved that the nations of Asia, of Africa, and of America, stand intimately related to each other, and may be severally arranged into different families or groups. Ethnographical researches further show that there are many points of similarity between the nations of one continent and those of another; and the more closely these investigations are pursued, the clearer and the more satisfactory does the conclusion seem, that, so far as science is concerned, there are no valid reasons to doubt the representations of the word of God in reference to the common origin of our species from a single pair.

We had intended to present to our readers similar sketches of the ethnography of the remaining portions of the globe;

but perhaps these papers have been sufficiently extended already, and we shall therefore close the subject here for the present. We would urge the young, however, who are interested in these questions, to pursue their inquiries as far as their opportunities will permit; assuring them that in the study of mankind they will experience great pleasure, and that the science of ethnography in particular, which is now engaging very general attention, will be found the more instructive the further it is carefully considered. T. S.

NOTICES OF DR. ARNOLD AS A TEACHER.

The great employment of Dr. Arnold's life was teaching. He was, perhaps, the most distinguished teacher of modern times, and in this character we propose to present him to our readers. After finishing his studies at Oxford, he went, in 1819, to reside at Laleham, where he continued for nine years, taking seven or eight young men as private pupils in preparation for the Universities. During his residence at Laleham, his character made steady and rapid progress. "From this time forward," says his biographer, "such defects as were peculiar to his boyhood and early youth entirely disappeared; the indolent habits, the morbid restlessness and occasional weariness of duty, the indulgence of vague schemes without definite purpose, the intellectual doubts which beset the first opening of his mind to the realities of religious belief,—all seem to have vanished away, and never again to have diverted him from the decisive choice and energetic pursuit of what he set before him as his end and duty. From this time forward no careful observer can fail to trace that deep consciousness of the invisible world, and that power of bringing it before him in the midst and through the means of his most active engagements, which constituted the peculiarity of his religious life, and the moving spring of his whole life.....In speaking of his own religious feelings, or in appealing to the religious feelings of others, he was, except to those most intimate with him, exceedingly reserved. It was in his common acts of life, whether public or private,

that the depth of his religious convictions most visibly appeared; it was in his manner of dwelling on religious subjects, that the characteristic tendencies of his mind chiefly displayed themselves.....In his solemn and emphatic expressions on subjects expressly religious; in his manner of awful reverence when speaking of God or of the Scriptures; in his power of realising the operation of something more than human, whether in his abhorrence of evil, or in his admiration of goodness; the impression in those who heard him was often as though he knew what others only believed, as though he had seen what others only talked about." "No one could know him even a little," says one, who was himself not amongst his most intimate friends, "and not be struck by his absolute wrestling with evil; so that, like St. Paul, he seemed to be battling with the wicked one, and yet, with the feeling of God's help on his side, scorning as well as hating him." He sought the victory in the appointed way, even through the blood of Jesus. To Jesus he yielded his whole soul; and of Him he could say, in his own experience, "One name there is to which obedience, reverence without measure, intense humility, most unreserved adoration, may all be duly rendered; one name there is, and one alone in heaven and earth, —not truth, not justice, not benevolence, not Christ's mother, not His holiest servants, not His blessed sacraments, nor His very mystical body, the church, but Himself only, who died for us and rose again,—Jesus Christ, both God and man."

Being under the power of religion himself, Dr. Arnold earnestly desired to bring others under its power. One who was for a short time at Laleham, under Dr. Arnold's care, thus writes of the impressions produced upon his mind by what he witnessed there: "The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle was, the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real: it was a place where a new comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do,—that his happiness,

as well as his duty, lay in doing that work well.....His hold over all his pupils perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence, which stirred within them: it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world,—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried on in the fear of God,—a work that was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too, in their measure, could go and do likewise." Such a testimony, from one who had the best opportunity of judging of the effect of Dr. Arnold's character and instructions on the minds of his pupils, is just what we might have been led to expect from a knowledge of his principles and strong sense of responsibility. Alluding to some improvement in the conduct of his pupils which he had observed, Dr. Arnold thus writes to one of his correspondents: "If this fair beginning continues, I care not a straw for the labour of the half-year, for it is not labour but vexation which hurts a man; and I find my comfort depends more and more on their good and bad conduct. They are an awful charge, but still to me a very interesting one, and one which I could cheerfully pursue, till my health and faculties fail me."

It was not, however, at Laleham that the great work of Dr. Arnold's life was done. He was soon called to a wider sphere of usefulness. In 1827 he was appointed head-master of Rugby-school. For this appointment he was as much indebted to his known character as to the kindness of his friends. He had been recommended as one "likely to improve generally the system of public education;" a recommendation which weighed strongly in his favour. Rugby-school has long been one of the favourite schools in England for the education of the children of the higher classes. While Dr. Arnold presided over it, not only was its reputation sustained, but it rose rapidly in public estimation. The number of boys at Rugby, during Dr. Arnold's incumbency, was generally from three to four hundred. Of these, from sixty to seventy were boarders in his own house, and the others in the houses of the

different masters. Our readers will thus see what an important situation Dr. Arnold filled. Dr. Arnold felt his responsibility. In a letter to a friend, alluding to his appointment, he writes: "I hope I need not say what a solemn and almost overwhelming responsibility I feel is imposed on me. I would hope to have the prayers of my friends, together with my own, for a supply of that true wisdom which is required for such a business." To another correspondent he writes: "With regard to reforms at Rugby, give me credit, I must beg of you, for a most sincere desire to make it a place of Christian education.....My object will be, if possible, to form Christian men.....For the labour I care nothing, if God gives me health and strength, as He has for the last eight years. But whether I shall be able to make the school what I wish to make it,—I do not mean wholly or perfectly, but in some degree,—that is, an instrument of God's glory, and of the everlasting good of those who come to it; that indeed is an awful anxiety."

Such were Dr. Arnold's feelings, his hopes, and his anxieties, in the prospect of his removal to Rugby. In August, 1828, he and his family removed thither; and on the 30th of the same month he commenced his labours. He entered not only upon a situation of great responsibility, but a situation which required of him peculiar boldness, and earnestness, and discretion. It was required of him not merely that he should sustain the reputation of the school, but that he should improve the system of education which had long been followed there, and which was also, at that time, the system of education which obtained generally in the public schools of the same kind throughout England. It was required of him, that he should keep up the character of the school for classical learning, and yet that the education imparted should be much more general than it had been. But another and a more important object was to be achieved: "The absence of systematic attempts to give a more directly Christian character to what constituted the education of the whole English gentry, was becoming more and more a scandal in the eyes of religious men." This evil required to be remedied; and it was well for Rugby-school, and for hundreds of the youth of England, that

a man of Dr. Arnold's energy was called by Providence to accomplish this work.

Our readers can have little idea of the difficulties Dr. Arnold had to overcome. In venerable institutions, such as Rugby-school, any change becomes difficult in proportion to their antiquity. As the tree which is allowed to stand for ages is ever spreading its roots, and taking a firmer hold of the soil, so it is with any evil system that is allowed to remain uncorrected. Had Dr. Arnold been called to found a new school, his difficulties would not have been so great. It is often more difficult to rectify what is wrong in an old system than to plan and develope a new. It is easier to plan a modern house when it is to be built from the very foundation, than to give a plan by which some ancient mansion may be modernised. Great though the difficulties were which Dr. Arnold had to encounter, he faced them manfully. He changed nothing for the mere sake of change; but took care that every change he introduced should be an improvement. It was one of his principles, that whatever ought to be done, ought to be well done. We cannot bring before our readers all the changes introduced into Rugby-school by Dr. Arnold. We confine ourselves to what he did to render it a place of Christian education.

In communicating religious instruction to his pupils, Dr. Arnold was most assiduous. But religion was not confined to the chapel of the school, in which Dr. Arnold regularly officiated. It seems to have been Dr. Arnold's great desire and constant aim to lead his pupils to feel that their religion was to be carried by them into the school-room, there to make them faithful, and to give energy to all their endeavours; that it was to be carried forth from the school-room to the play-ground, there to direct their intercourse with each other; that in public and in private, at work and at play, it required the avoiding of what was wrong, and the doing of what was right. He sought ever to impress upon their minds, that God required of them that they should honour their teachers, remember the wishes of their parents, and be kind and faithful one to another. He led them to feel, that God required of them that they should improve their time and cultivate their

minds ; and most earnestly did he strive to impress upon each of them his own responsibility as having influence with his companions, and being an example to others. Let us give our readers an extract or two, taken almost at random, from his addresses to his pupils :—" Do you think of God *now?* Do you remember that He ever, and in every place, sees what you are doing? Do you say your prayers to Him? Do you still think that lying, and all those shuffling and dishonest excuses, which are as bad as lying, are base, and contemptible, and wicked? or have you heard these things so often from others, even if you yourselves have not been guilty of them, that you think there cannot be any great harm in them? Do you still love to be kind to your companions, never teasing or ill-treating them, and never being ill-natured or out of temper with them? or have you already been accustomed to the devilish pleasure of giving pain to others; and whilst you yourselves are teased and ill-used by some who are stronger than you, do you repeat the very same conduct to those who are weaker than you? Are you still anxious to please your parents ; and, in saying your lessons, do you still retain the natural thought of a well-bred and noble disposition, that you would like to say them as well as you can, and to please those that teach you? or have you already learnt the first lesson in the devil's school, to laugh at what is good, and generous, and high-principled, and to be ashamed of doing your duty? Then you have already had some experience of the truth of what the Bible tells you, that man's nature is corrupt and bad." Again, speaking of the tendency to frame excuses for disobedience to God, he thus addressed his pupils :—" You are not fitting yourselves carefully and humbly for that state to which it may please God to call you ; you are, too many of you, not bringing up to godliness and good learning. But the nature of excuses given for not being so, is well worthy of our consideration.....One of these excuses arises out of a feeling, that your common work is not a matter of religion, and that, therefore, it is not sinful to neglect it. Idleness and vice are considered as two distinct things:....but what is not vicious may yet be sinful ; in other words, what is not a great offence against men's common notions of right and wrong, may yet

be a very great one against those purer motives which we learn from the Scriptures, and in the judgment of the most pure God. Thus idleness is not vicious, perhaps, but it is certainly sinful; and to strive against it is a religious duty, because it is highly offensive to God..... As it is plain that you have no other principal duty but that of improving your minds, as you have no other way in which you can bring forth fruit,—so it is plain that to neglect this in you, is the same sort of sin as if a Minister of Christ were to neglect the spiritual benefit of a congregation committed to his charge: the ground does not bring forth the fruit which the sower looks for, and it is therefore rejected and judged unprofitable."

A TRUE HERO.

THERE is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother for a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. We have just heard (says Washington Irving) a touching illustration of the fact, that the love of a son for his mother may also transcend and swallow up all other affections; at a moment, too, when he might well be pardoned for remembering only his own great trials. Some two years ago, a young man, belonging to Philadelphia, was returning by railroad to that city, from the town of Reading, Pennsylvania. By an accident which happened to the train as it was approaching town, and while he was standing up on the carriage, he was thrown off, and fell partly under the wheel of the succeeding carriage: his right hand was crushed, and dropped uselessly at his side. This, however, was fortunately his only injury. He was a young man of determined nerve. He uttered no complaint; not even a groan. When the train arrived at the depôt, a vehicle was immediately called; when, attended by his friend, he said to the coachman, "Drive at once to Dr. M——'s, in Walnut-street." "Had not you better go immediately home?" asked his friend. "No," said he, "I do not want them to know anything about me until it is all over." "Our hero," for he was a hero, was deaf to all the counter-remonstrances of his friend; and they drove rapidly

to the house of the eminent surgeon alluded to. They were shown into the parlour, and the Doctor was summoned. After an examination, "Well, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, for he was well acquainted with his patient, "you know, I suppose, what must be done?" "I do," he replied; "and it is for the purpose of *having* it done that I am here." "My surgical table," said the Doctor, "is below." "Can it not be done *without* that?" asked the sufferer. "I cannot be tied: I cannot be held. Amputate my arm *here*, Doctor," he continued, holding out his dangling limb over the back of the sofa. "Do it *here*, Doctor: I shall not flinch; I shall not interfere with your operations." The limb was bared; two attendants, medical students in the house, were summoned: the arm was taken off above the elbow, while the patient sat as he had requested, uttering no groan, nor speaking a single word, while the operation was being performed. The dressings were applied; the patient got ready to leave, and return to his own house, attended by his friend. When he reached the door, he turned round to the surgeon, and said, "Doctor, I should like to look at my arm once more: pray let me see it." The surgeon raised the mangled limb: the patient glanced at the bloodless hand, and said, "Doctor, there is *a ring* upon the finger of that hand: will you take it off for me? My mother gave me that ring when she was on her death-bed. I can part with my arm, but while I live I cannot part with that ring." The ring was slipped from the cold, white finger: "Put it on *that* finger," said he, holding out the same finger of his left hand. As he was leaving the door, with his attendant, to enter the carriage, he said, "*How* shall I break this thing to my poor sister!"

FEAR OF RIDICULE.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world

enforces its dominion, every *trifling* question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the masses upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to inure your *principles* against the perils of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, *do it*, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear: do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—*Sidney Smith.*

LITERATURE.

INFANT PIETY.

The Folded Lamb: or, Memorials of an Infant Son; with Hints on Infant Education. By his Mother. With a Preface by his Father, the Rev. G. A. Rogers, M.A., Vicar of Leominster. 8vo., pp. 192. London, Wertheim and Macintosh.

(*Concluded from page* 234.)

We conclude our extended extracts from this volume by one or two of the touching paragraphs in which Henry's last sickness and death are recorded by his affectionate mother.

"Harry's singular intelligence had frequently, of late, attracted his papa's observation. Indeed, I could now scarcely persuade him that the age of our little boy was not yet such as to warrant his receiving instruction of a more regular kind. The aptitude and understanding constantly evinced by his answers, or remarks on passing subjects — no notices of which have been preserved —led my husband's thoughts, at this time, perpetually to the choice of a future school. But for a higher than the highest form in earthly schools, our loved one was reserved. He 'who seeth not as man seeth' may have foreseen, and wisely nipped the pride we might have felt, had the desire of our hearts been granted, and the early bud of promise been suffered to mature. The messenger which told that the 'golden bowl must now be broken,' for the spirit to 'return unto God who gave it.' was already at our door. On the 20th of September the fatal arrow sped. We were that day expecting some dear friends, and our beloved child had been watching for their arrival in the highest glee, and looking unusually well. Entreating me to join him in

his play, his affectionate solicitude for me was manifested still, by his stopping frequently to inquire, 'Is *ous* back *b'aking*, dear mamma?' 'Does it make *ous* head ache?' The chilliness of autumn had now set in, and before night it was evident he had taken cold. So simple a malady, however, afforded little grounds for uneasiness, although it was accompanied from the first by peculiar heaviness, and many complaints of his '*poor* head.' He could scarcely bear to be out of arms, but we little thought that the everlasting arms were unfolding to receive him into rest, and that ministering angels were waiting around him to bear him up to his eternal home. The ensuing week was marked by extreme languor and debility, but his patience and sweetness of manner were remarked by all who approached him. Conscious himself, probably, nevertheless, of a feeling of irritability, consequent on disease, although he never manifested it in either word or look, his general answer whenever he was asked how he felt, was, '*Pease* I'm only a little *peeviss*.'

"On the 28th, (September, 1849,) his increasing illness first awoke any real anxiety, but still no thought of danger crossed our minds. There are various little incidents which mark the closing hours of those we fondly love who sleep in Jesus, to which in themselves no importance may attach, yet to which, in the after-days of bereavement and desolation, our memory will gratefully revert, and read the message of consolation which God perhaps intended. The last occasion of his joining us in family prayer is just one of these. On the Monday morning following, Oct. 1st, I told his nurse she might go down to prayers, while I would remain with her little charge. But so importunate were his entreaties to be allowed to go also, that I at length consented, little thinking that his race was so nearly run, that on earth his infant accents of prayer and praise were never more to mingle with ours. Closely wrapped in a warm shawl, he was carried down in compliance with his own request, although reduced to extremest weakness, thus to close his short, but striking, course. His happy spirit was already standing on the threshold of heaven, but we knew it not. Immediately after prayers he asked to be carried back to his own room, which he never left again.

"That afternoon additional symptoms of illness, and increasing heaviness, made us desirous of calling in further medical advice, and we sent for the best in the neighbourhood. Ignorant as I then was of the nature or danger of his disease, my fears had been this day aroused by a remark from the little sufferer, describing his own sensations in language as expressive as a child could use: 'Mamma, my poor head is getting bigger and bigger every minute!' My alarm greatly subsided on receiving an assurance that there was no such danger as I apprehended; that it was merely an attack of remittent fever. How vain is the help of man! This was early on Tuesday morning, throughout which day he was occasionally wandering. The following morning, his nurse being alone in the room with him, he suddenly called her to his bedside, and said quietly, and in his own natural manner, 'Ma'y, I am going to the good Shepherd! Will *you* come to heaven with me? We won't *die*,' he added earnestly; 'I don't want to die, but I *do want* to be with Jesus!' Happy child! He who had, by His Spirit, implanted this want, was about to satisfy it, and in a remarkable way to fulfil all his desire; for *unconsciously* he passed through the dark valley, and awoke to find himself with Jesus! His thoughts were often wandering on this day, and this might in part account for the expression, 'I don't want to *die*,' though it struck me forcibly how touchingly his infant lips had echoed the sentiment uttered by St. Paul, in prospect of his own departure, '*Not that we would be unclothed*, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.'

"Had these words of our beloved child, so soon to be verified, been that day repeated to me, I think I should scarcely have clung to hope as I did. His language was often incoherent. Whenever I approached his bedside, 'My own dear mamma! My own dear mamma!' was incessantly and rapidly uttered, in spite of every effort to soothe and keep him quiet. But so completely had my fears been lulled to rest by the opinion of the physician, that there was no reason to apprehend *water on the head*, that I thought it the effect of the fever, which evidently was not

high. His words had made a deep impression upon his nurse, who, as yet, had feared to tell me of them. During the night she was sitting by his sleepless bedside, and weeping as she recalled them. Instantly, however, her tears were noticed by her beloved little charge; and making a quick effort to raise himself up in his bed, he threw his arms around her neck, exclaiming, 'My *dear* nursey, why *do* you *k'y?* I'm going to Jesus. *It's nothing at all to k'y about!*' 'It's nothing at all to *k'y* about,' he softly repeated, as he sank down, exhausted with the effort, upon his pillow, from which he never again had power to raise his little head! These were almost his last words; and, O, what comfort they have since then afforded us! There is, indeed, no cause to weep, my blessed, happy child! I would not, if I could, recall thee; for thou art now with Him who wipes all tears away!"

VARIETIES.

THE SHIPBUILDER'S MODEL.—The figure of the duck originally suggested the form of the ship; and certainly the finest models, the best for contending with winds and waves, are those that most resemble their original, as the Dutch galliot will attest. —*Builder.*

FLOWERS.—How good is God to us! What should we think of a friend, who had furnished us with a magnificent house, and all we needed, and then, coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no scents had been placed in the rooms? Yet so has God dealt with us. Surely flowers are the smiles of His goodness.—*Wilberforce.*

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR JUNE, 1851.

BY MR. WILLIAM ROGERSON, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"'TIS summer, 'tis summer, the wild birds are singing,
The woods and the glens with their sweet notes are ringing:
The skies are all glowing with crimson and gold,
And the trees of the forest their blossoms unfold."

"WELCOME in all its hues," says an observer of nature, "to leafy June. Who is not charmed by its sunshine and showers? It is indeed a season of beauty and melody. The remark should, however, be made that a great difference appears in the leafing of our shrubs and trees. Some, like the elder, show leaf as early as January; others, as the gooseberry, about the beginning of March; others, as the oak, not till May; while the acacia, or locust-tree, is not in full leaf till about the beginning of June."

The first half of the month.—Tadpoles are now to be seen in great swarms in ponds and ditches. It is amusing to put a few of these in a basin or glass, and watch their transformations. When they first emerge from the frog-spawn, they appear like little fishes, with great heads and long tails. Legs after a time present themselves to view, the tails drop off, and then the young frogs leave the water, and leap about among the grass. The fine long days of this month invite the feathered tribe to sing early: the skylark is heard on his soft pinions soon after two o'clock, calling up "the tuneful nations."

The nightingale, which charmed us with his nocturnal music during the principal part of April, and the whole of May, now

ceases to pour his sweet strains to the midnight breeze. This bird was first heard in Epping-Forest this year on the 14th of April. Walking from Keston to Greenwich late in the night of the 18th of the same month, I heard for the first time this season the sweet and loud strains of this interesting warbler. The blackcap, garden-warbler, and several others of our spring visitants, continue to give out their wild and pleasing airs.

Insects are now very numerous, and afford considerable amusement to every lover of entomology. Some of the most conspicuous are the following. The large stag-beetle, common in Kent, is to be seen, about sunset, soaring in the air, in the vicinity of large trees; and then descending near the ground, in slow motion, may be easily captured. As the shades of evening creep on, the glowworm lights up her beautiful lamp, ornamenting the heath and the mossy bank with a radiance peculiarly her own. The little brown and spotted beetle, one of the insects that has acquired the name of deathwatch, in consequence of its loud beating in April and May, is yet to be found creeping on the window-frames, &c., in houses of long standing. The larvæ of this insect are very destructive to wood, especially old dried oak beams and rafters.

Whether we traverse copse or lane, corn-field or meadow, wild flowers are to be seen in great abundance. Among the green corn we find many a bright blossom; such as the poppy, the blue corn-flower, the corn-cockle, the pimpernel, the scabious, the wild marigold, the field-mustard, or charlock, &c.

> "There is religion in a flower;
> Its small, still voice is as the voice of conscience;
> Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
> Bear not the impress of almighty power,
> In characters more legible than those
> Which He hath written on the tiniest flower,
> Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight."

The last half of the month.—The fern-owl may be seen in the evenings. Nestling birds are now common, and insects are every day increasing. Vegetation is constantly unfolding new charms, and arresting the attention of every lover of botany.

"Among the chief beauties of the garden at this time, are the lily, and the Queen of flowers, the rose. The rose is yearly gaining more favour among florists, in proportion to the varieties, now amounting to above one thousand, that have been produced by culture. The changes are in the form, the size, the colour, and the number of petals. Linnæus and his followers are of opinion that all double flowers are monsters. But the term is surely unhappy; for whatever is monstrous is likely to excite disagreeable rather than pleasant feelings. There can be no doubt, too, that double flowers are more beautiful than single ones, of which the common double moss-rose is a well-known example. The wild rose, unaltered by culture, has only five petals, with many stamens; their yellow anthers filling the space between the base of the petals and the pistil. In the double roses, the number of petals, instead

of being five, is indefinite; these occupying the place of the stamens in the single rose.

"The common cabbage-rose has been called the hundred-leaved rose from the time of Pliny, nearly two thousand years ago, it appears, from the notion of there being one hundred petals in each rose. It is not known, among gardeners, what is the cause of the multiplication of the petals in double roses, and other double flowers; but all double flowers are at first procured from seed, and never, so far as is known, from cultivating the roots of single-flowering varieties. On the contrary, however, double-flowering plants sometimes come to blow single, from being grown in poor soil, or neglect in that transplantation which is indispensable to keep roses in the best state for flowering.

"The most uncommon colour among roses is yellow; though the yellow roses are not varieties, but distinct species. So difficult are they to manage, in our climate, that they do not usually blossom well; they need to be attended to with great skill. Neither this nor any of the sorts of roses thrive well near towns, probably because of the smoke. Roses differ almost as much in smell as in colour. Some have their peculiar odour in a high degree, while in others it is scarcely distinguishable. It is the petals of the rose which give off the fine aroma; while in many other flowers the petals are scentless, and the odour arises from the anthers or the nectaries. This is probably the case with the white lily, as well as the poet's lily, which is usually called the white lily in Scotland. The tall white lily of the English gardens has a blossom in the form of the orange-lily, with petals as large or larger, while the anthers are large, and of a golden yellow colour. The scent of this flower is very agreeable, but for some persons it is often too powerful.

"The nature of the scent of flowers is not well understood. It arises, doubtless, from very minute particles diffused from the flower through the air, and thence conveyed to the organ of smell. The extreme fineness of the particles is proved by the fact, that a piece of musk, diffusing for years its perfume, does not lose anything considerable of its weight."—*Sights in Summer.*

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,
FOR JUNE, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"The Sun's golden splendour that maketh the day,
The Moon's paler glory that silvers our way;
Stars, planets, and comets their radiance combine,
To publish the praise of their Maker and mine."

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st at fifty-one minutes past three, and sets at five minutes after eight: on the 20th he rises at forty-four minutes after three, and sets at eighteen minutes past eight. The same brilliant and cheering orb rises at Edinburgh on the 3d at twenty-three minutes past three, and sets at thirty-four

minutes after eight: on the 19th he makes his appearance in the north-eastern horizon at fifteen minutes past three, and descends from view, in the north-west, at forty-six minutes after eight. On the 22d, at forty-one minutes past one in the morning, the Sun enters the tropical sign Cancer, when the summer quarter takes place. Cancer (the Crab) contains, according to Flamstead, eighty-three stars, and is one of the forty-eight old constellations; and, from the hieroglyphic mode of writing among the Egyptians, &c., it is probable that they gave the name and figure to this constellation from the following circumstance, namely, that as the crab is an animal that goes sideling backwards, so the Sun, in his annual course through the zodiac, when he arrives at this part of the ecliptic, having reached his utmost limits northwards, begins there to return towards the south.

The MOON sets on the 1st at a quarter before ten, and on the 3d at half-past eleven, at night: on the 4th she sets at midnight; on the 6th is half-full, and sets on the 7th at one o'clock in the morning. The Moon sets on the 8th at half-past one, and on the 10th at a quarter after two: she is full on the 13th, at forty-four minutes past six in the evening; and rises on the 14th at nine o'clock at night. The Moon rises on the 16th at half-past ten, and on the 19th at midnight; she enters on her last quarter on the 21st, and rises on the 22d at twenty minutes before one, and on the 24th at a quarter past one, in the morning. The Moon rises on the 26th at two minutes past two, and on the 28th at twelve minutes after three: she changes on the 29th, at twenty-five minutes past six in the morning; and sets on the 30th at half-past nine in the evening.

MERCURY is unfavourably situated for observation during this month, especially in our high northern latitude, where the twilight never leaves the sky, from the setting to the rising of the Sun, throughout the brilliant month of June.

VENUS appears very near the eastern horizon about half an hour before sunrise: she rises on the 10th at half-past two, and on the 30th at a quarter after two.

MARS is to be seen to the south of Venus, and higher in the skies: he rises at the beginning of the month about two o'clock, and at the end about an hour earlier: on the 25th he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon.

JUPITER is a splendid object every clear evening in the south-western part of the heavens: on the 8th he is in conjunction with the Moon.

SATURN is to be seen in the mornings: on the 5th he is in conjunction with Mars, and on the 24th is in the vicinity of the Moon.

The Fixed Stars.—The best time for observing these interesting gems scattered over the wide arch of heaven, is from eleven P.M. to one A.M.; when amongst these numerous shining bodies may be seen the bright star of the HARP, ALTAIR in the EAGLE, the bright star in the SWAN, the large northern constellations, DRACO, URSA MAJOR, &c.

" A million torches lighted by THY hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss:
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,—
A glorious company of golden streams,—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night."

POETRY.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small;
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, or toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall;
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
In rainbow-colour'd light;
All fashion'd in supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by.

Our outward life requires them not,—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith grows dim;
For Who thus careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

JULY, 1851.

MRS. KATHARINE HENRY.

(*With a Portrait.*)

This lady, the wife of the Rev. Philip Henry, was the only child of Mr. Daniel Matthews, of Bronnington, near Whitchurch, in Shropshire.

Mr. Matthews was a gentleman of competent estate; such a one as King James I. used to say was "the happiest lot of all others, which set a man below the office of a Justice of the Peace, and above that of a petty constable."

During the period Mr. Philip Henry was incumbent of the neighbouring church of Worthenbury, he was introduced to Miss Matthews, and an attachment was formed, which soon became mutual. The father was at first opposed to their marriage; but being soon won over by Mr. Henry's meekness and prudence in the matter, he gave his free consent, and settled upon them, during his life, part of his estate, the whole of which became theirs at his death. It is related of Miss Matthews, that some of her friends, having urged against Mr. Henry that, "although he was a gentleman, and a scholar, and an excellent Preacher, he was quite a stranger, and they did not even know where he came from;" "True," she replied, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."

Their union took place on the 26th of April, 1661. It was

crowned with much mutual happiness, and Mr. Henry took every opportunity of expressing his great thankfulness to God for such a blessing. On his deathbed, he took an affectionate farewell of her, "with a thousand thanks for all her love, and care, and tenderness."

Of their children, (two sons and four daughters,) the eldest son died in childhood; and both parents lived to see the others, not only comfortably settled with regard to this world, but living as heirs of the kingdom of heaven. Their son Matthew was the well-known author of the Commentary on the Bible. He once told the Rev. John Reynolds, of Shrewsbury, that his mother was as eminent in her place as his father was in his.

After the Act of Ejection in 1662, Mr. Henry quitted his church at Worthenbury, and retired with his wife to the estate of Broad-Oak, left them by her father. There Mr. Henry, after fulfilling his ministry with great assiduity, died in peace and honour in 1696, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; and there, at length, his widow also died, on the 25th of May, 1707, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. The particulars are beautifully related in the life of her daughter, Mrs. Savage. "Finding her memory fail, she said, 'This day—the Sabbath—(May 18th)—I am afraid of speaking much, lest I should not speak well.' She often spoke with much cheerfulness of the happiness she was almost arrived at. When some were about to pray by her, she requested them not to desire her life, for she was 'full of days.' 'I have,' said she, 'as many of the comforts of this life as I can desire, and now want nothing but the comforts of a better.'"*

Her son Matthew preached and published her funeral sermon, and set forth her wisdom, kindness, industry, charitableness, virtue, and piety as reasons why her children should "rise up and call her blessed."

The family at Broad-Oak strikingly illustrated an observation of Archbishop Tillotson's, where he says, that if children were but "carefully educated, and families regularly and religiously ordered, what a happy and delightful place, what

* Life of Mrs. Savage, pp. 189, 190.

a paradise, this world would be, in comparison of what it now is!" The members of the Henry family were all useful Christians, and distinguished alike by their abilities and attainments. They were eminently of the household of faith, "just persons," whose memory is, and will be, "blessed."

Mrs. Henry's marriage was a happy one; and this resulted from the fact that she "married in the Lord." "We should tremble," says Mr. Wesley, "at the very thought of entering into a marriage-covenant, the closest of all others, with any person who does not love God. This is the most horrid folly, the most deplorable madness, that a child of God could possibly plunge into, as it implies every sort of connexion with the ungodly, which a Christian is bound in conscience to avoid. No wonder, then, it is so flatly forbidden of God; that the prohibition is so absolute and peremptory, 'Be not unequally yoked with an unbeliever.' Nothing can be more express. Especially, if we understand by the word *unbeliever* one who is so far from being a believer in the Gospel sense, —from being able to say, 'The life that I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me,'—that he has not even the faith of a servant; he does not 'fear God and work righteousness.'" Let young men and women, whatever other considerations weigh with them in forming a connexion in life so near, and so influential in its bearing upon their present happiness and a fast-coming eternity, be guided by that consideration which weighed so much with the subject of this sketch. See to it that you know that your intended partner for life is walking in "the narrow path," and journeying on to heaven, that you may be enabled at once to say, in the full sense and to the same extent which she did, "I should like to go with him."

DAILY GRACE.

Some persons (says Dr. Cheever) seem to be always trembling at the thought and the mightiness of becoming a Christian; concentrating in their own minds, in the idea of becoming a Christian, almost the whole amount of a life-

time of self-denial, conflict, effort, watchfulness, work upon self and others. But that is all to be left to Christ and His grace. All the strength necessary for future obedience must be given by Him; and, when the time comes for its exercise, He will give it to the soul that is waiting on Him. But at present you have only present duty to perform. You are to follow Christ for to-day: that is duty, that is Christianity. Christ must renew your strength *every* day, and every day you must come to Him, saying, "Give us *this* day our daily bread." If you think that becoming a Christian requires in you the exercise of a grace and strength sufficient to last you through life, it is a great mistake indeed. Becoming a Christian requires only present submission and trust, a willing heart, and a waiting on the Saviour *now*, without any respect to the future, except in the article of trusting in Him for it. Out of that present trust springs the future. You are not required to produce the future, but to put the seed of it into the ground, as Christ gives it to you. The husbandman is not required to produce the harvest, but to begin with the first steps, and to follow on, trusting in the Lord of the harvest. Your trust and obedience to-day are the seed and bud of to-morrow; and out of the blossoms of to-morrow shall spring other buds and blossoms, and so on, until your daily existence shall be filled with fruit unto life eternal. The man who trusts in the Lord shall be like a tree planted by a river; her roots always nourished with moisture, her leaf ever green, not barren in the year of drought, nor ever ceasing at all from yielding fruit.

But all this is the quiet growth of faith and patience. It is not required at once, nor possible at once, but only the *principle of it* ceaselessly working. Miss Jane Taylor's story of the discontented pendulum is admirable in this application: we would call it, for our purpose, the unbelieving pendulum. Reflecting upon the amount of future duty it had to perform, and going into calculation what number of times it must swing every hour, and multiplying that by the hours in the day, and then the days in the month, and then the months in the year, and finding what an enormous multitude of times it must swing with the most perfect precision, punctuality, and

perseverance in the year; ceaseless, always at its duty; it was so distressed and terrified with the responsibility, that it suddenly stopped; nor could the clock be set in motion again till the pendulum was reminded that, though in a year's time it would of course perform so many vibrations, if faithful, yet it was never called to perform but just so many in a minute, and only one in each present second, and that it had nothing to do with the future, but to take care of the present. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. And just so, take care of the days in Christ's service, day by day, in the minute duties of following Christ, and the months and years will take care of themselves. Christ will keep the clock in motion to-morrow, if the pendulum obeys Him to-day. Each day we are to come to Him for each day's grace.

THE ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY.

(*Continued from page* 250.)

The Orientals are distinguished by a wild, creative, self-beguiling imagination; and in that brilliant and balmy climate, the stars flash forth an intense and spirit-like lustre. Those were the days of colonisation, emigration, and inland commerce; and the clear, calm, changeless constellations were their only guides over the untrodden waste: and as the spice-laden caravan asked of those shining sentinels their homeward way, or as a tribe of desert-wearied wanderers, seeking fairer and more fertile settlements, pitched their tents upon the star-lit heath, with bended knee and stooping soul, they bespoke the guardianship of those celestial eyes which looked down upon them from the fair face of heaven.* Having fallen thus far, the alienated heart of man had no power to arrest its apostasy.

In the early ages, agriculture engrossed, with a few privileged exceptions, the whole rude race of men. The men

* Jupiter, Apollo, Diana, Saturn, Mars, Venus, Mercury.

who had shut out the light of sacred tradition, must have felt a profound and perpetual consciousness of utter dependence upon the *earth* for all that could sustain life, or render it endurable; and men who had never been visited by the day-spring of science, must have marked the mysterious processes of vegetation with astonishment and awe. Ignorant of the operation of second causes, forgetful of the sovereign goodness of the great First Cause, they committed to the earth the grain, on the productiveness of which depended next year's subsistence. They marked the stages of reproduction with suspense, and they received its bountiful returns with jubilant exultation; whilst at less auspicious seasons, its unaccountable, and apparently arbitrary, sterility, filled them with apprehension and dismay; and thus the earth became the object of those emotions which border upon worship,—wonder, hope, and dread; feelings which soon embodied themselves in adoration, sacrifice, and prayer. Hence, one of the most ancient and popular of Pagan divinities is the *earth*.

Still further: mankind soon found how greatly their convenience and happiness were affected by skiey influences. They perceived that the earth usually takes its mood from the atmosphere; that the heavens shed a bloom or a blight upon the vineyard and the field; that their own minds took their cast of gaiety or gloom in sympathy with the sky. Thus we find that the ancient agricultural tribes—as the Arcadians, for example—worshipped the sky, the ether, the heavens.

When men began to scoop out the rude canoe, and to entrust their frail rafts to the changeful and capricious deep, then they naturally imagined a divinity of the *sea*. Nothing in external nature is so grand and godlike as the sea. I can well imagine souls without knowledge, either sacred or scientific, reasoning thus: If this puny and perishable thing, which calls itself man, this clod of crumbling clay, be endowed with a consciousness, an intellect, a will, a mighty, mysterious soul; is the royal and rejoicing sun, is the moon walking in queenly brightness, are the exalted stars, mere lifeless lumps of matter? Is the worm that crawls at will; is the reptile that the sun's genial beam quickens into exulting life, and proves the ecstasy of feeling itself a living being; is it higher

in the scale of being than the sun? that glorious orb whose blinding splendour man cannot look upon, and who seems to give life to all other things,—is it *without* life? is it a dull, soulless spark, all unconscious of its own brightness and benignity? And ocean, ancient, but ever young, unresting and eternal, ever changing, but the same; is it less divine than the man whose mightiest monuments it sweeps into nothingness, and whose gasping form it whirls into the abyss? Do man's inane and puling tones tell of passion and of power; and is there no meaning in the stupendous roar of ocean, deafening a thousand coasts? Do man's lips breathe intense affection and melting love; and does the soft, spiritual whisper of the tranquil deep speak no serenity and blessedness? If in anything one might imagine an immortal and ecstatic life, it is the sea. The divinely-elevated imagination of the Hebrew poets often represents the ocean as a conscious and self-acting being. "The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high." Hence the sea-god, the classic Neptune, received his fancied existence. Having once created a deity of the ocean, it would be easy and natural to find him an equipage. They would see in the gracefully breaking billows, majestically arching manes of his white horses. That is a most glorious and truthful touch of description of the Prophet, when, representing Jehovah riding upon the storm, he says, "Thou didst walk through the sea with thy horses of salvation." We need not wonder, then, that men of lawless hearts and lightless minds, and over-mastering imaginations, should fancy their ocean-god sweeping in swift and sounding sovereignty over the leaping billows, careering over the whirling mountains, darting into the pathless blackness.

And then the *wind*,—it could not long remain unworshipped: invisible, inscrutable, incomprehensible, uncontrolled, blowing where it listeth; they heard the sound thereof, but could not tell "whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." Thus was born the wind-god, the Æolus of the Greeks and Romans. All nations sought to propitiate the wrath of the whirlwind, and to win the favour of the breeze.

They did not rest until they had assigned a distinct divinity to every part of the visible creation. They worshipped

Aurora, the *morning*, for its rosy beauty, its balmy breath, its soul-reviving freshness; the *evening*, Hesperus, for its soft serenity, and its lingering glories; the *night*, for its silence, its awfulness, and its gloom. Wherever the landscape swelled into sublimity, or spread out into luxuriant loveliness, there they built an altar on every high hill, and under every green tree. They peopled the whole earth with a sort of subordinate divinities, called genii by the Orientals, and δαιμωνες by the Greeks. Fauns peeped from the dim avenues of every grove; naiads sported in every stream; satyrs danced in every desert. But, worse still, mankind made all their deities subservient to their own impure propensities. These spirits of the woods, the waters, and the wilds, were all represented as a brood of debauchery, the great privilege of whose godship consisted in the lawless indulgence of vice. Thus was all nature desecrated into a theatre of corruption. Pollution stained the crystal current of every stream; the pure mountain-breeze was made to breathe moral pestilence into the soul. Some ideal obscenity lurked in every vernal copse. Every woodland was haunted with unclean spirits. Unchaste fancies flitted across every scene of surpassing beauty. Thus man succeeded in making to himself a religion which should cater to, and consecrate, his vilest tendencies.

Another most prolific source of idolatry was the formation of symbolic representations of the Godhead, or of distinct perfections of the Divine nature, in the shape of quadrupeds and birds: the horned strength of the bull represented omnipotence; the milk-dripping teats of the cow emblemed the exuberant beneficence of the Giver of all good; the eagle, with outstretched pinions and piercing eye, symbolised the omnipresence and omniscience of the Deity; and the serpent, with tail between his teeth, forming a perfect circle, without beginning or end, signified the eternity of God. Now this is idolatry *proper*. From this practice the name "idol" is derived. It is a Greek word, the literal translation of which is, "a thing seen," "a visible object," representing a something invisible. It is derived from the verb ειδεω, or ειδω, "to see,"—a word springing, doubtless, from the same root as our English word "eye," the organ of vision, that

with which we see. The original and true orthography of the word "idol" is *eidol;* and the plain English of the Greek word "idolatry" is *eye-worship,* the giving religious homage to a visible object. Now, it is a provable fact, that for many centuries after the worship of images commenced, the idol was not regarded as properly God, but merely as the representative or emblem of God. This may be ascertained from Scripture itself. The first mention we have of images is Rachel's secreting the teraphim, or household gods, of her father, Laban. Two hundred and fifty years after this, the golden calf was formed by Aaron in the wilderness, at the demand of the Israelites. "Up, make us Elohim, who shall go before us." It is plain from the whole narrative that they never imagined the calf to be an actual divinity, but a mere symbol of the true God; for their first request was, "Make us," not *gods,* as it stands in our version, but "Aleim," God; the very same word which Moses applies to the Creator. "In the beginning God" (*Aleim*) "created," &c. And when the figure was shapen and set up, they exclaimed, "These be thy Aleim," thy Triune God, "who brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." And the narration proceeds, "And Aaron built an altar before it, and made proclamation, and said, To-morrow is a feast to the Lord. And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings." And the Psalmist says, "They made a calf in Horeb, and worshipped the molten image. Thus they changed their glory into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass." And yet this very idol was unquestionably an imitation of the god of Heliopolis; or, as it is named in the book of Genesis, "On," the chief city of the land of Goshen, where the Hebrews dwelt, and to a daughter of the Priest of which place Joseph was married, as is stated, you remember, in the forty-first of Genesis. And Pharaoh "gave Joseph to wife the daughter of Potipherah, Priest of On." The inhabitants of this city worshipped an idol in the figure of a calf, which they called "Mne," and the Greeks, "Mneois." A painting of this deity exists on the coffin of a mummy now preserved at Turin, the name "Mne" being distinctly written upon it, in the ancient sacred characters of

Egypt. It is of a rich yellow colour, plainly representing a golden image. Between its horns it has a globe, intended for the sun's disc, the sun being the tutelar divinity of the chief city of the land of Goshen; from which fact it was called by the Greeks "Heliopolis," the city of the sun. This globe is surmounted by a plume of ostrich-feathers, the symbol of justice, and by the whip, the emblem of authority. This was, no doubt, the figure which was worshipped by the Israelites at the base of Mount Sinai. We may therefore safely conclude that the Egyptians did not, at that time, attach any higher dignity to their graven images than that of being the symbols and embodiments of invisible powers, since the Hebrews must have learned from them both the practice and the interpretation of image-worship, having grown up amidst their idolatries, and, in all probability, commingled in them. Image-worship, therefore, originated in the attempt of the human mind to escape from the labour of elevating itself to communion with the unseen and infinite God, by making the object of his worship palpable to the senses; giving it a shape and an embodiment, "a local habitation and a name."

THOMAS BILNEY, THE MARTYR.

Some have denied Christ; some have died for Him; some have both denied Him and died for Him. Judas denied Him from want of principle,—he had not faith; Peter from pressure of temptation,—his faith failed him for the time. "A proud look before a fall:" this was strongly exemplified in the case of Peter. Virtually he said, "What! deny Thee? Surely, the love I am conscious of towards Thee shall carry me through fire and flood with Thee. Though all should deny Thee, yet will not I. Think not so unworthily of Thy servant." The disciple was counting upon his own strength: he had forgotten that it is only through grace that any man can stand. Being full of this self-confident spirit,—we may call it carnal pride,—what a poor part did he act when it came to the extremity! He does not silently deny Christ: it is not by refusing to answer the questions put to him that he seeks

to escape; but, with stormy words, he gave the proposition a flat contradiction. His passion rising with his fears, he curses and swears, as one would suppose, to give a proof of what he said, leaving them to infer, (if, indeed, he was at the moment capable of reasoning,) that one with so foul a tongue could never have been associated with the Lord Jesus as one of His disciples. So it went on till the crowing of the cock, when the words of his Master, coming to mind, smote him dumb with remorse; and the look of Jesus broke his heart. He could no longer deny Christ. He could bear no more. He went out, and wept bitterly. The tradition of Peter's death is doubtful. It is, however, probable that he sealed his faith with his blood.

Peter was not singular in his denying Christ, and afterwards bitterly and sincerely repenting of his great wickedness, suffering almost all sorts of persecution, for Christ. In the records of the martyrs, like instances occur. There is the case of Bilney, for example; "Little Bilney," as Latimer affectionately calls him. He suffered in the days of Henry VIII., when many others of Christ's faithful witnesses were thinned out. He was an ardent spirit, with a heart overflowing with love to Christ; a most zealous labourer in the Gospel vineyard; not easily daunted, not readily to be turned aside from his purpose, which was, through the help of God, to win precious, immortal souls. It was dangerous work, in those days of Rome's triumph, to preach the Gospel; and still more dangerous at Cambridge, one of the strongholds of Rome's camp, where almost all were sworn liegemen of Antichrist. Bilney was a Cambridge student, and his zeal found out many ways to publish the Gospel amongst his fellow-collegians, the sick, and the prisoners. It was through his instrumentality that Latimer, at the time the stoutest Papist among them all, was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. "Here I have occasion," says Latimer, (in his first sermon on the Lord's Prayer,) who frequently makes mention of Bilney, and always with much warmth of feeling, "to tell you a story which happened at Cambridge. Master Bilney was the instrument whereby God called me to knowledge; for I may thank him, next to God, for that knowledge

I have in the word of God. For I was as obstinate a Papist as any was in England; insomuch, that when I should be made Bachelor of Divinity, my whole oration was against Philip Melancthon, and against his opinions. Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived I was zealous without knowledge; and he came to me afterward in my study, and desired me for God's sake to hear his confession. I did so; and, to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than afore in many years. So from that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school Doctors and such fooleries."

The Heads of Houses, and other rulers of the University, could not remain long blind to what was passing so near them. Bilney's heretical and destructive doctrines, as they called them, were soon the subject of discussion, and the alarm was raised. "We are here to guard the purity of the faith; and such weeds must be rooted out." They accordingly complained to Wolsey, who was not slow in appointing a tribunal for the trial of the man who disturbed the peace. "This," says one of the biographers of Latimer, "was in 1527; and Tonstall, Bishop of London, a man of mild character, laboured so effectually with Bilney, as to prevail upon him to make a public abjuration." The same is noticed by Latimer, in his own quaint way, in his sermon on Luke xxi. 25—28. Speaking of the evil times mentioned in the text, amongst many other things, he says, "Men shall be wonderful fearful—they shall pine away for fear; and no doubt these shall be good men which shall be thus troubled with such a fear of this day; for you know the worldlings they care not for that day; yea, they scant will believe that there shall be such a day; that there shall be another world; or at the least way they would not wish that there should be another world; therefore they shall be godly men which shall be so used, to be tokens unto the world. And no doubt there hath been here in England many already which have been so vexed and turmoiled with such fear. That same Master Bilney which was burned here in England for God's word's sake, was induced and persuaded by his friends to bear a faggot at the time when the Cardinal (Wolsey) was aloft, and bore the swing."

Bilney, like Peter, has denied his Lord. Through the fear of martyrdom, by the persuasions of Tonstall, he made a public recantation. Afterwards he was sent down again to his college at Cambridge, to live quietly, and enjoy what peace he could. Follow him there, and watch him, and see if he had peace. He was thoroughly persuaded of two things: of justification by faith alone, and of the anti-Christianism of the doctrines of Rome. The torments he has prepared for himself are worse than the prison, the gibbet, or the stake. He has denied his Lord; sold Him; crucified Him afresh; put Him to an open shame. He cannot rest. It is as if he had the worm of hell in his bosom. Day or night no rest for him. He is pined to a shadow, and has become deadly pale. No man can relieve his suffering. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" He does not want for human sympathy. Many love him: there are several with him who were converted, or built up, through his labours. One or other is often with him in his chamber; sometimes singly, sometimes together. They strive for him in prayer. Every comfortable passage is searched out of Scripture, and brought to him. "God is faithful," he said: "all His promises are true. Let all God's people be sure to comfort themselves with them—they cannot fail: but as for me, I have betrayed Christ; for a little worldly ease I have sold Him. I have dug for myself a place in hell." And so he could take no comfort, and remained day and night, for twelve months, in most dreary, comfortless despair. "An irksome thing, and an horrible image must that needs be," says Latimer, (in his seventh sermon before Edward VI.,) "that is brought in by such a thing so hated by God; yea, this face of death and hell is so terrible, that such as have been wicked men had rather be hanged than abide it. As Ahithophel, that traitor to David, like an ambitious wretch, thought to have come to higher promotion, and therefore conspired with Absalom against his master, David: he, when he saw his counsel took no place, goes and hangs himself, in contemplation of this evil-favoured face of death. Judas, also, when he came with ambushments to take his Master, Christ, in beholding this horrible face, hanged himself. Yea, the people of God, the faithful, having the beholding of this face,

(though God hath always preserved them: such a good God is He to them that believe in Him, that 'He will not suffer them to be tempted above that they are able to bear,') yet for all that, there is nothing that they complain of more sore than this horror of death. I knew a man myself, Bilney, little Bilney, that blessed martyr of God, what time he had borne his faggot" (abjured), "and was come again to Cambridge, had such conflicts within himself, beholding this image of death, that his friends were afraid to let him be alone; they were fain to be with him day and night, and comforted him as they could; but no comforts would serve. As for the comfortable places of Scripture, to bring them unto him, it was as though a man would run him through the heart with a sword."

Out of this fearful state, however, Bilney was at length delivered. He was again restored to peace and comfort, and once more rejoiced in the joys of God's salvation. He immediately took his resolution. He found that it would not do for him to remain silent: he must be up and about his Master's work. In the hall of his college, he one evening took farewell of his friends, never again to return to their society there. From Cambridge, he hastened into Norfolk, his native county, and preached the Gospel, first in private houses, and then openly in the fields. In this work he was not long engaged before he was apprehended by the Bishop of Norwich; and, no trial being necessary for the condemnation of a known relapse, the Bishop sent to Lord Chancellor More for a writ to burn him. Before the return of the messengers the "heretic" had been degraded with great publicity, and committed to the custody of the Sheriffs. During the two days that elapsed between his committal and execution, many resorted to him, with whom he held comfortable intercourse, exhorting them to perseverance in the faith, and strengthening them out of the Scriptures, which he expounded much to their edification. He had much precious communion with God through Christ; and at the stake was greatly upheld, sealing his testimony with his blood, and passing through the cruel flames to the rest prepared for the people of God.

WARNING AGAINST PERNICIOUS READING.

I once addressed a young man (says the Rev. J. Watson) on the subject of religion; and, not being aware of his state of mind, thought it needful to take a rapid glance at the evidences and discoveries of Revelation. He, however, interrupted me, and said, "I am acquainted with all these things beforehand. My father is a Clergyman. I once attended Dr. R——,' (a popular Preacher of the present day,) 'and went far towards making a profession of religion. It was then my delight; but I fell into gay associations, and took to reading Byron, and became another man. *I have now no feeling.* These truths affect you; but they move me no more than they do the floor on which you stand." With this he drew "Don Juan" from his breast, threw it on the ground, and, looking fiercely, cursed it as it fell.

THE BIBLE AND ASTRONOMY.

The science of astronomy early attracted the attention of men. This was natural, as its objects are equally prominent and imposing. The sun, "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run his race;" the moon, "soon as the evening shades prevail," emerging above the horizon, and presiding in queen-like beauty over the scene; along with the stars, multitudinous and diversified, that adorn her train: these are sights not to be contemplated but with emotions of wonder and delight. This branch of knowledge, in all probability, had its commencement among the ancient Chaldeans. Their clear, unclouded atmosphere gave them peculiar advantages; but, alas! these were made subservient to idolatrous practices. Living in a climate where the rays of the sun are never darkened, and the night is always clear and bright by means of the light of the moon and stars, they were led to believe that light was the soul of nature. Accordingly, it was by the light of the sun and stars that the universal Spirit brought forth all things; and therefore the Chaldeans offered their homage to the Supreme Being in the heavenly bodies, where He appeared to them in an especial manner to dwell. As the stars form separate

bodies, imagination represented them as distinct existences, which had each their peculiar functions, and exerted a separate influence in bringing forth the productions of nature. The idea of a universal Spirit disappeared, as being too abstract for the people, and not without difficulty for cultivated minds; and worship was offered to the stars, as so many powers that governed the world. It is easy to see how the Chaldeans passed from this early corruption of the primitive religion of the Bible to a low and degrading polytheism. (Jer. vii. 17, 18.)

The Egyptians were in ancient times the rivals of the Chaldeans in astronomy; but our space does not admit of our entering upon a history of the science, nor does the object of this article require it. Suffice it to remark, that the most signal progress of astronomy dates from the times of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, and especially from the invention of the telescope towards the close of the sixteenth century. Galileo having heard, while in Venice, that Metius, a Dutch optician, had discovered a certain combination of lenses, by means of which distant objects were approximated to the sight, immediately set himself to work to ascertain how this was effected; and next day he produced a telescope which magnified about three times.

By this marvellous apparatus we can penetrate to distant regions of space; we can pass from planet to sun, and from sun to system. Those brilliant points which bestud our firmament, what are they? Have they no higher end than to glimmer upon some forlorn wanderers, or to present a show magnificent enough to the eyes of mortals? Astronomy, with its telescope, enables us, in some measure, to answer the question. The moon shines, refulgent with her mountains and her plains; and those orbs so inconceivably distant from us are suns, the radiating centres round which unnumbered planets roll. Those clusters of stars or nebulæ, which for a long time no telescopic power could resolve, and about which so many extravagant speculations were afloat, have been, partially at least, revealed by recent discoveries, and that not as the seats of unfinished and progressing creations, but as new firmaments and systems, stretching into the infinitudes

of space. And all these, though separated by immense distances from one another, are regulated by certain laws, which serve to bind them into one great and compact whole.

In regard to the bearing which this grand, this master science has on the revelation God has given us of His mind and will, we must remark, that astronomy bears not so much on the minutiæ of Scripture as on its leading facts, and that its evidence is rather confirmatory than explanatory. In general, by this science, those views which are given us, in the Bible, of the natural attributes of Jehovah, are corroborated and deepened. Take, for example, the power of God. Says Job, (chap. xxvi. 14,) "The thunder of His *power*, who can understand?" And the Psalmist, in a like spirit, exclaims, "Great is our Lord, and of great *power*." (Psalm cxlvii. 5.) Doubtless we see proofs of this Divine perfection in the workings of nature all around us; in the budding of every plant, in the conformation of every stone, in the mechanism of every animal. But here the soul is bewildered by the vastness of her flights. The sun is calculated to be one million three hundred thousand times larger than our earth. If we cannot take in the thought of this immensity, what shall we say of a globe many thousand times larger than that sun itself? And it is not one, but a hundred millions of such mighty spheres that man himself may observe; and if each of these fixed stars be a sun, (as is almost certain,) we may infer that around it revolve thirty satellites: thus we have at one glance three thousand million globes, each as large, most many times larger, than that sun which irradiates our day. And these are all the workmanship of Him who "is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working," who keeps them in their orbits by the touch of His finger, who guides them in their path by the impulse of His will. What emphasis does this give to the statements of Scripture! "Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host." (Neh. ix. 6.) "Which alone spreadeth out the heavens; which doeth great things past finding out." (Job ix. 8, 10.) "Who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens

as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." (Isai. xl. 22.)

The Bible, in some places, seems to anticipate the discoveries of modern astronomy. For instance, Gen. xv. 5; Jer. xxxiii. 22. The number of stars visible to the eye at one time, is not more than a thousand; and it must be borne in mind, that, when these words were penned, that unassisted eye was the only medium through which the heavenly bodies could be viewed. Hipparchus could map out the heavens, and catalogue every star that glittered there: but the word of God restricts not their number; on the contrary, while all experience was against it, declares them to be innumerable. In Job xxvi. 7, and Isai. xl. 22, we have expressions, it may be casually dropped, that involve the true figure and relation of the earth, when these were as yet shrouded in the mists of vague hypothesis. Astronomers have come to the conclusion that those vast masses of matter, so thickly strewn through the universe, are worlds, peopled with sentient beings. They tell us of light beaming athwart those planetary spheres, of colour diversifying their landscapes, of clouds floating in their atmospheres; and as these agents—heat, light, and shade—can only have relation to the happiness of organized intelligences, they have argued, and we hold fairly, that nature, through all the limitless extent of her dominion, is instinct with life; that those temples of sublimest structure are not silent, but vocal, echoing the busy hum of the dwellers there. Well! is this not the very language and spirit of the Scriptures? "What is man?" exclaims the Psalmist. "All *nations* before Him are as nothing," says the evangelical Prophet; while, not to multiply examples, how frequently do we find that remarkable phrase, "The host of heaven," scattered over the sacred page! How beautifully is that passage in 1 Cor. xv. 41 explained by a reference to the stellar heavens! The light of the stars is found to be different, although, to a mere spectator, nearly of the same aspect. Many of those called double, or binary, exhibit contrasted or complementary colours: thus, if one is red, the other will be green. And then, too, with regard to the planets of our own system, with whose arrangements we are necessarily most

acquainted, how diverse is the grandeur of Saturn from that of Mars, or Jupiter from that of Venus! What new force do these views throw into the Apostle's words! While all the glorified bodies of the saints shall be perfect, shining transcripts of God's own character, and drawn towards Him by indissoluble affection, there shall be grades and degrees in the "new heavens," as now in the old. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Formerly some classes of infidels were wont to sneer at the darkness which was said to have taken place at the crucifixion of our Lord, and to say that this could easily be accounted for by supposing a solar eclipse. Such an opinion as the above has long ago been entirely demolished; for even a tyro in the rudiments of astronomy knows that an eclipse of the sun cannot last longer than five minutes, while this meridian darkness continued three hours; besides, the death of our Lord took place at the time of the Jewish Passover, which was always kept at full moon, when no eclipse of the sun, according to the ordinary laws of nature, could take place. Thus the miracles of inspiration, instead of being explained on natural principles by subsequent scientific investigations, are, by these very means, supported and confirmed. Passing several other agreements and corroborations which might have been mentioned, we conclude this imperfect sketch with remarking that the legitimate effect of astronomical studies is, to inspire the mind at once with devotion, humility, and confidence. "An undevout astronomer is mad." Such a character, under the full blaze of God's presence, would be insensible of His nearness. The stars should preach to us of God. The poet has well said,—

> "In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> For ever singing, as they shine,
> 'The Hand that made us is divine.'"

With what emotions should the Christian contemplate such scenes! I may yet pass from one to another of these shining ranks, whilst the glory and sublimity of their scenery, and

the converse of their inhabitants, shall but awaken in me a keener desire of knowing Him who is the Unsearchable. Let, then, our conversation be as becomes heirs of "the inheritance of the saints in light."

NOTICES OF DR. ARNOLD AS A TEACHER.

(*Continued from page* 280.)

In our former remarks on Dr. Arnold's life and character, we quoted a passage from one of his letters, written immediately after his appointment as Head Master of Rugby-school, in which he declared it to be his earnest desire "to make it a place of Christian education." Now there is a very wide difference betwixt the imparting of Christian instruction and Christian education. In saying so, however, we must explain what we mean; for this distinction is constantly overlooked. Judging from what is said and written about education, even many who seem to regard themselves as authorities on the subject, do not seem to have the very slightest idea that the mere imparting of religious knowledge is not *religious education.* No one understood the difference betwixt these better than Dr. Arnold. "Consider," he says, "what a religious education, in the true sense of the word, is: it is no other than a training our children to life eternal; no other than the making them know and love God, know and abhor evil; no other than the fashioning all the parts of our nature for the very ends which God designed for them,—the teaching our understandings to know the highest truth, the teaching our affections to love the highest good.....Schools can certainly give religious instruction; but it is not certain they will give religious education.....To give a man a Christian education, is to make him love God as well as know Him; to make him have faith in Christ as well as to have been taught the facts that He died for our sins, and rose again; to make Him open his heart eagerly to every impulse of the Holy Spirit, as well as to have been taught the fact, as it is in the Nicene Creed, that He is the Lord and Giver of spiritual life.

.....A school does its best to educate, as well as to instruct, when not only does the teacher's example agree with his teaching, but when he does his endeavour to make the example and influence of the boys themselves (a far greater matter than his own) agree with it also. If he can succeed in this, his school will, to many, be a place of real Christian education; it will have taught them to know Christ, and helped them to love and obey Him."

Such were Dr. Arnold's views of the difference betwixt religious instruction and religious education; and such was the idea of a place of Christian education which he had formed, and which it was the labour of his life to realise. For Dr. Arnold was no dreamer, no visionary, not a man of mere theory; he was emphatically a man of action. He had framed in his mind the idea of a Christian school; and earnestly and perseveringly he laboured to make Rugby that school. He could not hope to send forth all educated, though he made it his endeavour to do so; and he took care, if he could only send forth many educated, to send forth all instructed.

The religious instruction which he imparted to his pupils was ever of that nature, and imparted in that manner, which he thought best fitted to promote religious education. Dr. Arnold was not satisfied with explaining to them the doctrines and duties of religion; but he sought to make those doctrines live within them, that the duties might not only be known, but practised. His instructions were not addressed merely to their understandings: he was ever appealing to their consciences, and seeking to lay hold of their hearts. He not only gave his pupils, to use his own metaphor, a map of the road which they were going, and which would keep them in the right way if they used it; but, knowing from his own deep experience, how wayward, and weak, and irresolute they were, he sought to impress upon them the danger of erring, and the willingness of their Saviour to strengthen them, and their responsibility, as knowing the way, and having all needful grace in their offer.

And then he sought to prepare those entrusted to his care for the world and for eternity, by leading them rightly to

improve the manifold discipline to which they were necessarily subjected in a large school like that over which he presided. He regarded the school, and he sought to lead his pupils to regard it, as a sort of epitome of the world; and their life there as calculated to exercise such an influence on their character, that, almost to a moral certainty, their life in the world would be only an enlarged edition of their life at school. For even as in the world they should have trials, and temptations, and responsibilities, so had they all these at school. And Dr. Arnold knew well, that if he could only, by Gospel motives and encouragements, lead them to overcome the trials they met with at school, they would thereby be prepared for overcoming the trials they should meet with in the world; that if they could be roused and encouraged to resist the stream of influence toward evil that, in every large school, sweeps along all "neutral and indecisive characters," they would be prepared for resisting, in after-life, the stream of popular opinion and worldly custom; that if they could be led to exercise the influence they had with their companions, and especially over those younger than themselves, for good, and not for evil, they might be expected to use their influence over their fellow-men for good in after-life; and that, if they could be led not to fear ridicule, not to shrink from duty through fear of their companions, but to reverence their teachers, to do their will, and to respect their authority, they should thus be prepared for going steadfastly on their way through life, fearing God, and having a tender regard to His will. And then, again, in the ordinary business of the school, there was the preparation for the great business of life; and that not merely in the giving of knowledge, but *in the forming of habits.* Dr. Arnold's sound penetration led him to use the ordinary discipline of the school as an instrument for promoting God's glory. He brought the lessons of religion to bear upon the performance of the most common duties of the school-room; so that his pupils might feel, that, even when learning Latin, or Greek, or history, or geography, they were under the eye of God, and were doing or disregarding His will, according as they did what was appointed them faithfully or slothfully. Thus Dr. Arnold laboured to

make those entrusted to his care religious men, who should carry their religion with them into the world, and even in the ordinary business of life be doing the will of God. Labouring to infuse energy into his pupils in the school-room, and to make them feel that a great and earnest work was going on there, training them up to habits of diligence and perseverance, he sought to send into the world men of energy, making their influence to be felt there, and to be felt for good; earnest men, feeling they had a work to do which it was their duty to do with all their might, and to do well. He himself had drunk deeply into the spirit of what he himself called "that magnificent sentence of Bacon,"—"IN THIS WORLD GOD ONLY AND THE ANGELS MAY BE SPECTATORS;" and by his example, his instructions, and his discipline, he sought to send back to his parents and to the world, every boy given him in charge, with "that magnificent sentence" written on his heart.

We have perhaps kept our readers longer with Dr. Arnold in the school-room than was necessary for impressing them with the greatness and goodness of his character as a teacher. But truly a visit to that school-room is well calculated to profit, and hath doubtless been made profitable to many a grown man, as well as to many a boy. We now hasten on to lay before our readers the result of Dr. Arnold's energy and devotedness. We have, in regard to this, the testimony of one, than whom there could not have been found a man better qualified to give an opinion. It is the testimony of Dr. Moberly, Head Master of Winchester, one of the first schools in England. He had been, before his appointment to that office, tutor in the most flourishing college in the University of Oxford, and therefore had the best opportunities of seeing the effects of Dr. Arnold's training, as exhibited by those of his pupils who went to Oxford to study. He says, speaking of the state of matters when he himself went to the University, "The tone of young men at the University, whether from Manchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or wherever else, was universally irreligious. A religious undergraduate was very rare, very much laughed at when he appeared, and I think I may say, hardly to be found among public schoolmen.....

A most singular and striking change has come upon our public schools; .....and I am sure that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence, and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University, that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford, than that which we knew elsewhere." Thus testifies Dr. Moberly to the effects of Dr. Arnold's influence and labours; and in the same letter, though he had but a slight acquaintance with Dr. Arnold, he expresses his own obligations to him. "I have always felt and acknowledged," he writes, "that I owe more to a few casual remarks of his in respect of the government of a public school, than to any advice or example of any other person. If there be improvement in the important points of which I have been speaking at Winchester, (and from the bottom of my heart I testify with great thankfulness that the improvement is real and great,) I do declare in justice, that his example encouraged me to hope that it might be effected, and his hints suggested to me the way of effecting it."

Such was Dr. Arnold in the school-room; earnest, energetic, laborious, God-fearing. And he was earnest in everything. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might. As we may well imagine, he had but little time at Rugby for literary pursuits; and yet he accomplished much, in circumstances in which most men would have accomplished nothing. Fragments of time he esteemed precious, and he turned them all to account. He was engaged in writing a "History of Rome," of which three volumes have been published,—all that he had completed when his labours here were ended by his sudden death. He had other works in view; one of which was a "Commentary on the New Testament:" but this he did not live even to begin.

It may not be improper to conclude these "Notices of Dr. Arnold as a Teacher" by briefly adverting to the deep interest which he took in the advancement of the general population. No man ever lived who had a deeper conviction

that all schemes to make a population moral, without making it religious, must come to nought. He felt that the strength of a great country like ours consists in a well-conditioned people; and that if they are allowed to sink down into ignorance and infidelity, the greatness of her Princes and the wisdom of her rulers will alike be powerless to arrest her decline. The providing of wholesome instruction for the lower classes, therefore, was what he greatly desired. He longed to see science and religion, which had been so long divorced, again united; and from the useful knowledge provided for the people, the salt of the Gospel no longer studiously excluded. To bring about this end he was ready to give time, labour, money. Nay, he gave them all: he sought to stir up others to this work of reformation, and he laboured in it himself. He communicated with the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," urging his views upon their attention, and seeking to impress upon them the importance of having a religious tone imparted to their publications. "I am not wishing," he writes, "to see the Society's tracts turned into sermons; far less to see them intermeddle in what are strictly theological controversies..... But it does seem to me as forced and unnatural in us now to dismiss the principles of the Gospel, and its great motives, from our consideration, as it is to fill our pages with Hebraisms, and to write and speak in the style of the Bible. The slightest touches of Christian principle and Christian hope, in the Society's biographical and historical articles, would be a sort of living salt to the whole, and would exhibit that union which I never will consent to think unattainable between goodness and wisdom; between everything that is manly, sensible, and free, and everything that is pure, and self-denying, and humble, and heavenly." It was great disappointment to Dr. Arnold to find that the Society was unwilling to adopt his views. "There was a show of reason," he said, "in excluding Christianity from the plan of the Society's works, so long as they avowedly confined themselves to science, or to intellectual instruction; but in a paper intended to improve its readers *morally*, to make men better and happier, as well as better informed, surely neutrality with regard to Christi-

anity, is virtually hostility." The paper to which Dr. Arnold here alludes was the "Penny Magazine." Having a wide circulation, being read by all classes, and being designed not merely to instruct but to profit, he desired earnestly to see its articles imbued with a Christian spirit. He did not wish to see it what, strictly speaking, we would call a religious magazine, but he wished to see it Christian; he wished and longed to see it conducted in a religious spirit; and not, week after week, leaving it uncertain, from internal evidence, whether those who wrote in it had so much as heard of Christianity. "For myself," he says, "I am well aware of my own insignificance; but if there were no other objection to the 'Penny Magazine' assuming a decided Christian tone, than mere difficulties of execution, I would most readily offer my best services, such as they are, to the Society, and would endeavour to furnish them regularly with articles of the kind that I desire." This he was ready to do in the midst of all the pressing calls upon his time; nay, he adds, "I should think that I could not do too much to contribute to the support of what would then be so great a national blessing; and I should beg to be allowed to offer £50 annually towards it, so long as my remaining in my present situation enabled me to gratify my inclinations to that extent."

In his intense anxiety to see wholesome instruction diffused amongst the lower ranks of society, he found few ready to sympathise with him, or lend him a helping hand. From another source he also met with disappointment. Being appointed to a Fellowship in the Senate of the New London University, he attempted to give a religious character to the education imparted there. Here, too, he experienced the same want of sympathy. He proposed that a knowledge of the Christian religion should be required of all candidates for degrees; and this he pressed upon his colleagues with all his natural eagerness and earnestness. The answer he ever met with was, that "though his proposal might be right in itself, the times would not bear it." To this Dr. Arnold's noble reply was, "I do not understand how the times can help bearing what an honest man has the resolution to do. They may hinder his views from gaining full success, but they

cannot destroy the moral force of his protest against them; and, at any rate, they cannot make him do their work without his own co-operation." Dr. Arnold was unsuccessful. What the times were unwilling to bear, his colleagues were unwilling to do. The examination in religious knowledge was made voluntary; that is to say, of every candidate for a degree, it was required that he should know the dead languages, and that he should be acquainted with the principles upon which scientific inquiry is conducted, and that he should undergo an examination in moral science; but it was not required of any candidate that he should know, or ever have read, the system of morality that came down from heaven, or that Book which maketh truly wise for time, and at the same time wise for eternity! "How can any Christian man," asks Dr. Arnold, "lend himself to the propagating or sanctioning a system of moral knowledge which assumes that Christ's law is not our rule, nor His promises our motives, of action? This, then, is my principle, that moral studies, not based on Christianity, must be unchristian, and therefore are such as I can take no part in." Accordingly, when at length it was finally determined that no scriptural examination should be required for a degree, he withdrew from the Senate of the London University. No other course seemed open to him: he felt that, as a Christian, he could not countenance a system of education that did not acknowledge Christianity as the truth; and surely no system of education can acknowledge that we have a religion given by God, of which instruction in that religion does not form a part.

DR. CHALMERS'S LETTER TO ANNE.

Dr. Chalmers was, as you doubtless know, one of the greatest and best men of the age. Though he was greatly honoured, yet he was a very humble man; for he was a true follower of Christ. He loved to do good to all men. He was a great friend to the poor. He was a great friend to children.

When he was away from home, he used to write to his

children in a most interesting and instructive style. Here is an extract from a letter which he wrote to his little Anne. You may read it as though it were addressed to you. The advice it contains is as important to you as it was to Anne.

"I am your earthly father; God is your heavenly Father, and He is always thinking of you, and loves you, and wants you to be fit for seeing Him in that happy and glorious place where Christ sitteth at His right hand. Papa has written you this letter, to let you know how much he wishes you to be good and obedient to your parents, and sorry for your faults, and desirous of becoming better, being kind and respectful to all who are older than yourself. And so likewise has your heavenly Father written you a letter, a very large letter, that has been printed and made into a book, the name of which you very well know. And what I want you to do with that book is to read it, and do what it bids you, and to mind what it tells you, and to pray that God will enable you more and more to understand and love it; for be assured, my dear Anne, that it is only by taking our lesson from God, and doing the will of God, that we can either please Him in time, or be happy with Him in eternity."

Now let me ask the young reader how he has treated his heavenly Father's letter. If your earthly father were away from home, and were to write you a letter expressing his affection for you, and directing you to do certain things, you would think it a great insult to your father to suffer it to lie unopened. Have you not suffered your heavenly Father's letter to lie unopened? Have you not neglected the Bible? Have you not omitted to do many things which it commands? Have you not done many things which it forbids? Have you not treated your heavenly Father very unkindly, very disrespectfully? Will you continue to do so?

LITERARY DISHONESTY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

During the sixteenth century, (says Dr. Cunningham, in his Preface to Bishop Stillingfleet's Reply to Gother,) Popish

controversialists seldom complained of being misrepresented, but endeavoured to defend their real doctrines as well as they could. They succeeded, however, so ill in this work, that they soon found it expedient to allege that the Protestants misunderstood and misrepresented their tenets, and, at the same time, attempted to soften their absurdity by subtle and insidious explanations.

One of the first attempts of this kind with which we are acquainted, is to be found in a work published in 1634, entitled, "*Deus, Natura, Gratia,*" &c., by Franciscus a Santa Clara, who was a Professor in the University of Louvain, but had resided a long time in England. One object of his book is to show that there is no very material difference in doctrine between Protestants and Papists; and with this view he goes over the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, endeavouring to show, in regard to those of them which are plainly levelled against Popish tenets, but where Popery is not expressly mentioned, that the Popish doctrine, when rightly understood, (that is, by the help of his subtle glosses and Jesuitical explanations,) did not substantially differ from that of the Church of England: and, in regard to those of them in which Popish doctrines are expressly condemned by name, that the compilers of the Articles did not correctly understand what the doctrine of the Church of Rome on these points was; that they condemned only an imagination of their own; and that, if they had known the true Popish doctrines upon these topics, they would have characterized them in a different way.

Bishop Hall, in his "Censure of Travel," gives a very striking and graphic account of the fraud and manœuvring employed by Popish Priests to entrap Englishmen whom they found travelling upon the Continent. It appears, from his statement, that the art of softening and modifying the offensive tenets of Popery had not yet found its way into Popish books, but was extensively employed in conversation. He tells us that "Popery spoken and written are two things;" and "that in discourse nothing is more ordinary than to disclaim some of their received positions, and to blanch" (whitewash) "others, and to allege that it is the malice of an enemy that misreports

them." "They deliver," he says, "the opinion of their Church with such mitigation and favour as those that care to please, not to inform; forming the voice of the Church to the liking of the hearer, not the judgment of the hearer to the voice of the Church. Resolved to outface all evidence, they make fair weather of their foulest opinions, and inveigh against nothing so much as the spitefulness of our slanders. It is not possible that any wise stranger should be in love with the face of the Church, if they might see her in her own likeness; and, therefore, *they have cunningly masked one part of it, and painted another.*" The arts which, in Bishop Hall's time, were employed only in conversation, have been since extensively introduced by the Papists into their writings; and his description, above-quoted, applies with singular accuracy to many of their productions in more modern times, and especially in the present day.

Perhaps the most celebrated Popish work directed to the object of representing Popish doctrines in a fraudulent and insidious way, is Bossuet's "Exposition of the Doctrine of the Catholic Church in Matters of Controversy;" and probably we could not produce a more striking illustration of the dishonesty of Papists in representing their doctrines than by mentioning some facts in the history of this celebrated production. But before proceeding to this instructive and melancholy narrative, it may be proper to mention the light in which modern Papists regard Bossuet's "Exposition."

Mr. Butler, in his "Book of the Roman Catholic Church," (p. 10,) mentions Bossuet's "Exposition" as a book in which a correct and authentic statement of Popish doctrine is to be found; and in his Vindication of the preceding work, (p. 8,) he makes the following assertion in regard to it:—"Roman Catholics have but one opinion of it: all, without exception, acknowledge it to be a full and faultless exposition of the doctrines of their Church. I could not, therefore, have referred Protestants to a more authentic exposition of the Catholic creed." Dr. Murray, the Popish Archbishop of Dublin, in his famous letter to his "beloved fellow-Christians, the Protestants of Great Britain," in regard to "Dens's Theology," thus addressed them:—"Take the trouble of

making yourselves acquainted, through authentic sources, with the real differences between us and you. You will find them in a little book, which I pray you to read over: it is a short explanation of the Roman Catholic faith, by Bossuet."

Let us attend, then, to some of the circumstances connected with this "full and faultless exposition" of the creed of Popery derived chiefly from the prefaces to Archbishop Wake's "Exposition of the Doctrines of the Church of England," and to his two Defences of it, where they are established by incontrovertible evidence. Bossuet's "Exposition" was published in 1671, when great efforts were making to convert the Protestants in France. It had the approving attestation of eleven Bishops; and when it was fully printed, and just about to issue from the press, its author sent a copy of it to the Faculty of the Sorbonne, who, instead of approving it, marked for correction not a few passages, in which the author, with the view of softening the harsh tenets of Popery, had misrepresented the real doctrines of the Church. Bossuet immediately suppressed this edition, and in a few months published another, in which he availed himself, to some extent, of the censure of the Sorbonne; although even this he could never prevail on that learned body to approve. Many Papists disapproved of the book, as an unfaithful statement of Popish doctrine, and as going too far in the way of accommodation of Protestant prejudices. The reigning Pope, Clement X., positively refused to sanction it, though importuned to do so for a period of five years; and it was not till after three years of reiterated importunity that his successor, Pope Innocent XI., was at last prevailed upon, in 1679, to recommend it "as eminently fitted to promote the Catholic faith, on account of its doctrine, method, and *prudence*;" while, on the very same day, His Holiness issued another brief, approving a book which taught a different and opposite doctrine from that of Bossuet and the Gallican Church on the subject of Papal authority. Imbert, a Doctor of Divinity in Bourdeaux, was accused of heresy in 1683; and, although he proved that his doctrine upon the point was exactly the same as that contained in Bossuet's "Exposition," he was condemned and imprisoned for it by his Archbishop. Witt, a Popish

Priest in Mechlin, was also accused of heresy in 1685; and, though he supported his opinion by the authority of Bossuet, in his "Exposition," yet the Faculty of Louvain condemned it as scandalous and pernicious.

Cardinal Capisucchi, Master of the Sacred Palace, and Cardinal Bona, whose recommendations of the "Exposition" are prefixed to the later editions of it, taught, in their own works, published about the same time, doctrines on the worship of saints and images opposed to that of the book which they recommended, and more in accordance with the tenets of the Church of Rome.

When these facts were published by Wake, Bossuet came forward, and publicly denied the existence of any edition which had been censured by the Sorbonne, and suppressed by himself. Wake providentially had procured a copy of it when he was Chaplain to the British Ambassador at Paris, and submitted it to the public inspection. Bossuet then asserted that it had been printed without his knowledge; but Wake produced unquestionable evidence that this, too, was a falsehood. He at the same time convicted Bossuet of two other deliberate lies: one, an assertion that he did not know of a book of Father Crasset's, in which his doctrine about the worship of the Virgin Mary was censured; and the other, a statement in his pastoral letter to the new converts of his diocese, in which he told them, that "not one of them had suffered violence, either in his person or his goods," although he knew well that they had been subjected to severe persecution, which he supported both in theory and in practice. The fact that Bossuet's "Exposition" was recommended by the Pope was adduced by the Doctors of the Sorbonne in 1717, as a proof that a diversity of opinion upon some points is tolerated in the Church of Rome.

Such is the history of the book which Butler, who has published a life of Bossuet, and who must have known many of these facts, tells us, "all Roman Catholics, without exception, acknowledge, as a full and faultless exposition of the doctrines of their Church." Such was the man to whom Dr. Murray refers us for an honest and authentic statement of Popish doctrine.

ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

The London Religious Tract Society, founded in 1799, completed its first half-century in May, 1849. It has recently published, in a large volume, its history of this period. From this volume we gather the following facts respecting the "British and Foreign Bible Society," which, it will be seen, had its origin in the Tract Society.

In the minute-books of the London Religious Tract Society are recorded the first suggestion, and all the subsequent steps, in which the British and Foreign Bible Society originated. The officers and Committee of the Religious Tract Society were the privileged agents employed in the attainment of this holy object; and several of them were among the first officers and Committee of the new Society, and continued, until the close of their earthly course, to be its devoted friends and supporters. In this case, as in many others, a small spring has been the source of a mighty river, which has borne its fertilising influences through a large portion of the earth.

In the year 1802, the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, Wales, was walking in one of the streets of that town, when he met a child who attended his ministry. He inquired if she could repeat the text from which he had preached on the preceding Sunday. Instead of giving a prompt reply, as she had been accustomed to do, she remained silent. "Can you not tell me the text, my little girl?" repeated Mr. Charles. The child wept, but was still silent. At length she said, "The weather, Sir, has been so bad, that I could not get to read the Bible." "Could not get to read the Bible! how is that?" said Mr. Charles. The reason was soon ascertained: there was no copy to which she could gain access, either at her own home, or among her friends, and she was accustomed to travel, every week, seven miles over the hills, to a place where she could obtain a Welsh Bible, to read the chapter from which the Minister took his text. But during that week the cold and stormy weather had prevented her usual journey.

This incident made a deep impression on the benevolent mind of Mr. Charles. In December, 1802, he took a journey

to London, intending to lay certain plans for the distribution of the Scriptures among the Welsh before several charitable friends, particularly the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, of which he was a member. The subject was much on his mind, and, while awake in bed, the idea of having a Bible Society established in London, on a basis similar to that of the Religious Tract Society, occurred to him. He was so cheered by the thought, that he instantly arose, and went out to consult some friends on the subject. The first person he met was Mr. Tarn, who was then on the Committee of the Tract Society. They discussed the subject together for a considerable time. At the next meeting of the Society, held on Tuesday, the 7th of December, 1802, Mr. Charles was introduced. On this occasion the Rev. M. Wilks presided, and fifteen members of the Committee were present. Mr. Tarn, after the regular business of the Committee was finished, mentioned the particulars of his conversation with Mr. Charles, when the latter fully unfolded his plans, and urged assistance in the attainment of his object. At the moment Mr. Charles was pleading for the Bible for Wales, it occurred to the Rev. Mr. Hughes, one of the Committee, "Surely a Society might be formed for the purpose; and if for Wales, why not also for the empire and the world?" He arose when Mr. Charles had finished, and said that it appeared to him desirable to extend the plan already suggested by Mr. Charles, so as to facilitate a general circulation of the Scriptures. In these views all present united, and instructed Mr. Hughes to make the following entry in the minute-book of the Tract Society:—

"Mr. Charles, of Bala, Wales, having introduced the subject of dispersing Bibles in Wales, the Committee resolved that it would be highly desirable to stir up the public mind to the dispersion of the Bible generally; and that a paper in a Magazine to this effect would be singularly useful. The circulation of the Bible throughout the world was deemed sufficiently connected with the object of the Society, thus generally to appear on these minutes; and the Secretary, who suggested it, was accordingly desired to enter it."

Mr. Hughes was requested at this conference to prepare a

circular-letter, "inviting Christians of every name, to unite in a Society to send the word of God, without note or comment, all over the world." On Tuesday, December 21st, 1802, the Tract Committee again met, when Mr. Thomas Pellatt presided. The following minute is in his hand-writing:—

"Mr. Secretary read a paper on the importance of forming a Society for the distribution of Bibles in various languages; whereupon it was resolved: That a special meeting be holden next Tuesday, at eight o'clock, as preparatory to a general meeting to promote that end."

At the appointed time the Committee met. Mr. Charles was in attendance. The following minute was the result:—

"The object of the intended Society was maturely considered, and unanimously determined to be, 'To promote the circulation of the holy Scriptures in foreign countries, and in those parts of the British dominions for which adequate provision is not yet made;' it being understood that no English translation of the Scriptures will be gratuitously circulated in Great Britain."

The address by Mr. Hughes, explanatory of the object of the intended Society, was adopted after careful revision. On February 1st, 1803, the rules of the intended Society were finally settled. On the 8th of the same month an important minute is recorded:—"Voted: That the translation of the Scriptures established by public authority be the only one in the English language to be adopted by the Society."

During the remainder of this year various difficulties impeded the formation of the Society; but a wise and prudent course on the part of its friends gradually removed them. In January, 1804, a special meeting was held, "for the purpose of promoting the Bible Society," when it was resolved: "That the title of the Society should be, 'The British and Foreign Bible Society,' agreeably to the suggestion of the Secretary; and that he be requested to prepare a circular-letter on the subject."

At length the preliminary and anxious labours of the Tract Society were happily and successfully terminated. On the 7th of March, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was fully established. On this occasion, several

members of the Tract Committee "explained the nature and design of the projected Society, demonstrated its necessity, and, in a strain of good sense, temperate zeal, and perspicuous information, urged the importance of its immediate establishment."

Among the elected Committee of the Bible Society were ten members of the Tract Committee. The Rev. Mr. Hughes was chosen one of its Secretaries.

The auspicious commencement of the new Society was immediately communicated by Mr. Tarn to Mr. Charles. He wrote: "The meeting consisted of about three hundred persons, from different denominations of Christians, and there was nothing but harmony throughout. A subscription was opened, and seven hundred shillings obtained on the spot. We cannot, my dear brother, but rejoice together, when we consider that this work had its beginning in a conversation we had one morning, which will never be forgotten. Hence, I was induced, at the next meeting of the Tract Committee, to mention the scarcity of Bibles in Wales, and then it was the flame was kindled, which now breaks out, and which, I hope, will burn brighter and brighter, till that day of universal knowledge comes, when we shall no more teach our brother, saying, 'Know the Lord,' but all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest. To the Lord be all the glory."

How wonderful are the ways of Divine Providence, in bringing forward, from small events, the great agencies for blessing the world! Before the Rev. Mr. Charles asked the little peasant-girl to repeat the text from which he preached, God had brought into being the Tract Society, and connected him with it. To it he could look for aid to carry out the noble plan for furnishing the poor with the Bible, which the answer of that little girl suggested to his mind. In that Society he found the men whom God had prepared to sympathise with him, and cherish the plan, till at length it was consummated in the organization of the noblest institution which has blessed the world.

A SCHOLAR'S LAST WRITING.

A MAN of learning, who made some impression on the circle in which he moved, and who, while living, frequently startled men by uttering erroneous and singular opinions, when he came to die, wrote the following lines for his sister: "This is for you; you will care more for this:—

Could we but hear all nature's voice,
From glowworm up to sun,
'T would speak with one concordant sound,
'Thy will, O God, be done.'
But, hark! a sadder, mightier prayer,
From all men's hearts that live:
'Thy will be done in earth and heaven,
And Thou my sins forgive.'"

These were the last words he wrote. He murmured over the last two lines himself. As it grew dusk he appeared to be seeking for something, and, on his sister asking what he wanted, said, "Only the old Bible which I used at H—— in the cottages." In the night he grew worse; and before eleven o'clock the last struggle was over, and his spirit had departed.

Reader, some living men have never yet sought and found forgiveness! Have you? The time is coming when it may indeed be found to be a sad prayer to ask for forgiveness. Beware lest the terrible passage in Proverbs describe your state and its tremendous results:—

"Because I have called, and ye refused;
I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;
But ye have set at nought all my counsel,
And would none of my reproof;
I also will laugh at your calamity;
I will mock when your fear cometh;
When your fear cometh as desolation,
And your destruction cometh as a whirlwind;
When distress and anguish cometh upon you.
Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer;
They shall seek me early, but they shall not find me,
For that they hated knowledge,

And did not choose the fear of the Lord:
They would none of my counsel:
They despised all my reproof.
Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way,
And be filled with their own devices."

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

The way in which sleep is shown in the vegetable kingdom is infinitely more variable than among animals. Man throws himself prostrate; some kinds of monkeys lie down on their sides; the camel places its head between the fore-legs; and birds roost with their heads beneath the wing. Beyond these there are few remarkable differences. But in plants there is no end to the curious and beautiful diversity which rewards the seeker after nature's mysteries. Some plants droop their leaves at night, the flat part becoming flaccid and pendulous. Others, of the kind called "compound," as clover and vetches, close their leaflets together in pairs; and, occasionally, the whole leaf droops at the same time. The three leaflets of clover bring their faces to the outside, and so form a little triangular pyramid, whose apex is the point of union between the leaflets and their stalks. Lupines, which have leaves resembling a seven-fingered hand without a palm, fold them together like a lady's half-closed parasol. Chick-weed raises its leaves, so as to embrace the stem; and some species of lotus, besides many of its elegant family, the leguminosæ, bring them together in such a way as to protect the young flower-buds and immature seed-vessels from the chill air of night. These are only a few out of the many cases which could be instanced of change of position in leaves; whilst in flowers there seems to be no limit to variation. The greater part shut the petals at night, the stalks declining on one side; but there are some which roll their petals back, and curl them up like miniature volutes. The sleep of such plants is probably unaccompanied by any external change. The same may be said of campanulas, and other bell-shaped flowers. The four-petaled flowers of cruciferæ, it should

have been observed, are remarkably careless of repose. Their sleep never appears sound, or even constant, for many successive nights; they seem restless; and in the morning always look dozy and uncomfortable. When flowers are over-blown, or the plant, if an annual, is near its decay, the phenomena of sleep are very considerably diminished. In fact, they are only seen in perfection when the growing powers of the plant are in their full energy. Deciduous trees, that is, such as cast their leaves in autumn, are in a sort of trance in the winter months. Flowers, too, lose their sensibility altogether when the period of fertilisation is passed, as may be readily seen by inspecting a field of daisies early in the morning, before the dew is off the grass. The over-blown ones will be found wide open; those in the younger stages all "crimson-tipped," and sound asleep.

A FATHER'S PRAYERS.

A few years ago, when Dr. Judson returned for a short time to America, some one asked his little daughter, who accompanied him, "if she was not afraid when coming over the great ocean to America?" "Why, no," said she: "father prayed for us." How sweet the sense of safety and protection that this little girl felt, even amid the dangers of a long voyage, believing, so heartily as she did, that God would hear her father's prayers, and take care of them all the way! *She* felt the blessing of a praying father; and when, recently, she received the sad news of his death, do you not believe that, while she mourned the loss of so excellent a parent, she also grieved for the loss of his prayers?

The father of a little boy, about eleven years old, was an invalid, and was obliged to seek a mild climate, where the air was soft and warm. The change was beneficial, and for a time his disease was stayed; but at length, in a few months, he became worse: his strength failed, his frame grew weaker day by day, and it was very plain that he would soon die. About midnight, one Saturday, his wife was reading to him an account of a wicked man who attempted to steal money

from a bank, and was shot. As she read, she spoke of their own dear Charley, who would soon be left fatherless, and for that reason the more exposed to those temptations that crowd so thickly the path of the young. The father lifted an earnest prayer for his little son: "Lord, keep him! Lord, bless him!" and in an hour after, just as the Sabbath dawned on earth, his soul ascended to heaven, and he entered eternal rest. These earnest petitions were the last words of that dying father; and, in the circumstances of that hour, how full of meaning! "Lord, keep him!" From what, think you, did he desire God should "keep" his beloved child? There are many painful and distressing things which every parent wishes his children should escape; but is not *sin* the greatest of all evils? It was from that,—the sin of his own natural heart, in its thousand forms,—that this Christian father, in the last words he had breath to speak, prayed that Charley might be preserved; from the corrupting influences of ungodly associates; from the snares and allurements of those deceitful pleasures which the world offers. And that other petition, "Lord, bless him!" O how full of the tenderest affection was his heart, as he uttered this prayer! How do you think he desired God to "bless" his son? With wealth, that should bring him luxury, and ease, and splendour? With a noble name, that every lip should praise? With rare mental gifts, that should have the power to move at will thousands of minds and hearts? No, no, not these; but better, purer, richer gifts, by far, did he implore. A heart reconciled to God in Jesus Christ, loving to render Him a service of faith, obedience, and reverence,—O, is not *this* the best of blessings? And thus did that fond father pray that Charley might be blessed. What richer legacy could he receive than such prayers, uttered just before his father entered that holy, happy home in heaven, that he so loved to anticipate?

THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE.

"Happiness must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty!" These are the words

of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, to some young associates of spirit and gaiety, who spent life in idle pleasures and riotous excess; and he goes on to say, "My friends, I have sincerely considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. 'He that never thinks, never can be wise.' Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it fires the spirit for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration; and that, in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and the phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power; let us live as men who are sometime to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils, to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former health and happiness only by the miseries and maladies which indulgence has produced."

LITERATURE.

A Manual of Roman Antiquities. By William Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. 8vo. Glasgow: Griffin and Co.

THIS volume contains the result of modern researches, and is throughout characterized by accurate scholarship, clear arrangement, and full information. The following extract on the construction of the Roman roads will afford a specimen of the author's method in dealing with those topics generally deemed the least interesting:—

"Although roads connecting Rome with the numerous cities of Latium, by which, in ancient times, it was on all sides surrounded, must have existed from the very foundation of the city, these were, in all probability, mere tracks employed by foot-travellers and cattle, impassable by wheel-carriages, or even by beasts of burden, during the rainy season. It was not until the Romans had engaged in comparatively distant wars, with the Samnites and Italiote Greeks, that the necessity of keeping up regular and secure communication with their armies became imperative; and accordingly, about the middle of the fifth century, they appear to have commenced, upon a large scale, the construction of those great military roads (*viæ militares*) which have proved some of the most durable monuments of their greatness. Radiating from Rome as a centre, and extending on all sides, so as to keep pace with the rapid progress of the Roman conquests, they eventually reached to the most remote extremities of the empire, throwing out innumerable subsidiary branches, which served either to connect the great trunk-lines, or to open up districts which would otherwise have proved inaccessible. Milestones (*miliaria*) were erected regularly along their whole course, marking the distance from the gate at which they issued from the metropolis; and when the space between the towns and

villages was great, resting-places or post-houses (*mansiones*) were built at moderate distances, where travellers might repose; and under the empire relays of horses were kept here, for the service of the public couriers. The extraordinary durability which characterized these roads is proved by the fact, that portions of them still exist entire, both in Italy and other countries, and are still available for other purposes, although they have undergone no repair for many centuries."

The Temperature of the Seasons, and its Influence on Inorganic Objects, and on Plants and Animals. By John Fleming, D.D., Professor of Natural Sciences, New College, Edinburgh. London: Johnstone and Hunter.

A VERY successful attempt to popularise meteorological science, and to trace, in plain language, its bearing on animal and vegetable life. Such a volume ought to have a place in every schoolmaster's library.

The Roman Wall: a historical, typographical, and descriptive Account of the Barrier of the lower Isthmus extending from the Tyne to the Solway. By the Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, M.A. I. R. Smith.

THIS subject has been treated of by Horsley, about a century ago, in his now scarce and expensive work, "*Britannia Romana;*" and more recently by Hodgson, in the last volume of his "History of Northumberland." Of the latter work, Mr. Bruce says that it "forms a valuable storehouse of nearly all that is known upon the subject. The mind, however, of that amiable man and zealous antiquary was, at the time of its preparation, bending under the weight of his ill-requited labours; and he has failed to present his ample materials to the reader in that condensed and well-arranged form which distinguishes his previous volumes, and without which a book on antiquities will not arrest the attention of the general reader." To remedy these defects is obviously the intention of Mr. Bruce, In part V., the popular notion that Severus built the wall is successfully combated, and satisfactory evidence is afforded that we owe its erection to Hadrian.

NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Apel's (H.) "German Grammar." Third Edition.
Nichol's (Prof.) "Architecture of the Heavens." New Edition.
Lectures to Young Men. 1850-51.
Drake's "Demosthenes de Corona."
Adams's (H. G.) "Favourite Song-Birds."
Amos's (A.) "Gems of Latin Poetry."
Bacdeker's "Manual of Conversations.—English, German, French, and Italian."
Balfour's "Botany." New Edition.
Euripides's "Iphigenia." By Charles Badham.

VARIETIES.

RECENT DEATH.

Mr. Richard Phillips recently died, in his seventy-fifth year, after devoting at least fifty years of his life to the pursuits of science. He was one of the founders of the Geological Society; a very old member of the Royal Society, and for many years a member of its Council. In the "Transactions" of that body will be found numerous papers by him on chemical subjects; and many of his discoveries were of great importance to the analytical chemist. He was editor of the "Annals of Philosophy" from 1821, and one of the editors of the "Philosophical Magazine." He was appointed Lecturer on Chemistry at the London Hospital in 1817; and for many years he was Lecturer on Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital, to which office he was appointed in 1832; and his was amongst the earliest appointments as chemist to the Museum of Practical Geology.

Mr. Phillips's attention to pharmaceutical chemistry was very great; and the regular improvement which has marked, during the period of more than twenty years, the "London Pharmacopœia," has been greatly due to his suggestions and criticisms. His first translation was published in 1824.

In his "History of Chemistry," Dr. Thompson says, "Of modern British analytical chemists, undoubtedly the first is Mr. Richard Phillips; to whom we are indebted for not a few analyses conducted with great skill and performed with great accuracy." All the chemical articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia" were by Mr. Phillips;

and scattered through the various scientific journals will be found papers on various chemical subjects, and reviews of scientific works, from his pen.

Museum of Practical Geology, London.—On Monday, May 12th, this Museum was opened to the public under the auspices of Prince Albert. It formerly occupied a house in Craig's-court, which it outgrew, and is now lodged in noble and commodious halls in Jermyn-street and Piccadilly. This building, which is from the design of Mr. Pennethorne, is, alike in its exterior character and in its interior arrangements, peculiarly fitted for its purposes.

Astronomical Prize. — Several members of St. John's College, Cambridge, have recently subscribed a fund to found an exhibition for the best essay on pure mathematics, astronomy, or other branch of natural philosophy, to be given every other year, and open to all graduates. The successful candidate will receive £120; and the prize will be called, "The Adams Prize."

Literary Pensions in France. —A return just published in the official *Moniteur*, shows that one department of the Government, that of Public Instruction, distributes the following pensions to literary persons:—5 of from £80 to £96 a year; 9 of £60 to £72; 29 of £40 to £48; 34 of £24 to £36; 15 of £8 to £20. To the widows and families of deceased authors:—2 of £80 to £96; 6 of £60 to £72; 17 of £40 to £48; 25 of £24 to £36; 31 of £8 to £20. In addition to this, the same department distributes a large sum annually, under the title of "encouragements" to authors in temporary distress, or engaged in works of literary importance, but small pecuniary profit. It also awards several thousands to learned societies, for literary and scientific missions, purchases of books, &c. In the budget of the department of the Interior, upwards of £5,000 a year are put down for subscriptions to, and purchases of, different works; and nearly £6,000 for "indemnities and assistance to authors." The other departments of the Government also employ considerable sums in purchasing books, and in otherwise encouraging literary men.

French Publications.— Purchasers of French books are frequently annoyed to find that what appear to be collections of the works of an author, from the employment of the designation, "*Œuvres de* ——," are incomplete. Complaints having been made on the subject, the publishers and printers of Paris composing the "*Circle de la Librairie*," have just held a meeting, and have decided that it must be considered as the usage of the Paris trade, that the designation "*Œuvres de* ——" does not mean *all* the works of an author; but that when the edition really comprises all, the phrase, "*Œuvres complètes*" is employed.—*Literary Gazette.*

Depth of the Ocean.—A sounding has been obtained by Lieut. Goldsborough, U.S.N., in lat. 28·21 S., and long. 29·17 W., of 3,100 fathoms, or 3½ miles. The plan adopted was a 32lb. shot, slung with wire, and attached to a line sufficiently strong to bear 60lb. weight, and 5,000 fathoms long. The soundings are described as good and fair, the line being up and down, and quite "taut." It broke about fifty fathoms from the surface while hauling in. It took an hour and nine minutes to obtain the sounding.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR JULY, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"What countless sweets kind Nature spreads around!
To glad the human heart, attuned to hear

The music of the grove, the falling stream;
The sighing breeze, or loud-resounding main;
To view the changeful sky; the grateful change
Of eve and morn, of seasons as they roll;
The cultivated plain, the mountain wild,
The mist slow creeping round its rocky brow,
Or level, resting in the humble vale,
Illumined by the Sun; while rocks and trees,
On hills and mountains raised in purer air,
Enjoy a bright unclouded sky serene.
The waving wood, and winding river full,
The moss-grown rock, or verdant swelling mound;
Old ocean wide, with heaving billows swell'd,
And ships, swift-wafted o'er his yielding waves;
Cities, and towns, and villas, rise to view.
Bright is the gold that gilds the rising morn,
The purple rich that skirts the evening sky,
The full-orb'd Moon seen through the branchy trees,
Her silver beams swift-glancing on the lake:
Vast the blue vault with all its glory graced.
From Zembla old, to Zealand's distant shores,
From California eastward to Cathay,
The varied views of nature charm the soul,
Augment her bliss, and raise her thoughts to God."

DR. CRIRIE.

"Now," as a careful observer says, "is the general season of *haymaking*. Bands of mowers, in their light trousers and broad straw-hats, are astir long before the fiery eye of the sun glares above the horizon, that they may toil in the freshness of the morning, and stretch themselves at noon in luxurious ease by trickling waters, and beneath the shade of trees. Till then, with regular strokes and a sweeping sound, the sweet and flowery grass falls before them, revealing, at almost every step, nests of young birds, mice in their cozy domes, and the mossy cells of the humble-bee streaming with liquid honey: anon, troops of haymakers are abroad, tossing the green swaths wide to the sun. It is one of nature's festivities, endeared by a thousand pleasant memories and habits of the olden days, and not a soul can resist it. There is a sound of tinkling teams and of waggons rolling along lanes and fields the whole country over, ay, even at midnight, till at length the fragrant ricks rise in the farm-yard, and the pale smooth-shaven fields are left in solitary beauty."

The first half of the month.—The vocal music of the groves is lessening every day: with the exception of a casual song of the lark in a fresh morning, of the blackbird and thrush at sunset, and a few of the pleasing notes of the blackcap and garden-warbler in the middle of the day, and occasionally the strains of the other plumy musicians, the silence of birds is now complete. The noise, however, produced by insects (which are now very numerous) has no cessation, day or night; for when flies, and bees, and beetles are at rest, during the short nights at this time, the large green grasshopper, in the neighbourhood of reeds, rushes, &c., and the cricket, in and about our houses, keep up their peculiar noises throughout the nocturnal hours: though, properly speaking, in England, during

the first fortnight of this month, there is no real night, but twilight from the setting to the rising of the sun.

The gardens and fields are now rich with the innumerable charms of vegetable nature: we cannot turn our eyes in any direction, and not be arrested with the wisdom and goodness of God in this department of His ample creation. The bell-heath, the most beautiful of our indigenous species, is now in bloom, and has converted the brown bosom of the waste into one wide sea of crimson, and the air is charged with its honeyed odour. The dry elastic turf glows with flowers of wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, and the yellow asphodel. There wave the cotton-rush, the tall foxglove, and the taller golden-mullein.

The last half of the month.—The warblers of the grove are now completely silent: the monotonous wail of the yellow-hammer arrests the ears of the traveller, as he plods along the hot dusty road. Insects are at this time very numerous: the little apterous deathwatch beats freely behind pictures, and among paper, in old houses; and along the hedge-sides, and on old moss-grown banks, the glowworm still exhibits her beautiful lamp.

"Little being of a day,
Glowing in thy cell alone,
Shedding light, with mystic ray,
On thy path, and on my own:

"Dost thou whisper to my heart,
'Though I grovel in the sod,
Still I mock man's boasted art
With the workmanship of God?'

"See! the fire-fly in his flight
Scorning thy terrene career;
He, the' eccentric meteor bright,—
Thou the planet of thy sphere.

"Why, within thy cavern damp,
Thus with trembling haste dost cower?
Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,—
Lustre of thy lonely bower?

"No!—regain thy couch of clay,
Sparkle brightly as before:
Man should dread to take away
Gifts he never can restore."

The common scarlet pimpernel, in the neighbourhood of the footpath of every corn-field, is now full of blossoms. Trefoil, cranesbill, yarrow, hedge-mustard, St. John's wort, hawkweed, wild teazle, &c., abound with flowers. The great water-lily of our ponds and slow-running rivers, in the middle of the day, in sunny weather, unfolds its magnificent flowers.

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR JULY, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"These ample heavens, Thy sovereign seat,
Not Thy unbounded powers confine,
Revolving worlds beneath Thy feet,
Creator, in Thy praise combine:
They, gliding through the' ethereal deep,
An everlasting vigil keep,
Reflecting wide Thy glory's beam;
And with melodious sounds,
In their celestial rounds,
Proclaim Thy power, a never-ending theme!

"Thy power impels their latent laws,
Thy skill informs them where to fly,
And every star Thy mandate awes,
That voyages the liquid sky.
Recumbent on the heavenly plains,
I see old Saturn in his sphere,
With golden girdle round his reins,
Wheel slowly through his ancient year:
While Mercury runs a rapid race
Amid directer rays;
Disdains to turn his calid face,
And flies along the fervent blaze."

The Sun rises at Greenwich or London on the 1st at forty-nine minutes after three, and sets at eighteen minutes past eight: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at twenty-one minutes after three, and sets at fifteen minutes before nine. The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 19th at six minutes past four, and sets at five minutes after eight: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at forty-three minutes past three, and sets at twenty minutes after eight.

The Moon sets on the 1st at nine minutes past ten, and on the 4th at half-past eleven, at night: on the 5th she is half-full, and sets at midnight: she is due south on the 7th at half-past seven, and on the 9th at a quarter past nine, in the evening. The Moon is full on the 13th, at fourteen minutes past seven in the morning; and presents her silvery orb in the eastern horizon on the 14th at nine minutes past nine in the evening: she rises on the 16th at ten, and on the 19th at eleven o'clock, at night; and enters her last quarter on the 21st. The Moon changes on the 28th, at forty minutes past two in the afternoon; and sets on the 31st at twenty-two minutes before ten at night.

Mercury is invisible.

Venus appears like a little bright speck near the eastern horizon about half an hour before sunrise.

Mars rises on the 1st at one o'clock in the morning, and on the 30th at midnight.

Jupiter appears conspicuously every clear evening in the south-western skies: on the 5th he is in the vicinity of the Moon, "refulgent lamp of night."

"The philosophers of antiquity had no conception of the stupendous magnitude or illustrious retinue of this planet: the invention of the telescope expanded this, till then, apparently minute spot into a magnificent system. When first observed by Galileo, he considered the satellites visible at the time of observation as some of those minute stars which his newly-acquired instrument had shown to be innumerable. At his first notice of these small bodies, three only of the satellites were seen. Observing them night after night, he found that they did not belong to the sphere of the fixed stars, that they were four in number, and revolved about the planet as their centre, accompanying him in his course round the Sun. The application of more powerful instruments soon developed the principal interesting phenomena, to which modern discovery has added little, beyond a few previously unnoticed particulars, and correcting the measurements of those who examined it in that interesting era in practical astronomy. The result of these, and more recent observations, proves that Jupiter is subject to great and sudden physical changes, caused by agents inconceivably more powerful than any known on the terrestrial globe, operating either on the surface or in the atmosphere of the planet, or probably both. This is inferred from the transformations noticed in the belts, or bands, that encircle the orb parallel to the equator, some of which have been observed to be five thousand miles in breadth. Sometimes these are continuous, at other seasons interrupted, and occasionally broken into short, curved lines, or disappearing in an hour or two, and even during observation: some spots, also, after continuing permanently visible on the disc for many years, have disappeared, and at the end of five years again been visible, either from recombination, or emerging from a veil of obscurity. This was the case with one that continued unseen from 1708 to 1713.

"It is highly probable the causes of these changes may be traced to the swift rotation of the planet about its axis, (9h. 55m. 37s.,) and the attractive influence of the satellites; which forces, acting more powerfully in the equatorial regions, where these phenomena are most conspicuous, tend to draw the clouds into parallel strata, while the unequal action of the satellites, according to their varying position, occasionally disturbs that belt-like appearance which is generally preserved. Hence it is easy to conceive that the tides of Jupiter must be very great, and that when two or more satellites are in conjunction, their influence would raise the jovial seas to a stupendous elevation."—*Time's Telescope.*

SATURN is to be seen in the mornings: he rises on the 4th at thirty-seven minutes before one, and on the 29th at a quarter before eleven at night.

THE GREAT AND VISIBLE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 28TH, 1851.

Greenwich. The eclipse begins at three minutes past two; greatest obscuration, twelve minutes past three, when eight parts out of ten of the Sun's diameter will be eclipsed; and the end, fifteen minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon.

Edinburgh. The eclipse begins at forty minutes past one; greatest obscuration, forty-nine minutes after two, when nearly nine parts out of ten of the Sun's diameter will be eclipsed; and the end, six minutes before four in the afternoon.

Note.—For further particulars, see my almanack, *Temporis Calendarium*, for the year 1851.

POETRY.

THE LOST DARLING.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SHE was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expression of her form, and mark
The' unfolding mind, like vernal rose-bud, start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps following me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lips
Close seal'd to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness as none but mothers know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the light-finger'd breeze; and, as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or kindly soothed
Her moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conn'd o'er the alphabet,—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer,—
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams. But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and view with mournful tears
The little robes that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there was a need to deck
A being form'd so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the' accustom'd words:
"Hush, hush, Louisa dearest!"—then I weep,
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels—

Gone to God!

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghostly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
In all its bloom and freshness—

Gone to God!

Be still, my heart! What could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven!

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

ST KNIGHTON'S KIEVE, TINTAGEL, CORNWALL.

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

AUGUST, 1851.

WATERFALL AT ST. KNIGHTON'S KIEVE,

NEAR BOSCASTLE, CORNWALL.

(With an Engraving.)

"It is from Nathan's mossy steep,
The foaming waters flash and leap;
It is where shrinking wild-flowers grow,
They lave the nymph that dwells below."

Boscastle is a small village, situated on the north coast of Cornwall, and about five miles from the ancient borough of Camelford. The origin of the village appears to be connected with that of the castle, which was long the residence of the Bottreaux family. At what period this baronial edifice was erected is uncertain. Doubtless it was of great antiquity. Even in Leland's time, every vestige, save the mound on which it stood, was entirely gone.

In all England there is nothing, perhaps, more striking, in its own peculiar features, than the coast for many miles in this interesting locality. The mixture of the sublime and terrible with all that is lovely and picturesque, is at once presented to the eye. The amazing height of the rugged cliffs,—the grandeur of the mighty ocean, with its crested surges rolling in unbroken succession, with a sweep of three thousand miles from the great Atlantic, and with a roar that may be heard at an immense distance,—and the beautiful and extensive valleys,

occasionally clothed with brushwood, which may be seen in the inland, all conspire to form a scene of incomparable sublimity.

At a short distance from Boscastle, and amidst these frowning rocks and picturesque valleys, is a fine waterfall, which is called by the people, "Knighton's Kieve," or "Nathan's Kieve," which pours its foaming streams from dark and cavernous inlets within the rocky sides of a most romantic ravine. There are few persons, I believe, who have visited this part of the Cornish coast, who have not been attracted to this beautiful spot; and the general impression produced has been that of admiration and delight.

Let us imagine a person of a cultivated mind, and possessing a taste for the sublime and beautiful of nature, whose life has been chiefly spent in some crowded city, or confined within the precincts of some manufacturing district, where the volumes of smoke, arising from a hundred lofty chimneys, have almost obscured the rays of the sun at mid-day; let us suppose it possible to convey him in his sleep to these romantic dales, and place him at the foot of "Knighton's Kieve," and then abruptly awake him on a lovely summer's evening: what would be his sensations, while gazing on the mountainous eminences around him, intersected with rugged chasms, the mossy banks, the various-coloured wild-flowers, and, above all, the mighty dash of waters down the declivities of the rock before him, diversified into light and shade by a partial gleam of the setting sun? He would be led to imagine that he was under the illusion of some happy dream; and that all he saw and heard was a fairy vision.

J. T. Barr.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

PART FIRST.

The character of the Memoirs of Wordsworth, recently published by his nephew, may be gathered from a few

* "Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster." In Two Volumes. London. 1851.

sentences in the introductory chapter. Referring to a conversation held with his uncle in 1847, Dr. Wordsworth says,—

"On that occasion, as on many others, he expressed an opinion that a poet's *life* is written in his WORKS; and this is undoubtedly true, in a remarkable manner, in his own particular case. His life had not been a stirring one. It had been passed, for the most part, amid natural scenes of quiet beauty; and what Horace had said of the poet Lucilius was very applicable to him. He confided his secrets to his lyre; to it he communicated his feelings and his thoughts on every occasion of interest, public and private; and hence his LIFE is written in his WORKS. Nor is this all. One poem, especially, —that which has been given to the world subsequently to his death ("The Prelude"),—is designed to exhibit the growth of his mind from his infancy to 1799, when, if we may so speak, he entered upon his mission and ministry, and deliberately resolved to devote his time and faculties to the art and office of a POET. His works, therefore, are his Life; and it would be a superfluous and presumptuous enterprise to encroach upon this their province, and to invade the biographical eminence on which his poems stand. Let them retain their supremacy in this respect; and let no other LIFE of WORDSWORTH be composed beside what has there been written with his own hand.

"This being borne in mind, it ensues as a matter of course, that the present work does not claim for itself the title of a Life of Wordsworth. Nor, again, does it profess to offer a critical review of his poems, or to supply an elaborate exposition of the principles on which those poems were composed. Mr. Wordsworth had no desire that any such disquisition should be written. He wished that his poems should stand by themselves, and plead their own cause before the tribunal of posterity. The character of the present work is a humbler one. Regarding the poems as his Life, the author of these volumes considers it to be his duty to endeavour to supply materials, subordinate and ministerial to the poems, and illustrative of them; in a word, to write a biographical commentary on the poet's works. This, the writer believes,

is no unimportant task, for the following reasons:—First, Mr. Wordsworth's poems are no visionary dreams, but practical realities. He wrote as he lived, and he lived as he wrote. His poetry had its heart in his life, and his life found a voice in his poetry. It is very necessary that posterity should be assured of this, in order that it may have a firmer faith in his principles. And no such guarantee can be given of his sincerity in enunciating those principles, and no such evidence can be afforded of their results, as is supplied by the records of his life. Next, it may be affirmed that his poems, to be studied profitably, should be read chronologically. It is true, 'the child was father of the man,' and there is a continuous stream of identity flowing from his earliest to his latest poems. But the *progress* of the stream brought with it a certain change. A greater fulness and depth, a stronger and steadier current, was the result. Or, to use another illustration, time, experience, foreign travel, domestic affliction, even the severity and harsh treatment which he received from some of his critics, all these imparted a soft and mellow tone to his mind, as the winds and rains of autumn do to his own woods and rocks. Hence there was a gradual development, a more definite delineation, a brighter and more heavenly colouring, in certain parts of his system, as he advanced in years, and drew nearer to the close of his career. Hence, also, it is clear that it is very unjust and erroneous to cite any one poem, or a few lines, composed in his earlier years, as a deliberate expression of his maturer judgment. His works must be taken as a whole. They must be read with habitual reference to the time in which they were composed. And in order that this may be done with ease, a biographical manual, designed to illustrate the poems, ought to exist; and this is what the present publication proposes to supply."

From this "biographical commentary on his works," we gather the following facts:—

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7th, 1770, where his father resided, as attorney-at-law by profession, and law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. He had the great misfortune to lose his mother in his eighth year, whose quick

eye had already marked such peculiarities in the character of her child as led her to say of him, that he was the only one of her family about whose future life she was anxious, and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. Like almost every man who has risen to distinction, Wordsworth appears to have been greatly indebted to the pious and affectionate wisdom of his mother. "He held mute dialogues with his mother's heart," to use his own language, expressive of the profound yet invisible influence which she exercised on the formation of his character in early childhood, as beautifully traced and recorded in "The Prelude." At Penrith, of which town his mother had been a native, he resided occasionally, receiving instruction of a kind from a *dame*, or schoolmistress, whose system was very effective in exercising the *memory*, without prematurely taxing the *reasoning* powers, of her young pupils. Among the pupils of the old dame at the same time was Mary Hutchinson, who afterwards became the wife of the poet, and who still, as we believe, survives him, after a singularly happy wedded life of nearly forty-eight years.

Soon after his mother's death, Wordsworth was sent to school at Hawkshead, in Lancashire, but closely bordering on Westmoreland, and within what may be called the district of the lakes. The school was founded by Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, in the year 1585. The boys attending it were boarded in the village and neighbouring hamlets, at the houses of *dames*. Of the dame with whom Wordsworth lodged he has spoken with affectionate tenderness in "The Prelude:"—

> "The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
> Upon thy grave, good creature."

To his residence at Hawkshead, Wordsworth owed much. His classical education was not, indeed, urged forward with such rapidity as is done in many schools, though it was not neglected; but the scenery around furnished him with images of natural beauty, which enlarged and elevated his thoughts, and gave power, freshness, and grandeur to his imagination;

while materials were also supplied for the exercise of reflection and the affections. Many passages in his poems indicate the influence of those precious years spent in that scene and period of unforced and refining culture.

Wordsworth's father died in the year 1783, leaving the orphan family to the care of their two uncles, Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackanthorpe; and in the year 1787 William was sent by them to the University of Cambridge. He has described his college life and feelings in "The Prelude;" and it is abundantly evident that he obtained little benefit from his residence at that celebrated University. The dull and flat monotonousness of the scenery round Cambridge had no charms for the young wanderer among lakes and mountains. Here he fell into the habit of idle and desultory reading, calculated to destroy that fixedness of purpose and pertinacity of pursuit which are indispensable to the attainment of eminence in any literary or professional career. When the long vacation came round, he hastened to revisit the scenes of his youth, and to regain freshness of heart and mind among his native mountains. At this time, probably, and in consequence of these travelling excursions during the long vacations, he contracted that tendency to annual tours in different parts of Britain, and in other countries, in which he continued to indulge till age rendered it impracticable.

Before his college course closed, Wordsworth had visited the Continent, passing through France, and traversing the valleys of the Alps on foot, in the year 1790. That tour furnished material for a poem named "Descriptive Sketches," published soon after his return; to which was added, about the same time, another poem, called "An Evening Walk." These poems attracted little public attention; but of the one of them Coleridge has said, "During the last year of my residence at Cambridge, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's 'Descriptive Sketches;' and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." In 1791, Wordsworth left Cambridge finally, and towards the close of the same year went to reside for a season in France. That

country was at the time plunging into all the whirlwind-excitement and whirlpool-destruction of its revolution. Wordsworth caught the infection; which was not very surprising when it is remembered that his young and ardent mind was without the guidance of any fixed principles to control its impetuosity. For a time it seemed as if he would actually join the revolutionary party, and share all their perils. But the savage madness of the "atheist crew," the commencement of the "reign of terror" under the ascendancy of Robespierre, and the bloody horrors that began to abound, startled and appalled him. Domestic and personal circumstances also demanded his presence in England, and he returned in safety to his native country at the close of 1792, "a sadder and a wiser man," sick of every kind of revolution but that which he longed to accomplish,—a revolution of poetic taste.

When he returned to England, his circumstances were sufficiently adverse to call forth his energies to meet them. At his father's death it had been found that little property was left for the support of the orphans beyond a debt due by Sir James Lowther, amounting to about £5,000. This debt Sir James, then Earl Lonsdale, refused to pay, and all the remains of their property was expended on their education. It was therefore necessary for Wordsworth to choose some profession by which he might at least earn his own maintenance. Some of his friends proposed that he should enter the Church; but his mind was not in such a state as to enable him to do so conscientiously; and, most happily for himself, his conscience was too tender and true to its office to permit him to undertake a class of duties for which he felt himself not duly qualified. His friends began to be dissatisfied with his conduct. The more calculating blamed him for not qualifying himself for a profession, for entertaining revolutionary sentiments, for neglecting their advice and marring his own prospects, and began to look on him with coldness. Others were convinced that he possessed genius and mental power sufficient to gain distinction were he once fairly engaged in literary labour. He began himself to make proposals for commencing a monthly political and literary miscellany, to which he would become a regular contributor.

That proposal failed also, and he applied to a friend in London to procure for him a connexion with the London newspaper press. At this critical juncture he became acquainted with a young gentlemen named Risley Calvert, who had come to reside for a time in the vicinity of the lakes, and was lodging at Penrith. Mr. Calvert was in delicate health, and Wordsworth devoted much time and attention to his wants and comforts. But the disease was consumption; and after the lapse of several painful and lingering months, during which Wordsworth never left him, though his own pecuniary prospects were causing great anxiety to him, Mr. Calvert died. On opening his will, it was found that he had bequeathed to Wordsworth the sum of £900, and that not merely on account of Wordsworth's unremitting attention to him during his illness, but because he believed that by rescuing the poet from the grinding necessity of striving to support himself by drudgery for the newspaper press, a man of true genius would be saved from depressing toil, and works would be produced which would increase the poetic glory of his native land.

Many of the class to which Wordsworth belonged, especially when still young, would have regarded such an event as an instance of peculiar good fortune; and would either have plunged into some wild excess, or have indulged in dreamy idleness, until the whole sum had been expended. Not so Wordsworth. With part of it he secured an annuity; another part he conveyed as a legacy to his sister; and with the remainder of the principal, and the interest, he and his sister managed to subsist in frugal comfort and independence for nearly eight years, during which he steadily and systematically prosecuted the study and composition of poetry, according to the bent of his genius. Such was the prudent, self-denying, conscientious course adopted by Wordsworth, when he had scarcely completed his twenty-fifth year. When a young poet could act with such decision, perseverance, and high principle, it was evident that there was scarcely anything too high for him to attempt and achieve; nothing, certainly, within the possible range of his native genius. How different Wordsworth's conduct from the wild, erratic madness which

young men are apt to think characteristic of all poets! It were well for many who cannot even distantly approach Wordsworth in poetic genius, that they could imitate his prudential self-government. Nearly eight years after Calvert's generous bequest, the Earl of Lonsdale died; and his successor, the late Earl, immediately paid the debt due to Wordsworth's father, with interest, amounting then to £8,500. This sum placed Wordsworth at once in comparatively easy and comfortable circumstances, though divided among the surviving members of the family, as his sister continued to reside with him. The recovery of this sum enabled him to complete his domestic circle, and secure his domestic happiness; it enabled him to become the husband of one in every respect qualified to bless his heart and home. How touchingly, how purely, how warmly, how pathetically, how tenderly, how faithfully he has recorded his deep, true, and lasting affection for his beloved wife, must be well known to all who are acquainted with his poems. This, too, may well teach an invaluable lesson to those who think a poet's love is all but sudden impulse and passion, changeful from its very vehemence. "Poets," say some, "are not fitted for domestic happiness;" and then they produce an instance or two, such as that of the unhappy Byron, or a perverse misapplication of what is related of one of Milton's wives. The direct reverse of this wretched theory ought to be the truth. A true poet must be a man of large heart and loving nature. All that he looks upon he loves to love; and all that he needs is to be truly, fondly, and faithfully loved. Especially will this be the case when his poetic genius is of the thoughtful kind; and most especially when his youth has been unstained by vice and immorality.

THE ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY.

(*Concluded from page* 298.)

EVERY one who has familiarised himself with the state of things revealed in the book of Genesis, must have been struck with the extreme, the severe, simplicity of the patriarchal worship.

From the expulsion from paradise to the exodus from Egypt, the religion of God's people consisted in extemporaneous prayer and vocal praise, in holy contemplation, holy conversation, holy conduct. There was but one solitary rite, that of sacrifice. We read of no temple, no shrine, no consecrated ground. All we are told of religion before the flood, excepting the sacrifice of Cain and Abel, is, that men called upon the name of the Lord, that Enoch walked with God, that Noah preached righteousness. Supplication, sacrifice, song, sanctity of heart and life, these constituted religion in the antediluvian ages. After the deluge, the pilgrim people of God, wherever they pitched their tents, cast up a rude altar of unhewn stone from the rocky fragments with which the flood had strewn the face of the earth. To Jacob, the lonely and limitless heath was none other than the house of God. The men of those times, who neither possessed nor understood spiritual religion, but who felt uneasy without a religion of some sort, found it irksome to hold communion with an invisible and infinite Spirit. They wanted something local and tangible, something on which the eye might rest, round which the thoughts might cluster, and the fumes of their incense curl, without seeming to evaporate in empty air, and which should be within the reach of their cries for deliverance in danger, and guidance in perplexity. Just at this period, the art of carving was invented, and men wondered to find out that the rude cunning of their right hand could shape wood, or stone, or metal into the resemblance of a man, and give to the dull block an expression of intelligence and feeling. Charmed with the discovery, and finding that it would subserve this craving of their nature for a visible object of adoration, they set it up as the representative of an invisible power, they bowed down to it, and worshipped it.

I have already dwelt upon the deep-rooted consciousness which pervaded mankind of the need of a mediator between them and the supreme, eternal, and most holy God. It has struck me very forcibly that the pious Job, who lived in the very age when idolatry commenced, gives the most impassioned expression to these two feelings. From the painful want of some fixed place where the Most High might be supposed

to be peculiarly present and propitious, he exclaims: "O that I knew *where* I might find Him! that I might come even to His *seat!* I would order my cause before Him. Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him.—He holdeth back the face of His throne, and spreadeth His cloud upon it." It was this very feeling which made mankind endeavour to localise the Deity by setting up symbols of His presence. Of the want of some intervening nature which might intercede with God for man, Job thus complains: "He" (Jehovah) "is not a man, as I am, that I should answer Him, and we should come together in judgment. Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both."

Now, mankind had never lost the tradition that there did exist a race of beings superior in nature to man, but who took deep interest in his proceedings; powerful and immortal intelligences, some of whom were malignant, yet fond of the homage of men, and others benign, and ever employed in services of good towards them, excepting when specially commissioned to execute the vengeance of God upon them. The fact of cherubim and flaming sword guarding the gate of paradise was remembered. The book of Job proves that in that day men believed that wicked spirits wander up and down the earth in quest of some matter of accusation against mankind as the plea for permission to inflict cruel physical mischiefs upon them; it also authenticates that opinion,—proves that it was not an error. Thus much they knew, and imagination wildly supplied what tradition had forgotten, or infinite wisdom had concealed. Hence they fancied that these spiritual natures, both good and evil, would in some way connect themselves with images made in their honour; and that by sacrifices and libations they could appease the hatred of wicked spirits, and ensure the kind offices of the good. They also got the idea that the vital principle evanescing from the life-blood of slaughtered animals afforded refreshment and nutriment to those hovering spirits; and that the evaporation of outpoured wine, and the steam of kindled perfume,

regaled and exhilarated them, and disposed them to the performance of kindly offices towards their worshippers. You doubtless remember the passage in the book of Isaiah: "Ye are they that prepare a table for that troop, and furnish the drink-offering unto that number." The Septuagint has it, "That prepare a table and furnish a drink-offering for the demons." Moses also, in his song, says, "They sacrificed to devils, not to God." The Septuagint again gives, "to demons." Plato himself recognises and asserts this. He says, "God is not approached immediately by man; the entire communication and intercourse between gods and men is transacted by the intervention of demons. Demons are the reporters and carriers from men to the gods, and again from the gods to men, of the supplications and sacrifices of the one, and of the ordinances and rewards of sacrifice from the other." Thus St. Paul spoke in accordance with the teachings of Pagan philosophy when he said, "What the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to demons, not to God."

The first graven images formed in honour of these invisible powers were household gods,—the *teraphim* of the Hebrews, the *lares*, *lemures*, and *penates* of the Romans. They were consulted as domestic oracles, and confided in as the guardians of the homes in which they stood. This gratified that innate selfishness which impels a man to monopolise the Deity, to have a god to himself, one who should be especially interested in his personal or family aggrandisement. The gods which Rachel pilfered from her father Laban were of this description. Their shape was human; and they were, at first, very diminutive, which rendered it easy for Rachel to secrete them. These domestic idols were common amongst the Egyptians, Babylonians, Trojans, Romans, in Mexico, and in central Africa; and they are popular amongst the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the islanders of the Indian Ocean. There was a strong tendency to this species of Paganism amongst the Israelites. It was made the subject of a singularly explicit and descriptive anathema in the Mosaic code: "Cursed be the man that maketh any graven or molten image, an abomination unto the Lord, the work of the hands of the craftsman, and putteth it in a secret place. And all the people shall

answer and say, Amen." Thus secret idolatry preceded public idolatry; and domestic gods are more ancient than national ones.

There is a remarkable passage in the book of Isaiah, which appears to me an historical picture of the first setting up of a public, stationary idol. It was the work of confederate craftsmen, impelled by far-sighted cupidity to take a bold step, and introduce what they felt to be a most daring impiety, but foresaw would prove a most lucrative custom. What can be more pictorial and animated than the following inspired description?—"They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering: and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved." Now does not this look like the depiction of an actual scene; the narration of a real event? And does it not reveal individual misgiving and tremor overpowered by mutual exhortation and vain bravado? Thus open, public idolatry owed its establishment to a convention of covetous craftsmen, who abetted each other in the impious innovation by representations of pecuniary advantage. The observation of the sagacious Roman on another subject applies well here: "If you want to discover the originator of an evil, ask, *Who gains by it?*"

A SCENE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

When the islands of the Pacific Ocean were first discovered by Europeans, some of the natives were found very timid and friendly; while others were fierce, treacherous, and warlike. For many years after their discovery, these islands were visited only by those who were on voyages of discovery, or who were in the pursuit of gain. The natives were treated with great inhumanity; and drunken seamen, rioting through their villages, and trampling upon all laws of right-doing, soon introduced all the vices of civilised life, to be added to those of the savage state. The natives generally became exasperated, and were ever watching for opportu-

nities to cut off the ships and massacre the seamen. A whale-ship was at one time wrecked upon one of the Feejee Islands. The crew escaped, in their boats, to the shore; and before they were discovered by the natives, succeeded in constructing a fort for their defence. The natives, however, soon found them; and after a long and bloody battle, all of the sailors were slain, except two little boys, whose lives were spared. One, after the lapse of many years, escaped on board a whale-ship which stopped at the island. The other has never been heard of.

Such was the condition of these islands when the Missionaries, taking their lives in their hands, went among them to Christianise the inhabitants. God smiled upon their exertions; and soon these wild men and women turned from their idols and their sins, and cultivated the arts of peace.

A few years after the Missionaries had commenced their labours, a whale-ship came in sight of an unknown island in the Pacific Ocean. They had been for six months cruising in search of their gigantic game, without having seen any land. Scurvy, that terrible scourge of seamen, had seized one after another of the crew, till there were not enough left in health to navigate the vessel in safety. Scurvy is a disease caused by living a long time upon salted provisions, without any vegetables; and the sufferers are almost immediately restored to health, when they can breathe the fresh air of the land, and eat freely of fruits and herbs. Here was this ship, several thousand miles from the coast. The crew were emaciated and dying. Before them rose, in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, one of those islands of the ocean, which appear to the mariner, weary with gazing for months upon the wide waste of waters, like the garden of Eden. But they dared not approach those shores. A foe, more treacherous and dreadful than disease, they apprehended there. The club of the savage, and the demoniacal revels of the cannibals dancing and shouting around their roasting victims, were more to be dreaded than death, by slow and lingering approaches, in the ship. They dared not draw near the shore; for they were too feeble to prevent the natives, should they come out in large numbers in their

canoes, from climbing up the sides, and taking possession of the ship. But with the glass they could distinctly see the clear streams of water, foaming down their channels in the mountains. Meadows faded away in the distance, enchanting the eye with their shady groves and their rich verdure. The cocoa-nut tree reared its graceful head upon the beach, laden with its precious and its life-giving treasures. And forests rich with tropical fruits, juicy and luscious, were everywhere spread around. These emaciated and dying men crawled from their berths, and gazed with wistful eyes upon this tantalising scene. Slowly they were borne along by a gentle breeze, and forest-crowned headlands, and luxuriant valleys and groves, bending beneath the burden of fruit, glided by, like the changes of a kaleidoscope; and still no canoe pushed out from the shore, and no huts of the natives were to be seen. They began to cherish the hope that the island might be uninhabited, and cautiously approached it. But, ere long, they saw canoes upon the beach, and smoke here and there ascending from the cocoa-nut groves. And still, to their astonishment, no natives made their appearance, and no sound of human voices reached them from the shore. As they rounded a promontory, which opened before them a quiet and lovely bay, a thickly-clustered village of the natives burst upon their view, and in the centre of it was reared a Christian church. A simultaneous shout of joy rang through the ship, as the cry passed from stem to stern, "The Missionaries are here!" It was the Sabbath, and the natives had learned the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." And the temptation of a ship entering the bay did not lure a single canoe to leave the shore. The crew were almost crazed with joy at this sudden change in their prospects. They speedily cast anchor, furled their sails, and, entering the ship's boats, went on shore. As soon as the natives were informed of their sick and suffering condition, they received them with the utmost hospitality, and supplied them with all the fresh fruit and vegetables they could need.

The next day the natives aided the emaciated crew in taking a sail from the ship, and spreading a large tent upon the green grass, on the banks of a mountain-stream. And

here the crew reposed in inexpressible luxury. They bathed their limbs in the pure water, and quaffed it, in its coolness and its freshness, like Elysian nectar. They rolled with childish glee upon the green grass. Cocoa-nuts and bananas, and lemons and oranges, and other luscious fruits of the tropics, were brought to them in great abundance by the friendly natives. In a few days, the disease which had brought so many of them to the verge of the grave, began to disappear. The Missionaries, from their little stock of medicines, administered to their wants, and treated them with fraternal kindness. In the course of two or three weeks all were restored to health and vigour. They filled their casks with fresh water; laid in stores of vegetables; supplied themselves with pigs and poultry; and then, with invigorated bodies and rejoicing spirits, they raised their anchors and unfurled their sails, and departed on their adventurous way. Thus is fulfilled the declaration of Scripture, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The labours of these Missionaries were not only instrumental in promoting the salvation and moral elevation of these uncivilised men, but they also saved the lives of these seamen, and secured the success of the voyage upon which they had embarked.

What a different world would this be, did the spirit of Christian brotherhood pervade the hearts of all its inhabitants! Could woe, oppression, and injustice cease, and every man look upon his fellow-man as a friend, the larger portion of the sorrows of humanity would disappear for ever. And none are doing more to hasten the advent of this happy day than those who are aiding, by their personal example, influence, and means, to extend throughout the world the religion of Jesus Christ.

EXPERIMENTAL PROOF OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

Some two or three months ago, a young and promising French physicist, M. Foucault, in the cellar of his mother's house, at Paris, tried some experiments with a pendulum, by

which he succeeded in giving a new demonstration of the earth's rotation. These experiments have since been repeated in Paris by M. Arago, and by several men in this country, and have given rise to much discussion. Let a pointer be attached to the weight of a pendulum suspended by a long and fine wire, capable of turning round in all directions, and nearly in contact with the floor of a room, and let the line which this pointer appears to trace on the ground be followed by a chalk-mark; and then it will be seen that the line so described is slowly, but visibly and constantly, moving round, like the hand of a watch-dial. The time required for the performance of a complete revolution of the plane of vibration would be about thirty hours forty minutes for the parallel of London; and exactly forty-eight hours at thirty degrees from the equator. A distinguished lecturer, some time ago, made the point of a pendulum traverse a long black line, forming the meridian diameter of a circle. It was somewhat difficult to prevent an elliptical oscillation, but after various trials, the ball was made to sway exactly in a meridional line. To those near the table the deviation from the black line soon became evident; the deflection being eastward at the north end of its vibration, and westward at the south. With the view of obtaining some idea of this remarkable phenomenon, let us accompany that able scientific man, Hugh Miller, in its solution, as it gradually presented itself to him in that lecture-room, where a number of scientific men were met to test the experiment.

Let us suppose ourselves, then, not in that room, placed some twenty feet distant, side to side, but at the north pole, some twenty feet distant from that mathematical point, which is so exactly placed in the earth's axis as to have no motion. Further, let us imagine a slim, tall rod, fixed perpendicularly on that point, to act as a gnomon, and a plane circle traced around it, like that of a large sun-dial, with its circumference divided into twenty-four equal spaces or divisions. Let us yet further imagine that the sun, at this season a few degrees above the horizon, is holding his horizontal course through a cloudless sky, and travelling round and round the dreary snow-covered landscape at always the same height from the

sea. Such, in the beginning of May, when the experiment took place, was demonstrably its course. Now, the upright rod-like style here, and the plane with its twenty-four divisions, form, of course, a sun-dial; the sun-cast shadow of the rod falls in succession over each of the twenty-four divisions, and marks out the twenty-four hours; and as each quadrant of the circle, divided into six hours, is also divided into ninety degrees, (for at the mathematical point in the earth's axis, which never moves, all the degrees of longitude converge,) it necessarily follows that each hour represents fifteen degrees, or each degree four minutes. But what we have chiefly to note is, that the dial here is a time-measurer, simply because the dial-plate goes round its immovable centre once every twenty-four hours, and because both the sun and the gnomon are fixed points. In clocks and time-pieces there is a different principle illustrated; the dial-plate is fixed, and it is the hands that go round; but were we to be contented with a single hand, exactly the same result could be produced by fixing *it*, and applying the machinery to make the dial-plate go round under it. Let us suppose that, standing beside our imaginary sun-dial of the north pole, it became a question in our minds whether we could not convert *it* into a clock, by furnishing it with a fixed hand, seeing that nature furnishes, of itself, the necessary movement of the dial-plate. It will not do to fix a horizontal bar to the top of the rod-like gnomon; for, though there is a mathematical point in the centre of the gnomon that does not move, the gnomon itself is not a mathematical point, but, having a sensible thickness, revolves, in consequence, round its own centre; and so the bar attached to it would move at the same rate as the dial-plate under it. Here, however, M. Foucault's suggestion comes in, "Try the pendulum;" and the pendulum—a familiar name in science, and now suspended from between two tall beams that rise immediately over the mathematical point of non-movement—is accordingly tried.

It is one of the qualities of the pendulum, when undisturbed by the operations of any external force, such as cross-currents of air, or the attraction of neighbouring rocks or hills, to oscillate in the direction in which it has been put in motion.

Placed *in vacuo*, and on a plane of homogeneous texture, it would swing in the line in which it had been first set agoing, until the power of gravitation overcame the power which had put it in motion; and, could we but overcome certain mechanical difficulties which still stand in the way, the erection of such a pendulum as we describe, over our imaginary dial-plate, would constitute a clock that, provided by the diurnal motion of the earth with its moving power, would never need winding up for purposes of motion, but merely something analogous to winding up for keeping its one hand at rest. Hung within an air-tight dome of glass, from which the atmosphere had been withdrawn, it would continue to oscillate in the same line, while the dial-plate was moving under it, undisturbed but by one element, that one element being the single twist which the wire or thread that suspended it would receive every twenty-four hours. And if, through some mechanical contrivance, this twist could be exactly counterbalanced, the polar-clock, so long as the pendulum continued to swing, would be complete. At the equator, however, no such clock could be erected. There the line of the earth's diurnal motion, which at the pole passes, in the twenty-four hours, through the circumference of a circle, is simply a right line due west and east, which passes for ever through the same plane. The sun-dial does not furnish us here with so perfect an illustration as at the pole, as, from that inclination of the earth's axis to which we owe the seasons, the line of the sun, save when it is crossing the equator at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, is not exactly parallel to the line of the earth's motion on its axis. At these two seasons, however, both lines are parallel; and we should then find, that a rod-like perpendicular gnomon, placed exactly in any part of the equator, would fail to indicate the hour by its direction, for the direction would be always the same, due east and west; and the only way of making it serve the purposes of a time-measurer at all would be by marking, not the *direction* of the shadow, which would be always the same, but the *length* of the shadow, which, at noon, would be down to zero, and would possess its extreme length, west or east, at sunrise or sunset. Such would be the sun-dial of the equator; it would be a sun-dial on an entirely different principle from

that of the pole: and as, of course, the pendulum could only indicate direction, it would for ever move over the same line of the dial-plate, just as the shadow of the gnomon does, and give no evidence of the earth's motion. But between the shadow of the polar gnomon, with its regular movement over the twenty-four divisions of the circle during the twenty-four hours of the natural day, and the shadow of the equatorial gnomon, fixed always in the same line, there must, according to the degrees, minutes, and seconds of latitude in which the intermediate parts of the earth are situated, be many gradations of movement; and, to suit these various gradations, we find, according to the latitude, a different style and construction of sun-dial. And so, of necessity, must it be with the indications of the earth's diurnal movement, as given by the experiment of the pendulum. At the equator the experiment would yield no indication whatever: the indication would be down at zero; whereas, at the pole, it would give full indication of a complete revolution once in every twenty-four hours. And along a line drawn from the pole to the equator, the indications would vary with every degree, minute, and second of latitude, from twenty-four hours down to zero. It is at this point, however, that the matter becomes somewhat difficult of conception. We shall present it to the reader in the various stages in which it submitted itself to our own mind. First, we imagined to ourselves a sun-dial erected at the pole; then a sun-dial erected, during the equinoxial season, at the equator; and conceived of the result in both cases. Then for the gnomon we substituted, in each case, a pendulum; and while we saw the equatorial pendulum ever oscillating, according to the law of motion which obtains at the equator, over the same line of its dial-plate, we saw the polar pendulum oscillating, according to the law of motion which obtains at the pole, over all the twenty-four lines of its plate in succession. We then bethought us, that for a considerable distance on both sides of the equator, nearly the *equatorial* law of motion would obtain; and for a considerable distance on both sides of the pole, nearly the law of *polar* motion; but that, according to the distance, there would be slight deviations from both. Were

the earth a cylinder, like a huge, thick grindstone or roller, the case would be different; all along its equatorial *periphery* the law of the equator would prevail, and the indications of the pendulum continue at zero; while all over its broad polar end the law of the pole would prevail, and the indications of the pendulum yield the full tale of twenty-four hours; but the earth being not a cylinder, but a sphere, there must of necessity be an increase of indications with every degree and minute, as one quits the zero line of the equator, for the twenty-four-hour point of the pole, and a diminution of indication with every degree and minute, as one quits the twenty-four-hour point of the pole for the zero line of the equator. And these differences of diminution and increase are differences measureable by time. There must be a line intermediate between the zero line and the twenty-four-hour point, in which, as indicated by the pendulum, the dial-plate beneath would take forty-eight hours to revolve; for at that point the zero law of the equator and the twenty-four-hour law of the pole would act with exactly equal force; and hence the indications of movement would be checked exactly one-half. At two other certain zones,—the one intermediate between this point and the pole, and the other intermediate between this point and the equator,—the indications of movement would be respectively *thirty*-six hours and *ninety*-six hours for the revolution of the dial-plate; and the exact place of these zones it is of course the part of the mathematician to determine; but that they must and do exist, is a conclusion inevitable to every man of common sense. Nay, there is a certain zone, not very distant from the zero line, in which the dial-plate would take more than a thousand years to revolve under the pendulum: just as there is another zone, near the twenty-four-hour point, in which the dial would revolve, not in twenty-four hours, but in twenty-four hours and the thousandth part of a second. Here, however, conception is again at fault. The earth takes but twenty-four hours to revolve on its axis. How, it may be asked, and is asked, can dial-plates formed to show that revolution take periods for their own revolution so much more extended? And so considerable is the difficulty here, that, more than a hundred years ago, the Marquis Poleni, a phi-

losophic Venetian, anticipated the tract of M. Foucault up to this point, where he was arrested. Be it remembered, however, that in the gradual downward progress from twenty-four hours to zero, dependent on the spheroidal form of the earth, and the nature of its motion on its own axis, a diurnal revolution is nowhere represented by a revolution of the dial-plate, save at the polar point which we have left; our approach towards zero prevents that: it is represented simply by the revolution of a certain number of degrees: there is a zone, for instance, in which it would be represented by but a single degree of the three hundred and sixty; and the rotation goes on until the revolution is complete, merely because the motion of the earth is persistent in one direction, and because that at the end of each diurnal revolution of the earth, the experiment, as it were, begins anew, and, going on in exactly the direction of yesterday, travels from a new starting-point, and clears along the circumference a new stretch of ground. "It was Foucault's great merit," says a writer in the *Times*, "to have overcome what still remains the stumbling-block to those to whom the subject is presented for the first time, and which also formed that of Poleni; namely, the difficulty of seeing that the motion of the plane would be not alternating, *but accumulative in one direction.*" In order to render the motion of the plane other than accumulative, or, in other words, the rotary motion of the dial-plate other than complete in its revolution, the earth would require to revolve eastwards on its axis at one time, and westwards at another, and present us at one time with the ordinary spectacle of the sun rising in the east, and at another with the rather extraordinary one of his rising in the west. "In Paris," says Mr. Sylvester, a distinguished Cambridge mathematician, in his letter to the *Times*, "there is no difference of opinion on the subject among such men as Laine, Poinsol, Binet, Leonville, Sturm, Chasles, Bruvues, Arago, Hermite, and many others with whom I conversed, except as to the best mode of making the theory popularly intelligible."

POWDER-MAGAZINE AT SEA.

The distribution, during a heavy action, of gunpowder throughout, say a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship, requires so many precautions, that it would be impracticable even briefly to enumerate them. As soon as the drum beats to action, there is hastily rigged up in the middle of each deck, and consequently between decks, what at first sight appears to be a large flannel phantom, with two short arms or fins, one drawn inwards, and the other projecting outwards. Within this shapeless "screen," concealed from view, and consequently from sparks of fire, there are stationed one or two trusty men, whose duty it is to deliver to the running powder-men, through the flannel sleeve which is turned outwards, a series of cartridges, as fast as they are handed up from below; and, *per contra*, to receive through the flannel-sleeve which is turned inwards the leathern buckets which require to be replenished. And certainly it is impossible, even for a moment, to contemplate this operation without reflecting what a strange position it is for any human being to occupy; for, although he can see nothing whatever of what is going on, he is as much exposed to be shot as those who, within a few feet of him, are fighting the guns.

The two magazines (one fore and the other aft) from which the powder, under the direction of a Mate or Midshipman, is with innumerable precautions handed up, and then, through the phantom, delivered on deck, are lighted by external, powerful lamps, which, glaring through two thick glass bulls'-eyes, cast a sort of pale moonlight on him whose duty it is, amidst the roar of cannon, vomiting forth fire and fury, calmly at intervals to watch the black hands of a white dial by his side, upon which are inscribed the words "distant," "full," "reduced," "stop;" and, in obedience thereto, to select and hand out, *seriatim*, the different descriptions of cartridges required for the three ranges above indicated; and thus, although far below the surface of the ocean, out of the reach of all shot, and secluded from his thousand messmates, he can guess probably more accurately than most of them, his distance from the enemy. The various cartridges over which he presides

are respectively taken from zinc boxes, which, arranged in tiers separated by passages like those in a wine-cellar, are so hermetically closed that if, in case of fire, it should suddenly be deemed necessary to drown the magazine, the water, it is *said*, would flood them without wetting the powder, which would be again fit for action as soon as, through another stop-cock, the fluid has been turned off into the hold.

The cost for powder alone, of a single discharge of the armament of a line-of-battle ship of one hundred and twenty guns, is upwards of £20. The cost for powder alone, of the firing of a morning and evening gun, exceeds £100 a year.—*Sir F. B. Head.*

JEFFERSON'S TOMB.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the tomb of Mr. Jefferson, late President of the United States; namely,—

HERE LIES BURIED

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statutes of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.

His ten good rules to be observed in practical life:—

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, one hundred.
9. Take things always by the smoothest handle.
10. In all cases when you cannot do as well as you would, do the best you can.

AN INTERESTING REFLECTION.

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a

moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are for ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon our faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their "festival around the midnight thrones," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth: there is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

THE ULTIMATE RESULTS OF THE DIFFUSION OF RELIGION.

The religious man, (says an eminent writer,) if he be true to his privileges and profession, will have all the virtues of the man of the world, besides some others which the latter has not; and still further, as those that they have in common are, in him, fed and sustained from a far higher and diviner source than what nourishes those of the man of the world, they ought to be seen to be both more pure and more elevated than his, in simple correspondence with that circumstance. Future society, then, being supposed to have come under the influence of religious truth, to be reconciled to God through the death of His Son, and to be regenerated and renewed by the sanctifying Spirit, and, as such, habitually "to ascend into the hill of the Lord," and to worship acceptably "in His holy place," it is to be expected, as the result of this, that it will "increase and abound in all holy conversation and godliness." Now, there is no personal or social virtue that the

New Testament does not inculcate, or that the spirit of the Gospel is not adapted to nourish and expand. If the nations of the world were each to possess a national religion in the sense of the whole nation being religious, then every individual would be chaste and temperate, upright and truthful, fortified by the strength and softened and adorned by the beauties of holiness. Every family would be loving and harmonious; parents wise and worthy of respect; children obedient; brethren living "together in unity." All business would be conducted justly; commercial transactions would be all clean, and capable of being touched with "clean hands;" trade and handicrafts would be noble and dignified, by being pervaded with the great idea of "duty," and attended to on principles which would be the very same as those that control the doings of an angel, or direct and inspire a seraph in his songs! Nowhere would be seen drunkenness, or seduction; robbery and murder would be things of the past. There would be no oppression on the part of the rich; no pride or tyranny in the powerful; no injustice between class and class; no envy in the less favoured of God's children, prompting them to harsh or petulant judgments of their more distinguished or opulent brothers. There never can be literal and absolute equality of station or circumstance: there never can be a uniformity of rank or possessions. In the most perfect condition of the world and man, there must still of necessity be master and servant, the employer and the employed; the head of one, the hand of another, the capital of a third, the back for a burden, and the feet for toil; all these will always be required, and must be furnished, and must act, in any improved state of society. But they may act harmoniously. There need be no fraud, oppression, or injustice. There may be everywhere given "the fair day's wages for the fair day's work;" and there may be everywhere rendered "the fair day's work for the fair day's wages." Society, like the church, is a body with its members. It has its head and feet, its ear and eye, its mouth and hands: the health of the body, or its physical perfection, does not consist in every member having the same office, but in all fulfilling their respective functions without disturbance;

each being thus in unity with the rest. The perfect and healthful development of society consists in a condition analogous to this. That condition of society so frequently spoken of by some, in our day, if anything of the sort shall hereafter be, will be found to consist, not in society's ceasing to be a body by becoming entirely but one member,—a huge head, or a gigantic foot, or a great, swinging, muscular arm,—but in all the members acting healthily in their own place; and, while doing so, each having the same care of the other. In this way, and in this way alone, can society be preserved from opposite dangers; from becoming a monster without parts, that must of necessity perish from the want of organic or functional vitality; or being torn by intestine schisms and dissensions, that must tear it to pieces, or make it explode.

It is not here possible to enlarge on these and kindred matters. Enough has been said to make manifest the general principle, that, on the supposition of the diffusion in the world of an intelligent, vital, and uncorrupted Christianity, there would result from it the fruits of a universal righteousness. Every family would be "a church in the house;" children would be trained in the way they should go; and conversion from outward, practical wickedness would be seldom needed in adult age. Education would be universal. Learning and knowledge would be "the stability of these times," with the fear of God and the hope of salvation. Science would be devout, and literature pure. The universe would be explored with reverence and humility; discoveries announced without boasting; and improvements and inventions received with gratitude. No books would be written to demoralise and corrupt; nor the arts be allowed to minister to licentiousness. Industry would be cheerful, and labour honoured; the fruits of the earth would be taken and used as a Divine gift; and the productions of skill would be connected with thoughts of the Maker of the mind. In that day, there would be on every object "Holiness to the Lord;" for all men would act in consistency with the belief that "the earth is His, and the fulness thereof."

SERIOUSNESS.

Matthew Henry tells a story of a great statesman (Secretary Walsingham) in Queen Elizabeth's time, who retired from public life in his latter days, and gave himself to serious thought. His former gay companions came to visit him, and told him he was becoming melancholy. "No," he replied, "I am serious; for all are serious round about me. God is serious in observing us; Christ is serious in interceding for us; the Spirit is serious in striving with us; the truths of God are serious; our spiritual enemies are serious in their endeavours to ruin us; poor, lost sinners are serious in hell: and why, then, should not you and I be serious too?"

THE BOY AND THE TIGER.

The following account is given by the Rev. Mr. Lacroix, a Missionary at Calcutta.

Bees are very numerous in India, but they are not kept there as they are here, in hives; for they store up their honey in hollow trees in the forests and jungles. But although it is difficult to enter these wooded places,—and those who do so are in great danger from serpents and savage beasts,—there are many poor men who get their living by gathering and selling the wild honey. Now, a few months before Mr. Lacroix wrote his letter, four of these men, and a boy eleven years old, went from one of the Mission-stations for this purpose. They got into a boat, and rowed into an inlet of a river, where the banks on both sides were grown all over with high trees and thick shrubs, which formed a part of what is called, in India, a jungle. When they came to the place where they intended to land, the men jumped on shore, and left the boy to take care of the boat while they were gone after the honey. As the tide was then running out of the creek, in a little while the boat was left dry upon a bank of deep mud. The sun was hot, and the place was very silent, as the boy sat quietly in the boat, looking about him, and wishing that the men would come back; when, lo! all at

once the poor little fellow stared and started as he saw a very large tiger standing upon the bank just above the boat, looking right down upon him with his great glaring eyes. You may fancy how he felt as he beheld the savage beast first fix his fierce look upon him, and then crouch and crawl along the ground, preparing to spring and make him his prey.

The boy was very much frightened, as you may suppose; but he had his wits about him; and, therefore, without losing a moment, he crept under the deck of the boat, for fortunately the boat *had* a deck. But no sooner had he entered his hiding-place, than down came the tiger at one great leap; and such was the force with which he sprang, that one of his legs went right through the deck, and got jammed in between the planks, just over the place where the boy lay.

Without loss of time, and with wonderful presence of mind, the little fellow snatched hold of a rope which was lying near him, and, twisting it quickly around the tiger's leg, he tied it firm, and held it fast. Not understanding this treatment, and never having been trained, like a dog, to give his paw to boy or man, the ferocious creature groaned and tugged, and tried in every way to get his leg out; but the boy knew well that the only chance of saving his own life was to keep the rope firm, and therefore he held it as fast as he could. After twisting, and turning, and pulling for a long time, without getting away from the boy, the tiger was quite cowed, and laid himself quietly down on the deck. Now you may suppose how the poor boy must have felt, as he peeped up through the broken deck, and saw the red eyes and the great jaws of this fierce monster.

But at last the honey-gatherers, having finished their work in the jungle, made their appearance upon the bank. Seeing the tiger lying upon the deck of their boat, they at once concluded that he had killed and gobbled up the boy, and that he was now getting a quiet nap after his dinner. They therefore raised a great shout, which so frightened the beast, that he made one more desperate tug; and as the boy this time was not quite so watchful as he had been before, the tiger jerked out his leg from the hole, and leaped clean off the boat. Fortunately, he jumped right into the deep mud;

and as he was floundering about and trying to get out of it, the four men rushed down upon him, and with great sticks which they happened to have in their hands, they laboured away with all their might at his head, till they first stunned and then killed him.

How glad they were when they saw the boy, who they thought had been killed and eaten by the tiger, quietly creeping out from under the deck safe and sound, you may easily suppose; for he was the son of one of the men, and a nephew of another.

In closing this account, Mr. Lacroix observes: "Young people, what an excellent thing is presence of mind, especially in time of danger! With it many have saved their own lives, or the lives of others. And if such presence of mind was found in a heathen child, how much more should Christian people, young and old, have of it, who, when in danger, have a kind Father and a faithful God to look to!—a God who watches over them, and who, if they put their trust in Him, will never leave, never forsake, them."

TRUE WISDOM.

Science has made rapid advances; but it has not yet learned how to soothe a troubled conscience, or to lift the burden of remorse from an aching heart. Thousands of years ago, in one of the most ancient of books, the question was asked: "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" and in the many works that have been written since, men have tried, in one way or another, to answer it. The thoughtful Patriarch who proposed it, sought in vain from all the wisdom and knowledge of his time for a reply that would give peace to his restless spirit. And if we turn to the more mature science of our own day, and repeat the question: "Whence, then, cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?" what is the answer? Even as it was ages ago. The geologist drills and bores through stratum after stratum, and digs and delves far "deeper than the plummet ever sounded," only to return and tell that "the

depth saith, It is not in me." The voyager covers the sea with ships. With sail, and paddle-wheel, and Archimedes' screw, they speed north and south, and east and west, and round about the pendent globe. Many run to and fro, and knowledge increases. What the foam-crested waves will not tell, the abyss may reveal; and with net, and dredge, and diving-bell, the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean" are searched through, and gazed into, and "gems of purest ray," and monsters who never saw the sun, are brought into the "light of common day." But, above all the stir and strife of man's endeavour, the murmuring billows lift their voices, and "the sea saith, It is not with me." The chemist gathers together every object which has shape, or weight, or volume, living or dead, and with fire, and furnace, and potent agent, and electric battery, tests and assays it. But when "victorious analysis" has done its best, he replies, "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it. The price of wisdom is above rubies." The naturalist wanders through the pathless forests of far-distant lands, and with pain and toil grows familiar with the habits of everything that lives; but after he has gone the round of all creation in search of wisdom, he answers, with mournful aspect, "It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept secret from the fowls of the air." The anatomist makes the writhing animal agonize under his torturing hand, and slays it, that perchance in the page of death the mystery of life and of wisdom may be found written; but he will venture, in reply, to say no more than that "Destruction and Death say, We have heard the sound thereof with our ears."

But while all the oracles of science are silent on this great question, lo! through the thick darkness a ray of light descends, and a voice, solemn but benignant, proclaims to us, as it did to the first anxious seeker after truth, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."—*The British Quarterly.*

THE LITTLE CLOUD.

(1 KINGS XVIII. 41—46.)*

ONE would think that Elijah was the King, and Ahab his subject. It is not Ahab who says to Elijah, but Elijah to Ahab, "Go, and he goeth; and, Come, and he cometh." So now the Prophet tells the King to withdraw and refresh himself after the fatigues of the day; and Ahab, glad to be relieved, retires to eat and to drink. But Elijah's "meat was to do the will of Him that sent him, and to FINISH his work." He then went to the top of the mountain, and cast himself down upon the earth, with his face between his knees, thus remaining in earnest prayer. He then desired his servant to go to the top of the promontory, and look towards the sea. The man went, and returned to report that he observed nothing, Seven times the Prophet bent down in prayer, and six times the servant returned without the report of coming rain. But the seventh time he announced, with quickened words, that he saw on the horizon a little cloud, not larger than a man's hand, arising out of the sea. On hearing this, the Prophet sent the man to tell Ahab to betake himself to his chariot, and hasten home, *lest the rain should prevent him.* The King caught the precious meaning of this message. Never was the prospect of a journey being hindered by rain so gladly received by mortal man. He hastened to his chariot. It was full time. The heavens were already black with clouds; the wind arose; and presently the rain fell down in mighty streams. The King, meanwhile, was scouring the great plain of Esdraelon for Jezreel. But who is that strong man, with tightly-girded loins, who flees swifter than the horse, and runs before the chariot of his King? It is Elijah. The great Prophet chose, in this remarkable, characteristic way to evince that, after all the great deeds he had done, after all the stern things he had spoken, he forgot not that Ahab was his Sovereign; for the part he took was that of a servant, whose duty it is to run before the chariot of his master. It is seen by Egyptian monuments that the Princes and nobles of that country had attendants who ran

* Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations," Vol. IV., just published.

before their chariots. Such vehicles are not now used in Egypt, or in Western Asia; but in Persia it is at this day regarded as a piece of necessary state for the King and great nobles to have several men to run before and behind them as they ride out on horseback. This they do even when the rider puts his horse to a gallop; and, as a general rule, it is understood that a well-trained footman ought to remain untired fully as long as, if not longer than, the horse ridden by the master. The men are of course trained to this arduous service; and it is astonishing to observe the apparent ease with which they keep their relative distance from the master's horse, in all its paces, even the most rapid. These men are called *shatirs;* and the reported feats of some of them would be incredible, were they not well authenticated. One is known to have accomplished about one hundred and twenty miles in fourteen hours' unremitted running; and, instead of finding praise for this, was rather censured for not having accomplished the task in twelve hours.

These men are, like Elijah, tightly girded; so tightly, that to stoop were death, and to fall were to rise no more. There is near Ispahan a monument called the Shatir's Tower, (*Meel e Shatir*,) the story connected with which is, that a King of Persia promised his daughter in marriage to any one who would run before his horse all the way from Shiraz to Ispahan. One of the *shatirs* had so nearly accomplished the task as to gain the height on which the tower stands, and where the city comes full in view, when the Monarch, alarmed lest he should be forced to fulfil his engagement, dropped his whip. The *shatir*, aware that, owing to the ligatures around his body, it would cost him his life to stoop, contrived to pick it up with his feet. This trick having failed, the royal rider dropped his ring. The *shatir* then saw that his fate was decided; and exclaiming, "O King, you have broken your word, but I am true to the last!" he stooped, picked up the ring, and expired.

There is something remarkable to us in the sign by which the Prophet knew that the rain was coming. A little cloud in the horizon would to us be of small significance; but it is not so in the East. The clearness of the sky renders the

slightest appearance of the kind distinctly visible, and it is known to be the sign of an immediate storm, with violent rain. Of several instances that occur to us, one of the most graphic is that given by Mr. Emerson, in his "Letters from the Ægean." He is at sea in a Greek vessel in the Levant. One morning, which had opened clear and beautiful, it was announced that a squall might be expected. No sign recognisable by European landsmen appeared; but on attention being properly directed, "a little black cloud" was seen on the verge of the horizon towards the south, which was every instant spreading rapidly over the face of the sky, and drawing nearer to the vessel. Order was immediately given to strike sail, and to prepare the vessel for scudding before the hurricane. "But scarcely an instant had elapsed ere the squall was upon us, and all grew black around; the wind came rushing and crisping over the water, and in a moment the ship was running almost gunwale down, while the rain was dashing in torrents upon the decks. As quick as thought the foresail was torn from the yards; and as the gust rushed through the rigging, the sheets and ropes were crackling with a fearful noise. The crew, however, accustomed to such sudden visitants, were not slow in reefing the necessary sails, trimming the rigging, and bringing back the vessel to her proper course; and in about a quarter of an hour, or even less, the hurricane had all passed away; the sun burst out again through the clouds that swept in its impetuous train; the wind sunk to its former gentleness, and all was once more at peace, with the exception of the agitated sea, that continued for the remainder of the day rough and billowy."

To this Mr. Emerson adds the interesting fact, that it is mainly the dread of such sudden bourasques as the present, that compels almost every vessel in the Levant to shorten sail at the close of the day, since in cloudy weather it would be next to impossible, during the night, to discern the cloud which announces the approach of a tempest, in time to prepare for its reception; and to a ship with her canvass spread, the effect might be terrific.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.

The religion of Paul spread in Rome, the city of his captivity, and his few followers became many. They did not, as the Heathen, burn their dead, but buried them. In the suburbs of Rome were extensive excavations, whence sand and stones had been dug for the building of the city. In some parts of these excavations, places of burial had already been established by the poor Romans who were unable to erect a funeral pile. To these excavations, then, the Christians would naturally look, as offering to them a cemetery. In performing their funerals, they would require the services of the sand-diggers. These latter could not fail to be struck with the new character of the mourners. Instead of woes without consolation, they found gentle and melting hearts, laying down their dead without a note of murmuring, speaking of bright and sunny hopes, of peace in death, of a new and immortal body. All this could not fail to affect some of the sand-diggers. As they saw bereaved eyes looking into a grave with beams of hope, as if that grave were the gate of the morning, they must have wished to know how these strange hopes were fostered; and probably not a few of this poor and despised class became numbered with the early disciples of the Roman church.

That church was soon numerous enough to attract the public eye. Then came times of persecution. Authority stretched forth her hand to crush the Christians. They needed, and they sought, a refuge. The excavations in which they had buried their dead were the only shelter they could find. Probably the sand-diggers belonging to their number, knowing all the secrets of those long, dark, tortuous caves, led their brethren to places of security. Time after time did the rage of the Emperors compel them to flee to this dreary asylum. During three centuries it frequently happened that a Christian head was safe under no roof but the low vault of the catacombs. Here they were often obliged to remain for a considerable time. St. Chrysostom alludes to a lady who was supported from day to day with food carried to her by her servant-maid, of whose arrest she was held in constant fear. Another case

is recorded of a believer named Hippolytus, who, during a lengthened concealment, was supplied by the children of his heathen sister. Solicitous for the salvation of this sister, he consulted with Stephen the Bishop, the companion of his concealment. They agreed to detain the children. The parents, in alarm, hastened to the catacombs. There they were told by their faithful brother of the unsearchable riches of Christ; and they afterwards showed, even unto death, that they had learned to prize those riches. This good Bishop Stephen, the friend and companion of Hippolytus, seems to have been long confined to the caverns, and there to have regularly exercised his ministry.

By damp steps, dimly lighted, you descend into the heart of the earth; and there find a narrow passage, at the best from eight to ten feet high, by four to six wide. Here and there a light-hole sheds through the vault a very insufficient glimmer. On either hand the sides of the cave are lined with tombs, wherein rest those who have died in Christ or died for Christ. Now and then a narrow flight of rocky steps leads from one vault down to another, and a similar flight of steps from that down to a third, so that as many as three tiers of these small tunnels stand one above the other. As the catacombs extend over an area of some fifteen miles, they offered almost endless facilities for concealment. And hiding in the recesses of those dark, damp caves, you must conceive the early disciples at Rome as spending many a long period of suspense.

In some spot where several of the passages met, you would find a little chamber a few yards square; and in this chamber the hunted flock would gather, from time to time, to adore, in the bowels of the earth, that high and holy One whom they dared not honour under the light of His own sky. On one such occasion the worthy Pastor Stephen had been conducting the service. He had just pronounced the concluding benediction; and while the words of peace are yet in the ears of the worshippers, they hear the clang of military weapons; a body of soldiers rushes forward, and the Pastor lies before the eyes of his flock a martyr for his Lord.

Looking at those little groups of obscure worshippers in the bowels of the earth, and then at the proud and gorgeous religion

above,—at the system that can scarce find a refuge in the sand-holes, and at that which shines in imperial state,—which is the more likely to prevail? Surely we are ready to abandon the followers of the one as the dupes of a hopeless dream, and to look upon those of the other as the disciples of a creed destined to be eternal. But not so; not so. By the power of God, and the wisdom of God, that persecuted faith steadily advances. The ignorant eclipse the learned, the weak master the strong, the few outgrow the many, the persecuted overpower the persecutors, and a day comes when the head of Cæsar bows with faith and veneration before the Cross.

In the year 314 a Christian Emperor gave to the church, as her right, those caverns which had so long been her refuge. Now commenced a new use of the catacombs. Where the Christians had formerly gone to preserve life, where they had laid the remains of their kindred, where their honoured martyrs lay awaiting the coming of the Lord, and where all the traditions of their past history had their most hallowed associations, they naturally betook them to meditate. Nor is there one of us who would not have loved to stand and muse in those dormitories of the faithful dead. We feel even as to the spot where we have buried one friend,—the spot where we have looked down into an open grave, till we felt as if our own heart were at its bottom, and growing cold,—that we should love to go there again and meditate. And if so, how strongly would the Christians of Rome be drawn towards the tombs of their fathers in the faith, towards the scenes of saintly patience and glorious martyrdom! We have an account of the poet Prudentius, who came all the way from Spain to visit the tombs of the martyrs: he describes the gloomy descent, the long and sombre passages, and his own praying before the tombs. Here they were wont not only to meditate individually, but also to meet, especially round the tombs of martyrs, to celebrate the love-feast, or agape, and even to partake of the eucharist. This practice naturally, and perhaps inevitably, led to abuses.

The catacombs once having become a scene of public interest, it was natural that they should be adorned. Accordingly, many of the original tombstones were replaced by carved sarcophagi,

or stone coffins; whilst various painting and sculpture on the chapels, the sarcophagi, and the tombstones testified the desire of the Christians in the day of their triumph to decorate the scene of their struggle. It is important to remember that the catacombs remained open, receiving much attention, and much additional ornament, up to the middle of the fifth century.

By that time the church had much degenerated in purity, in faith, and in rites. Then came from the north a barbarian horde, which, drifting like heaps of snow, overspread and buried deep all of life, or beauty, or glory, that decked the realms of the south. The catacombs were closed, and apparently forgotten. A thousand years passed over. After that long winter came spring: the snows began to melt; art, science, literature, sprang up from the earth with spring-tide bloom and vigour; and religion sprang up too, to foster and to guide them all. After this general revival, it pleased Providence to direct attention to the catacombs. A controversy about relics arose at Rome: it was thought the caverns might afford some valuable evidence. Just in the close of the sixteenth century, the catacombs were re-opened. The explorers were transported: upon their eyes loomed amid the shadows, a subterranean city, rich in the remains of the Christian dead, eloquent in the mute, marble records of the young ages of the faith. Presently from this repertory was borne away to the various museums of Europe whatever could be most easily removed. But those parts of the catacombs in which the church had lived in the days of her danger, were of course the most difficult of access. The first rush, therefore, of the explorers led only into those passages which were easier of approach and had been chiefly used as cemeteries after the days of persecution. The distant refuge of the most ancient disciples was the last to be discovered and despoiled of its remains. The monuments drawn from these remoter parts of the catacombs have been chiefly preserved at Rome, and are especially to be found enriching the museum of the Vatican.

In the museum is one long corridor called the Lapidarian Gallery: on the right hand the wall is all covered with heathen monuments plastered into it,—epitaphs, votive tablets, inscriptions of altars, and public documents. The wall on the left is

covered with the tombstones and inscriptions of the ancient Christians, brought forth from the catacombs. Thus the early church is set face to face with that system which it supplants.

These remains have long been before the eye of Christendom, and yet no one seemed to seek among them, as might have been sought, an elucidation of the character of the early church. At length a countryman of our own, Dr. Maitland, turned his attention to this most interesting inquiry, studied in the Lapidarian Gallery, copied the inscriptions, taking even fac-similes, and endeavoured to discover how far all this illustrated the creed and institutions of the church that dwelt in Rome when Christianity was yet near to the apostolic day. The result of all this he has brought forth in a book of the most judicious and admirable character.*

THE DESERT RECLAIMED.

A NOBLEMAN had inherited from a rich uncle a wide district of land, which lay near a village. But the soil was boggy, unfruitful, and like a desert. The new owner, however, had the stagnant water drained, and the morass dried up; and he planted shrubs and trees there, until the place was turned into a beautiful garden, full of pleasant shady walks, which stretched out as far as the village.

After some years he was visited by one who had been his teacher in his youth; and the nobleman showed him how he had caused the morass to be dried up, and how he had transformed it into a beautiful garden. The old master looked at all with pleasure, and praised each part as much as he did the whole. The possessor then went on to describe how he intended to blend the planting still further, and to stock the groves with game of different kinds; and with how much enjoyment he contemplated this little work of his hands.

Then the old master answered him, "You deserve to be so rewarded, since you have in such an admirable manner changed a barren swamp into a delightful retreat. But there

* "The Church in the Catacombs."

is yet something wanting to this fine work before it can be considered perfect."

"And what may that be?" the nobleman inquired.

"Do you not remember," asked the grey-headed man, "that when God had created the garden of Eden, He placed a man therein?"

But the nobleman was silent, and laid these words to his heart; and the next spring, when his dear old master visited him again, he led him to the little wood. There stood two pretty little buildings.

Then the old man smiled, and pressed the nobleman's hand, and said, "I knew well that your heart would understand me: now has love perfected your work."

Now the two buildings were, the one a church, and the other a school.—*Translated from the German.*

RESULTS OF GEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES.

The celebrated philosopher and naturalist, Cuvier, has clearly demonstrated, by his geological researches, the truth of the Mosaical account of the creation of the world; and Lord Brougham says, in his review of Cuvier's Works, "The atheistical argument, that the present state of things may have lasted for ever, is now at an end. It can no longer be affirmed that all the living tribes have gone on from eternity continuing their species; and that, while one generation of these passed away, and another came up, in endless and uninterrupted succession, the earth abided for ever. An interruption and a beginning of that succession has been proved."

ADVICE ON CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

Let me, (says the Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the Commentary,) from my own experience, as well as from the reason of the case, urge persons, from their first entrance upon a religious course, when asked to do anything which they disapprove, fairly to state their disapprobation as a point of conscience. For, not only is this most becoming those *in*

whom there is no guile, but it is also by far the most prudent proceeding. If they assign reasons drawn only from local and temporary circumstances, when those circumstances are changed they will be pressed again and again with redoubled earnestness; whereas, if they once fairly declare their refusal to be the result of deliberate consideration and the dictate of conscience, the hope of prevailing upon them will be given up, and they will save themselves great trouble and danger.

LITERATURE.

Delineation of Roman Catholicism; in which the peculiar Doctrines, Morals, Government, and Usages of the Church of Rome, are stated, treated at large, and confuted. By the Rev. Charles Elliott, D.D. Corrected and revised, with numerous important Additions. Third Edition. Pp. xvi, 822. Mason.

Martyrs of the Reformation: being a History of Martyrdoms, Confessions, and Sufferings, from the Dawn of the Reformation until the former part of the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. William H. Rule. Pp. xx, 656. Mason.

What is Popery? A Catechism for Children and Young Persons from five to fourteen Years of Age. By the Rev. John C. Leppington. 32mo. Mason.

It is said that amongst the closing advices given by the venerable Founder of Methodism, at the last Conference which he attended, was that memorable utterance: "Take care of the rising generation." Never was such advice more important than in the present day, and especially in its relation to that masterpiece of satanic craft and malice, Popery. That fearful system of error, with its usual subtlety, is now putting forth unwonted efforts to regain its lost ascendancy in these lands. The young, the inexperienced, the uninformed, are the prey it seeks. Amidst its present activities, they are in imminent peril of being drawn within its toils. Each Sabbath-school and household in Methodism should form a little citadel of Protestant principles, and nothing can be conceived better adapted to furnish a supply of weapons for defence and assault, than the above works.

Mr. Leppington has given, in a few pages, a condensed and graphic account of what Popery is, admirably calculated to arrest the attention of children.

In Mr. Rule's original work there is a striking exhibition of the ceaseless persecutions of Popery, from the time of John Huss down to the present century. The chapters of this invaluable work furnish many a touching picture of the sufferings of the saints martyred by blood-thirsty Rome. They also demonstrate that the policy and temper of Antichrist, from first to last, has not varied. It is her boast that she is "always and everywhere the same;" and in no feature of her sad history is this more strikingly exemplified than in her persecution of all within her reach, who have held the truth as it is in Jesus.

Elliott's "Delineation" has now been before the British public for some time, and is confessedly the most complete and comprehensive representation of Popery in any language. Not only is Romanism presented in the words and phrases employed by the highest and most official of Papistical authorities, but its doctrines and practices are subjected to a comparison with the explicit teachings of holy Scripture. Thus, with the error there is given the only and effectual antidote; and the proper method is pointed out for successfully contesting the vain and varied pretensions of "the man of sin."

With such means of information within the easy reach of all classes of our community, it will be inexcusable if any should be imperfectly

acquainted with the mighty subjects of the dispute which has now been waged for three hundred years between Protestants and Romanists. Of one thing we may be well assured: this is no holiday discussion in which the church of Christ finds herself, somewhat unexpectedly to many, compelled afresh to engage. There is reason to believe that the knowledge of many on this subject is at present very defective. It is now so long since Popery was seen in these lands in an attitude of strength and menace, that her very existence had almost ceased to be remembered. Recent events, however, have awakened a slumbering Protestantism. The Papacy, awaiting her time, has come forth from her hiding-place; and whether men will see her or no, she is presenting herself to their notice; nor will she, if history is to be trusted, ever retire from the conflict, until she either proves victorious, or is herself vanquished. She now wants nothing but her ancient power to perpetrate all her ancient enormities; and for that power she has entered upon a life-and-death struggle.

In these circumstances it will not do to treat the controversy with indifference, nor to meet it with contemptuous defiance or random strokes of ridicule. Pains-taking labour must be resorted to in order to confront Papal aggression, and to save the population of our country from the floodtide of evil with which they are threatened. Each one in his place—the parent in the family, and the teacher in the school—must do what he can to diffuse information respecting Rome's enormities, both in doctrine and in practice; while, at the same time, there is the most careful attention paid to pre-occupy the youthful mind with the treasures of God's own word, and with devoutest reverence and submission to its authority. Well would it be, without delay, to introduce Mr. Leppington's "Catechism" into every family and every school; while the works of Elliott and Rule might most advantageously be placed in the libraries accessible to parents and teachers, that from them they may be enabled to obtain such illustrations of the telling statements in the "Catechism," as to make the communication of them to their charge at once the means of their own instruction and their children's preservation from deadly error. If this be but promptly done, no one may fully estimate the happy results. From amongst whatever other classes of society or of professed religionists Popery may draw her converts, the sheepfold of Methodism will, by God's blessing, be effectually secured from her desolating depredations. Let Rome continue to have more abundant reason than ever for thinking, as for many a long day she has thought, that the Wesleyan Methodists are amongst the worst and most hopeless of all Protestants.

An Essay on Scriptural Education. Originally published in the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine. By the Rev. Jonathan Crowther. 8vo. Pp. 44. London: Mason.

The friends of scriptural education are deeply indebted to Mr. Crowther for this most excellent and seasonable essay. Sceptical indeed must that man be, who, after reading it, fails to perceive that it is the imperative duty of our own branch of the church of Christ, as such, to take into her own hands the education of all who are already included within her pale, or who may be brought within reach of her agencies. Great good cannot but be accomplished by the extensive circulation of this very important pamphlet.

The Scheme of Secular Education proposed by the National Public Schools' Association, compared with the Manchester and Salford Boroughs' Education Bill. 8vo. Pp. 156. London: Longmans.

In this able pamphlet the two rival systems of public education, which have arisen in Manchester, are minutely contrasted in their respective details. Whatever may be thought of some parts of the latter scheme, there ought not, surely, amongst Christian men, to remain any doubt as to the utter godlessness of that proposed by the secular educationists. Richly has it merited the stigma cast upon it by its recent rejection in the House of Commons. It has, however, grieved many to find a scheme thus ignored advocated in a periodical sometimes found in circulation amongst Wesleyan Sabbath-school Teachers. In these days, the publications of irresponsible bodies are not to be trusted. Where least expected, moral poison may be met with. In the periodical literature

of our own body, an adequate supply for the wants of our schools is surely to be found. Those who circulate the periodicals issued from the Wesleyan Book-Room have every guarantee that can be given, that there shall be nothing inserted in them but what is in perfect accordance with the doctrines and discipline which they conscientiously believe to be in conformity with that authoritative standard of all true belief, the word of God. But in no other quarter can such security be obtained.

Education, National, Voluntary, and Free. By Joseph Fletcher, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, Honorary Secretary to the Statistical Society of London, &c. 8vo. Pp. xiv, 92. London: James Ridgway.

CONTAINS much weighty matter for the consideration of thoughtful men, and is calculated to remove the prejudice which exists in some quarters respecting the Government's encouragement of education. A large amount of statistical information is conveyed by means of a tabular abstract, and of several plates, representing, by different tints, the comparative state of the people, on many subjects bearing on their moral and social condition, in the several counties of England and Wales.

NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Farrar's (Rev. J.) "Biblical and Theological Dictionary," Parts V. and VI.

The Mariner's Deliverance; an Address to Seamen, by a Wesleyan Minister.

Bickersteth's (Rev. Edward) "Life." Two Vols., post 8vo.

Hamilton's (Rev. Dr. James) "Royal Preacher." 8vo.

Liebig's "Familiar Letters on Chemistry."

Catalogue of all the Graduates of Oxford, 1659 to 1850.

Balfour's (Professor J. H.) "Phyto-Theology; or, Botanical Sketches."

Morris's "British Agricultural Grasses." Third Edition.

Woodcroft's "Inventions of the Ancients."

VARIETIES.

RECENT DEATHS.

R. L. Sheil.—Though he has for many years disappeared from the world of literature,—having thrown his stores of knowledge and his poetical impulses into parliamentary oratory,—the late Mr. Richard Lalor Sheil's death must not pass unrecorded. We believe that, among other anonymous writings of his, the collection of sketches of Irish jurisprudence, which excited so much interest when published in the "New Monthly Magazine" under Mr. Campbell's editorship, may be ascribed to the fervid Irish orator. —*Athenæum.*

Sir J. Graham Dalyell.—This eminent naturalist died on Saturday, June 7th, at his residence in Edinburgh, at the advanced age of seventy-seven. He was an advocate of the Scottish bar, and President of the Society for promoting Useful Arts in Scotland. But Sir John Dalyell's name will be chiefly remembered for his admirable researches in natural history. His splendidly illustrated work, "Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland," is a model of sound microscopic investigation.

Frederick Tieck, Professor of Sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts of Berlin, died on the 14th of May, at an advanced age. After having served as apprentice to a stonemason, he entered Schadon's atelier, and studied at Dresden, Paris, and Rome. There are several statues and portrait-medallions by him in Berlin.

From Stockholm we hear of the death of *Dr. Andre Carlsson*, Bishop of Calmar, and author of numerous and important works on philology, theology, and jurisprudence. He occupied at one time the chair of Greek language and literature at the University of Lund; and was, say the Swedish papers, in his place in the Diet, a champion of religious liberty and parliamentary reform. He died at the great age of ninety-four.

Poland has lost a writer of distinction—chiefly on geographical subjects —in the person of *Count Stanislaus Plater.*

GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGEMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.—We are glad to perceive that the Civil-Service Estimates for the year ending March 31st, 1852, include the sum of £15,000, "proposed to be granted towards the erection of an additional museum, and for enlarging the theatre, at the Royal College of Surgeons for the delivery

of the Hunterian Lectures;" £1,000 to the Royal Asiatic Society, "towards defraying the expenses of the publication of the inscriptions in cuneiform characters copied by Lieut.-Col. Rawlinson;" and £500 "towards the excavations at the Mound of Susa, with a view to the discovery of ancient monuments known to be deposited there."

LEIPSIC BOOK-FAIR.—This fair concluded on May 29th, after three weeks' duration. The catalogue showed that there had been published in Germany, since the preceding (Michaelmas) fair, 3,684 works, and that 1,136 were in the press. The fair was well attended, and the business done was considerable. The first book-fair at Leipsic took place in 1592, and two have been held every year without interruption ever since.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR AUGUST, 1851.

BY MR. WILLIAM ROGERSON, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"HEAVEN'S sultry breath is heavy with perfume,
And summer odours, summer hues obtain;
The forest's stationary line of gloom,
Dark and majestic, skirts the fulgent plain:
And now is languor creeping stealthily,
With unopposed and irresistible tread
Over the frame; the blue, religious sky,
One stainless sapphire, arches over head
With lore of love ineffable, outspread:
Whilst health's full currents, equable and slow,
Making it adoration to respire,
Thrill through the veins in warm, perceptible flow,
As if the founts of life were rising higher,
That man his Maker's praise might hymn with seraph's fire."

THE influence of the sun during this month brings forth fruit in abundance, and ripens the corn for harvest-time. There is much pleasure derived from agricultural pursuits at this season; and anciently persons of the greatest eminence did not think these beneath their attention. Gideon, the Judge of Israel, quitted the threshing-floor to preside in the public assembly of his country: and Cincinnatus, the conqueror of the Volsci, left his plough to lead the Roman armies to battle; and afterwards declined the rewards gained by his victories, to return to his native fields. The great General Washington found the most pleasing relaxation from public business in the management of his own estate.

This is the month of harvest. "The crops usually begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with peas and beans. Harvest-home is still the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit. Our ancestors used to burst into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and appear even to have mingled previous labour with considerable merry-making, in which they imitated the equality of the earlier

ages. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers; they sung, they shouted, they danced, they invited each other, or met to feast, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the common wisdom that may seem to lie on the top of it, every one that had been concerned, man, woman, and child, received a little present,—ribbons, laces, or sweetmeats."—*Leigh Hunt.*

Harvest, however, is often retarded by partial storms:—

"'Tis past mid-day, the Sun withdraws his beams,
And sultry and oppressive is the air;
While in the dark'ning south, still darker clouds
Their fearful aspect show. The reapers gaze,
Silent and trembling, on the frowning skies;
A sudden flash the wonted signal gives,
And loud and long the dreadful crash is heard;
Quicker the lightnings glance—the' increasing storm
Approaches nearer:—mute the rustics stand.
The master casts a pensive look around;
Then upward turns his eyes; a look that speaks,—
'Much corn is yet abroad; a few days more,
And all had been secure: but, gracious Heaven!
Thy will be done.' Nearer the tempest comes.
To shun the torrents of a threatening cloud,
They seek the shelter of an aged oak,
Whose friendly boughs some shelter might afford;
But, ere they reach it, a tremendous flash
The knotty centre cleaves! amazed, they sink,
As o'er their heads the dread explosion bursts,
And rolls in awful majesty along.
Deep in the bosom of the hollow vale
Affrighted Echo murmurs her reply.
Closer the reapers crowd; for solemn fear
Prevails in every breast!
The gleaners fly
With speed, and in the neighb'ring thicket hide:
And woe to him who, with dishonest hand,
Has oft in secret from the sheaf purloin'd
The tempting ear: doubtless, for him alone
The lightnings glare; and on his guilty head
The fatal bolt must fall! Thus conscience speaks;
While innocence itself, alarm'd, beholds
A scene so terrible! But the same Power
At whose command the fiery tempests rise,
Can still them too. Then hush'd be every fear:
The God of harvest comes not to destroy!
Lightly the shower descends: the thunder rolls
On the far-distant shores: the opening skies
In lovely azure glow, and all around
The setting sun a soften'd lustre throws:
Refreshing breezes fly across the plains,
And dash the moisture from the drooping corn:
'Tis mildness all; and nature smiles again
In sweet serenity,—then sinks to rest."

C. C. RICHARDSON.

The first half of the month.—The birds in this month are more silent than in any other month of the year. Young broods of goldfinches, chaffinches, and starlings are seen crowding together. Swifts usually depart in the first week, although a few stragglers may

occasionally be seen till after the middle of the month. The red admiral-butterfly is now very common, and may often be seen sucking the juice of plums and other kinds of fruit.

Several water-plants are in flower, particularly the beautiful water-pepper. Fuchsias of all kinds ornament our gardens at this time.

The last half of the month.—Lapwings and linnets congregate, and butterflies of every variety abound. There is something extremely beautiful in beholding various butterflies with their painted liveries floating in the sunbeams in a fine August morning, a period when the sun emits its effulgence in all its splendour.

The odour of a garden at this time is delightful, from the combination of both fruits and flowers. Among the flowers which now appear in their best attire, are the virgin's-bower, the trumpet-flower, and the passion-flower. The marvel of Peru has now a very pretty appearance, and so has the china-aster.

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR AUGUST, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"In yon blue vault that bounds the sight,
Millions of lustres, ever bright,
For ever sing and shine:
Suns, planets, comets, moons, so clear,
Time's bright chronometers appear,
And speak the Hand divine.

"The depths immense of boundless sky,
Neither by Newton's piercing eye,
Nor Herschel's tube explored:
Systems unnamed and numberless,
With all their countless millions bless
The all-creating Lord."

Rev. Joshua Marsden.

"From the minute were we to turn to the vast, we should find the same truth inscribed on universal nature. Not only do the elements of earth harmonise with each other, so as to exhibit one uniform design pervading the whole, and one infinite Mind fitting them to each other by measured and balanced laws; but, if we cast our eye beyond the bounds of this little sphere, we shall find the very same simple but efficient powers and material properties regulating the most distant worlds, as well as those which belong to our own system. Their light is the same, their attractive forces are the same, their laws of motion are the same; the same mighty plan wheels them in circles round some common centre. While there is something exceedingly satisfactory to the human mind to know the universality of the powers impressed on nature, and the sameness of its arrangements, it assuredly elevates our conceptions of human ingenuity to be made aware that, by employing the endowments

bestowed on him by his Maker, he has been able to demonstrate it."—*Duncan.*

The SUN rises at London or Greenwich on the 1st at twenty-five minutes past four, and at Edinburgh at five minutes after four: he rises at London on the 13th at forty-four minutes past four, and at Edinburgh at twenty-nine minutes after four. This bright luminary appears in the eastern horizon at London on the 25th at three minutes past five, and at Edinburgh at fifty-two minutes after four.

The Sun sets at Greenwich or London on the 7th at thirty-six minutes past seven, and at Edinburgh at fifty-four minutes after seven: on the 19th he descends below the western verge at London at thirteen minutes after seven, and at Edinburgh at twenty-seven minutes past seven.

Surrounding objects in connexion with the setting sun appear beautiful and sublime, especially at this interesting time of the year:—

"O! who could gaze on such a sight,
So blue, so boundless, and so bright,
Nor feel the bursting spirit rise
To mingle with that world of skies?

"Ocean; how fair thou lookest now,
Laving the day-god's burning brow
With cooling waters, while thine isles
Are sparkling in his golden smiles!"

The MOON sets on the 1st at ten o'clock, and on the 3d at nine minutes before eleven, at night: she is half-full on the 4th, and sets on the 5th at a quarter before twelve: she passes the meridian, or, in other words, is due south, on the 6th at eight o'clock, and on the 9th at half-past ten, at night. The Moon is full on the 11th, at forty-three minutes after nine at night; and rises on the 12th at six minutes past eight in the evening: she rises on the 14th at a quarter before nine, and on the 18th at three minutes after ten: she enters on her last quarter on the 20th, and rises on the 22d at half-past twelve at night. The Moon rises on the 24th at half-past one in the morning; changes on the 26th, at twenty minutes past ten at night; and after exhibiting her fine crescent in the evening of the 29th, sets at half-past eight.

MERCURY cannot be seen by the naked eye during this month.

VENUS appears on very clear mornings near the eastern horizon about half an hour before sunrise.

MARS rises at the beginning of the month about midnight, and at the end about eleven o'clock: on the 22d he is in conjunction with the Moon: he is not far from Aldebaran, a bright star in Taurus.

JUPITER appears to diminish in splendour, in consequence of his approximation to the horizon in the evenings. This fine planetary orb, attended by four moons, sets on the 4th at nine minutes before ten, and on the 30th at a quarter past eight: on the 1st

and 2d, and also on the 29th, Jupiter is in the vicinity of the Moon.

SATURN is now to be seen before midnight: thus time revolving brings about great changes, and renders astronomical phenomena always new, and always interesting. Saturn rises on the 1st at half-past ten, and on the 30th at a quarter before nine, at night: on the 17th he appears in the neighbourhood of the Moon.

URANUS, the planet discovered by the late Sir William Herschel, and formerly called the Georgium Sidus, is, throughout this month as seen from our Earth, within two degrees of Saturn.

VEGA, the bright star in the Harp, is due south, and nearly overhead, at the beginning of the month, about ten o'clock; and at the end about two hours earlier.

POETRY.

DIVINE ORDER.

"To every purpose there is time and judgment."—Eccles. viii. 6.

'TIS first the true, and then the beautiful,—
Not first the beautiful, and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good, and then the beautiful,—
Not first the beautiful, and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful,—
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day,—for earth of tears is full,—
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,—
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night,—a night of storm and war,
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the far sparkle of the morning-star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

CHESTER.

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

CHESTER.

(*With an Engraving.*)

This city, the metropolis of a county palatine, is one of the most curious, as well as one of the most ancient, in the kingdom. Nothing can be better, in its way, than Thomas Fuller's notice of it in his "Worthies:"—"Chester is a faire city, on the north-east side of the river Dee, so ancient, that the first founder thereof is forgotten.....It is built in the form of a quadrant, and is almost a just square; the four cardinal streets thereof (as I may call them) meeting in the middle of the city, at a place called 'the Pentise,' which affordeth a pleasant prospect at once into all four. Here is a property of building peculiar to the city, called 'the Rows;' being galleries, wherein passengers go dry, without coming into the streets, having shops on both sides, and underneath; the fashion whereof is somewhat hard to conceive. It is therefore worth their pains, who have money and leisure, to make their own eyes the expounders of the manner thereof; the like being said not to be seen in all England, no, nor in all Europe, again."

Whether this town was founded by the Britons, is doubtful. But it certainly was an important Roman station. The plan of the city, and the arrangement of the principal streets,—answering, in some measure, to those of a Roman camp,—have been thought to indicate a Roman origin. Its Roman

name was *Deva,* or the station of the Dee. The twentieth legion, according to the "Antonine Itinerary," had its station on this river; and, in all probability, Chester was the place. The Welsh name, *Caer Leon Gawr,* signifying "the city of the great legion," seems to confirm this supposition. Besides, "Roman remains" have been, at different times, discovered within the city, which have afforded additional evidence of its having been the residence of the Romans.

On the departure of the Romans, Chester appears to have fallen into the hands, first, of the Britons, and afterwards, of the Saxons. It was, however, for a while, wrested from the Saxons by the Danes. Under the Normans, the importance of Chester greatly increased. William the Conqueror created Hugh Lupus, a nephew of his, Earl of Chester; and, at the same time, granted him a sovereign jurisdiction over the county of Cheshire. In order to secure the city from the attacks of the Welsh, a castle was erected, and the "city walls" were built. It then became the head-quarters of the army, which William found it necessary to maintain, in order to keep them in check. "In those early Norman times," Camden affirms, "the skirmishes between the Welsh and English were so numerous, the inroads and incursions, and the firing of the suburbs of Hanbrid beyond the bridge so frequent, that the Welshmen called it *Treboeth,* that is, 'burnt town.' They tell us also that there was a long wall made there of Welshmen's skulls." It was in this city that at length the Welsh made their final acknowledgment to the sovereignty of England, in the year 1300.

Chester still retains its air of antiquity. The houses generally are of the quaint old-fashioned, half-timber kind, with roofs of high pitch, and having the ornamented gables turned towards the street. Unlike most other old towns, its main streets are broad and straight, and set at right angles to each other. But that which gives a peculiar character to them is what are called "the Rows," mentioned by Fuller. These are covered galleries, of unequal height and width, open towards the street, cut out from the houses, and supported in front by wooden pillars, and having a low railing. If the reader will imagine the ground-floors of the houses in

an ordinary town remaining unaltered, while the front and partition-walls of the first floors have been removed, and the space converted into a walk, he will comprehend something of the situation and appearance of these "Rows." At the back of these "Rows" there is a line of shops, while towards the street against the railings are spaces for stalls; and, at the same time, the ground-floors, on the top of which the passengers in the "Rows" walk, are also shops, having their entrances, as in other towns, from the street-pavement. There are convenient flights of steps from the "Rows" to the causeway of the streets.

Besides the peculiarity given to it by these "Rows," another feature, which contributes to make Chester one of the most remarkable of our cities, is the complete state in which its walls are found. They are, of course, no longer of use as military works, but they afford an excellent public walk. From them the general features of the city are seen to considerable advantage; and the views outwards are extensive, and, some of them, very fine. From a tower at the north-east angle of these walls, the unfortunate Charles watched the defeat of his army at Rowton-Heath.

Chester has very few public structures of any consequence. The chief, in interest, is the cathedral; but it is in almost every respect inferior to the greater number of the other cathedrals in England.

Methodism was introduced into Chester about the year 1750; and the first Preacher who visited the neighbourhood was Mr. John Bennett. Shortly afterwards, a society was formed in the house of Mr. Richard Jones, Love-street, within the city. The numbers attending there soon became so great, that additional accommodation had to be sought. The society then obtained and fitted up a barn near St. Martin's church. About twelve years afterwards they erected an octagonal chapel near "the bars" in Foregate-street. A larger chapel was required in 1811, when the present well-built and handsome structure in John-street was erected.

THE COURSE AND CONSEQUENCES OF CRIME.

"Those who have never been brought into close contact with parties committed to Newgate," says the Rev. Mr. Davis, in one of his Annual Reports, "can have little idea of the dreadful scenes of distress witnessed, when charges of embezzlement, or forgery, or breaches of trust, are alleged against members of respectable families. I often think that if a young man could, on a visiting-day, see a broken-hearted father have his first interview with his criminal child; or if he could behold an agonized widow, sinking to the earth with agitation at the sight of her boy in confinement; could he witness the shame and disgrace felt by near and dear relatives, who are involved in the consequences, though free from the guilt, of his offence, he would surely pause before he appropriated his employer's money to his own purposes, and would suffer any extremities of poverty, rather than subject his dear relatives to such severe and heart-rending sufferings. Our feelings are continually harrowed by such spectacles; and I wish that the guilty could see them in time to avert their repetition. Many such persons are committed to Newgate, convicted, and transported, in the course of a few days. They not unfrequently receive a heavier sentence than the youth who has been for years a thief, and several times previously convicted of crime. Most affecting circumstances are elicited by the correspondence of such persons with their friends. Some of the most distressing pictures of sorrow are exhibited in the affectionate letters of a sister or confiding wife; the desolation in the domestic circle, the heart-stricken parent, the manly, and yet merciful, reproof of a well-informed brother. But the most striking affection of all is in the poor widowed mother. No crime can kill her feelings: they remain in the most deplorable cases of guilt, as a ruin in a desert, to show what has been in former days; and what, alas! is now. Many painful instances transpire, some at every sessions, of vices separating a member from a family-circle, otherwise happy. Children looking up to a father for bread, find him in Newgate. Can words describe the distresses of a virtuous wife thus surrounded, and worse than widowed by the

dissolute conduct of her husband? And can any young man read this exact picture of what is continually occurring, and yet be heartless enough to plunge his relatives into such scenes of wretchedness and unmitigated distress? The records of the last year show that the near connexions of magistrates, clergymen, merchants, physicians, solicitors, and almost all classes, have so fallen; and I fear that the coming year, whoever lives to see it through, will disclose similar results from similar vices. Some, now commencing their iniquities, will, before many summers are ended, pass through the same bitter experience as others have; harrow the feelings of their best friends and dearest relatives; expose their family, their name, their reputation, to that obloquy and degradation which others have endured before them. It would be a happiness if these remarks could reach a guilty youth, and induce him to abandon his associates, his pleasures, and his criminalities, before they involve himself and his friends in the fearful severities of penal inflictions."

In a little pamphlet recently published,* Mr. Davis has added some illustrative instances, a few of which we will subjoin:—

THE DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

A few years since, a young man, an assistant to a draper, made away with the property of his master, and was speedily transported for his crimes. When confined in prison, his young and delicate wife came to see him. The sight of massive walls, strong iron bars, and his convict-dress, made a deep impression on her. She could see him at a distance, but it was between iron bars and netted wirework only. He could not shake hands with her, nor kiss her, although condemned to years of banishment. Permission was ultimately conceded him to see his children; but many a transport leaves without such indulgence. Who can describe the sorrow inflicted on such a confiding wife? She was deprived of the companion of her bosom, the father of her children, and her means of subsistence, by one fell stroke. Burning tears by night and by day, and an aching heart, wore down her

* "A Voice from Newgate to the Counter and Counting-House."

feeble frame; and from her pale cheek, slow step, and timid air, was indicated the agony within, till, like a frail and tender thing of earth, she sank in sorrow. Who then was left to take care of his bereaved children? Their father is a convict, and cannot see to their wants and education; their mother, from the shame she felt, and the loss she sustained, has died of sorrow. Are they to go to their grandparents? What encouragement have they to renew the cares of second training, when their own offspring so ill succeeded? In the parish-house are found all who, by dissoluteness, misfortune, or indolence, inherit its scanty fare; and these are to be, for some years, the associates of his own sweet infants! Where else can they go? Who will receive them?

The cause of all this ruin and misery has, on his part, been a love of gaiety, of finery on the part of the wife, and thoughtlessness on both. They had not been humble enough to live within their income; and, to get the means of keeping up their gaiety and dress, dishonest courses had been followed. There may have been nothing particularly observable in either, till the day of discovery came, and the injured and indignant master sought the protection of the law.

THE LOVE OF DRESS.

I KNEW a youth, the child of an officer in the navy, who had served his country with distinction, but whose premature death rendered his widow thankful to receive an official appointment for her delicate boy in a Government office. His income from the office was given faithfully to his mother; and it was a pleasure and a pride to him, to gladden her heart by the thought he was helping her. She had other children; but they were younger than he, and were two little girls, just rising one above another from the cradle to womanhood. Her scanty pension and his salary made every one happy. But over this youth came a love of dress. He had not strength of mind to see how much more truly beautiful a pure mind is, than a finely-decorated exterior. He took pleasure in helping his mother and sisters; but did not take greater pleasure in thinking that to do this kindness to them, he must be contented for a time to dress a little

worse than his fellow-clerks: his clothes might appear a little worn, but they were like the spot on a dress of a soldier arising from the discharge of duty; they were no marks of undue carelessness; necessity had wrought them; and while they indicated necessity, they marked also the path of honour; and without such spots, duty must have been neglected. But this youth did not think such great thoughts as these. He felt ashamed at his thread-bare but clean coat. The smart, new, shining dress of other clerks mortified him. They had no mother to assist, nor sisters dependent on them; yet probably some among them would have gladly come in a shabby coat, rather than lessen the necessaries of dear relatives at home. Robert —— truly loved his mother and sisters, and did not wish to lessen their income; but he wanted to appear finer. In an evil hour he ordered a suit of clothes from a fashionable tailor. His situation and connexions procured him a short credit. But tradesmen must be paid, and Robert —— was again and again importuned to defray his debt. To relieve himself of his creditor, he stole a letter containing a £10 note. His tailor was paid, but the injured party knew the number of the note. It was traced to the tailor, by him to Robert, with the means and opportunity of stealing it, and in a few days he was transported. Some point of law was raised, whether what is called a trap-letter is a Post-Office letter; but, after some months' delay, the Judges held that the conviction was good, and the child (for he was sixteen) was transported. Before he went away, it was very affecting to see his truly-respectable mother come to visit him. "O, Robert! how could you do this?" was her plaintive expostulation: "was it not enough for me to lose your father? must I be deprived of you also?" The poor boy was so overcome, she could not reproach him more; but the distress she suffered, and the straitened way in which she and his sisters lived for many months, to pay the expenses of his defence, were never known to him. His mother entertained the liveliest hope that he might escape even by a legal quibble; but all her hopes were blighted, and she lost her son, probably for ever. His birth-day passed in Newgate. On this occasion a Bible was sent him, and markers wrought

in beads by his sisters. One was, "Robert, we still remember you;" another, by his youngest sister, was, "Still we love you." It was quite pitiable to see how the youth's tears flowed when he read these signs of love and sorrow in the home he had rendered so desolate.

Brief was the interval he wore his dress of guilt: it was soon exchanged for one much worse than the threadbare mark of honourable poverty,—that of a convict. He was profoundly humbled and sincerely penitent; but his offence could not be pardoned. Public security demanded its enforcement; and his was another example of the intense folly of a love of dress.

A FOOLISH MARRIAGE.

Another very affecting case occurred. The son of an officer fell deeply in love with a young woman who had no fortune; and he persuaded her privately to get married to him. He took apartments for her, and they lived very happily in appearance for almost a week. She thought he left every morning for business; but it was to get the means of supplying their wants. One morning, at breakfast, she was shocked by the entrance of two police-officers, who carried him off on a charge of forgery; to which he pleaded guilty, and was transported. He is now pining away his ten years in solitary confinement, separated from his wife, with very remote hopes that she can ever join him. If she does, she goes as the wife of a convict. Shame attaches to her as long as she lives; and how and where she is to go to avoid it, none can tell her. How happy for her if she had inquired more particularly into his means, without plunging into difficulties whence extrication is impossible! And she would have been much more kind to the young man, had she refused to marry him, except with the knowledge and consent of friends on both sides. It was the want of the fear of God made these young people so commit themselves. The scene between two such persons when about to separate, one to her friends, the other to his cell as a convict, is quite heart-rending to behold. They are sincerely attached to each other; but the stern rigour of justice, and the security of society, demand that they separate. Let none of you who read this suffer as a wrong-

doer; for the peaceful support of a good conscience cannot be with you, except you do right.

THE GAMBLER.

I REMEMBER another instance where the distress at parting from the wife was very great. A man of education and station was employed in an office, with several others under him; and, from having embarked in speculations, he had not the means to meet his liabilities. The confidence with which he was treated placed sums of money within his reach, by adding the name of a shareholder to various documents. He did this, and was tried for and convicted of forgery. There was every desire to spare him on the part of the defrauded employers; but he so obstinately denied his guilt, even to the last, that they had no alternative but to proceed to extremities. Speculation, or in another word, gaming, has brought many victims into prison. The sweepstakes at public-houses, on the winning horses at the various races, have induced many to take their employers' money, in the vain hope of winning the stake. They have risked and lost their character, their liberty, and their home. For them are substituted shame, imprisonment, and poverty. These things they did not contemplate. It was the gain only they looked at; and they were blinded by their false zeal to considerations infinitely higher and more important.

The young man I have referred to had several children: he had been at one of the Universities, and was a person of superior degree. Of his guilt there could be no reasonable doubt: the papers had all passed through his hands, and through a small private banking account he kept; and his full intention to pay back the money, when he was able, probably blinded his understanding to the enormity of the crime he had committed. His wife was misled by his declarations of innocence; and the thought that he was suffering innocently aggravated her trouble. She did not know the fact that few persons become dishonest without losing the love of truth. Almost every thief tells falsehood; and it is exceedingly difficult to believe what they say. I had subsequent information respecting this person, that took away

every shadow of a doubt that his conviction and transportation were right. When men stand in the position of what is called a gentleman, falsehood is much more disreputable. We do not usually expect it; but "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Young men, ponder these things! Such are some of the miseries which even in this life result from courses into which thousands have entered, drawn aside by the most plausible and enticing seductions in the first instance, and assuredly without the least suspicion of the end to which such ways would lead them. And all this, if Divine mercy prevent not, is but the foretaste of the awful hereafter, when "for all these things God shall bring them unto judgment." See even here, in this world of probation and not of retribution, how God has linked together sin and sorrow. "The way of transgressors is hard."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PART SECOND.

There was the continuation of that quiet prudence when prosperity came, which had characterized the conduct of Wordsworth in less prosperous times. He sought a calm retreat, where he could at once enjoy the beauty and grandeur of nature, in which he so much delighted, and prosecute those poetical labours to which he had deliberately devoted his life. He sought not the vain-glorious bustle of London society, nor the gilded flatteries with which it poisons its deluded play-things of each season. Such scenes of excitement, and what some call fame,—notoriety, rather,—had no charms for him, though they were fatally attractive to such men as Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, and many others. Neither did he court that kind of popularity which sometimes renders literary labour productive of large sums of money, not because it is of high excellence, but because it is highly exciting, and thereby secure of purchasers. His design was to write what should not only please but benefit the reader; and as people in general like better to be pleased than to be instructed, he could not expect, and he did not expect, that

his writings would command an extensive sale, and add greatly to his wealth. In this respect his conduct was strongly contrasted with that of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter seemed to write for money rather than for fame; and the money which he so largely gained, he expended lavishly, in many ways which we do not care to specify. The results in each case were equally contrasted. Sir Walter fell and perished, not dishonourably, but overwhelmed with pecuniary loss, and worn out with anxiety and toil in the desperate attempt to confront and retrieve his ruin. Wordsworth glided calmly down the western skies of his long life-day, his mental powers unimpaired, his home in peace, and his reputation constantly and steadily increasing, even as the sun seems to grow larger and more gloriously resplendent as it approaches the close of its diurnal course.

The remaining incidents of Wordsworth's life are few. Between the years 1795 and 1802, in the former of which he received the bequest from Mr. Calvert, and in the latter recovered his father's property, Wordsworth resided in different parts of England; partly at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, partly at Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, near Nether-Stowey, where Coleridge at that time dwelt, and latterly at Grasmere, in Westmoreland. From Grasmere he removed to Rydal-Mount, in the year 1813; and in that lovely spot he continued to reside till his death, in 1850. In 1798, the first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads" was published, containing also Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." It was republished, together with a second volume, in 1800. Wordsworth spent the winter of 1798-9 in Germany; and soon after his return he commenced the composition of "The Prelude," as preparatory to the design of devoting himself to the production of a poem sufficient to task and display the entire amount of his poetic powers. "The Excursion," published in 1814, was the result of that deliberately formed and carefully executed design. When the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, the critics generally did not well know what to make of such poems; but disapprobation was the prevailing sentiment. Wordsworth, however, held on his course. He enjoyed a moderate competency, could limit his expenditure within his means, and

cared little for either popularity or wealth. But when "The Excursion" appeared, the leading critic of the day, Francis Jeffrey, losing all patience with the imperturbable despiser of all received canons of criticism, exclaimed, "This will never do!" and, as it is said, boasted that he had "*crushed* 'The Excursion.'" "*He* crush 'The Excursion?'" said Southey, when told of the boast: "tell him that he might as well fancy that he could crush Skiddaw!" So has it proved. "The Excursion" still survives.

Tranquilly glided on the poet's life, in the prosecution of his poetical labours, and in the enjoyment of much domestic happiness, not unchequered with domestic trials. The death of two sweet children affected him very deeply. As life advanced, its inevitable changes increased. He had to mourn the death of such friends as Sir George Beaumont, Coleridge, and Southey. Then followed his wife's sister, who had long resided with him; next, his only daughter, Dorothy, (Mrs. Quillinan,) whose death was the severest shock that he had ever sustained. The following brief sentences will indicate the state of his mind under this sore bereavement:—

"Last night it pleased God to take to Himself the spirit of our beloved daughter. She had latterly much bodily suffering, under which she supported herself by prayer and gratitude to her heavenly Father for granting her to the last so many of His blessings. We bear up under our afflictions as well as God enables us to do. But, O! my dear friend, our loss is immeasurable. Our sorrow, I feel, is for life; but God's will be done! Many thanks to you for referring to the text in Scripture, which I quoted to you so long ago (Eph. v. 20, 'Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ'). My favourite text: 'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done.' He who does not find support and consolation there, will find it nowhere. God grant that it may be continued to me, to mine, and to all sufferers!"

This event, the death of his beloved daughter, took place in the summer of 1847. Three years afterwards, on the 23d of April, 1850, the Poet also, after a short illness, departed this life, having just completed the eightieth year of his age. He

lies interred in Grasmere churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he loved, among the humble peasantry whose simple virtues he delighted to record, and near the graves of his children.

No poet, it has been well remarked, has ever written with greater purity and beauty on all that is gentle, graceful, lovely, self-devoting, and dignified in the character of woman, than Wordsworth; and no poet ever owed more than he to woman's tender, wisely winning, and unchangeable affection. His amiable and highly accomplished sister was for years, and these at a critical juncture of his life, in a most important sense his better genius. Her gentle spirit won him back from the stormy hopes of revolutionary phrenzy, re-introduced him to his boyhood's love of nature, and refined his masculine energy with the infusion of her feminine sweetness. Wedded love completed the refining and elevating process. The lives of these two gentle ladies, his sister and his wife, were entirely devoted to him. What they saw, and felt, and thought, they poured into his bosom, whence it returned expanded and brightened into poetry, perfected in form and expression, though frequently identical in spirit with their own quick and fine perception. And as the mere act of writing was to him at all times irksome, and often painful, while his sister possessed a ready pen, she was his attentive and most intelligent amanuensis. Or, if ill-health prevented her, not less readily did his wife assume and discharge the pleasing duty, shared often by her kind sister, and, as she grew up, by his own dear and loving daughter. Thus was nature ever with him, presented through eyes, and ears, and hearts, more delicately sensitive, perhaps, and not less faithful, than his own; and thus nature's attractions, and the glowing intelligence of human life and love, were to him continually present, and most graciously blended in power and beauty. Such was the poet's happy home; and such it was because, with the wisdom of true affection, these ladies understood, honoured, and loved their own true-hearted poet.

The following statement of Wordsworth's opinions respecting sacred poetry, will tend greatly to explain a point which many have always deplored,—namely, the want of almost

all direct reference to religion in even his most elaborate poems:—

"I was particularly pleased with your distinction between religion in poetry and versified religions. For my own part, I have been averse to frequent mention of the mysteries of Christian faith; not from a want of a due sense of their momentous nature, but the contrary. I felt it far too deeply to venture on handling the subject as familiarly as many scruple not to do. I am far from blaming them; but let them not blame me, nor turn from my companionship on that account." . . . "I must try," says a clerical friend, in a communication to the editor of the Memoirs, "to give you a summary of a long conversation I had with Wordsworth on the subject of *sacred poetry*, and which I wish I were able to report in full. In the course of it he expressed to me the feelings of reverence which prevented him from venturing to lay his hand on what he always thought a subject too high for him; and he accompanied this with the earnest protest that his works, as well as those of any other poet, should not be considered as developing all the influences which his own heart recognised, but rather those which he considered himself able as an artist to display to advantage, and which he thought most applicable to the wants, and admitted by the usages, of the world at large. This was followed by a most interesting discussion upon Milton, Cowper, the general progress of religion as an element of poetry, and the gradual steps by which it must advance to a power comprehensive and universally admitted; steps which are defined in their order by the constitution of the human mind, and which must proceed with vastly more slowness in the case of the progress made by collective minds than it does in an individual soul."

"It would be superfluous to say," observes his biographer, "to any who are acquainted with Wordsworth's poems, that his dominant feeling was love. What he gave to others, and what he most desired for himself, was love. 'Give me your love, I crave no other fee!' This feeling was, indeed, inexpressibly tender toward those of his own family and friends. It took possession of his soul so as to be almost overpowering. His kindness to his servants was very remarkable. It hardly

need be added, that with so much love for others in lower stations, he was of an humble spirit. This was particularly the case in latter life. His trials—especially the great trial of all—were rich in good fruits. The loss of his beloved daughter, and, before her loss, the apprehension of it, and the unselfishness, unworldliness, and heavenly-mindedness of her disposition, especially in her sufferings, confirmed his own persuasion of the vanity of human intellect, regarded simply as such, and of all its powers and achievements, irrespective of a higher and better world. 'What I lament most is, that the spirituality of my nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved partner!' 'It is the habit of my mind inseparably to connect loftiness of imagination with that humility of mind which is best taught in Scripture.' One of the consequences of this spirit of love and humility was, that although he looked with apprehension and alarm at the destinies of England, yet he cherished a spirit of faith and hope for the ultimate and complete triumph of sound principles."

SCIENCE AND FAITH.

It would indeed (says Dr. Hamilton) give melancholy force to the saying, "Much wisdom is much grief," if much wisdom were fatal to the Christian faith, and if he who increased his general knowledge must forfeit his religious hopes. But whilst science is fatal to superstition, and fatal to lying wonders and monkish legends, it is fortification to a scriptural faith. The Bible coming from God, and conscious of nothing but God's truth, it awaits the progress of knowledge with calm security. It watches the antiquary ransacking among classic ruins, and rejoices in every medal he discovers, and every inscription he deciphers; for from that rusty coin or corroded marble it expects nothing but confirmations of its own veracity. In the unlocking of an Egyptian hieroglyphic, or the unearthing of some ancient implement, it hails the resurrection of so many witnesses; and with sparkling elation it follows the botanist as he scales Mount Lebanon, or the

zoologist as he makes acquaintance with the beasts of the Syrian desert, or the traveller as he stumbles on a long-lost Petra, or Nineveh, or Babylon; for in regions like these every stroke of the hammer and every crack of the rifle awaken friendly echoes, and every production and every relic bring home a friendly evidence. And from the march of time it fears no evil, but calmly abides the fulfilment of those prophecies and the forthcoming of those events with whose predicted story inspiration has already inscribed its page. It is not light, but darkness, which the Bible deprecates; and if men of piety were also men of science, and if men of science would "search the Scriptures," there would be more faith in the earth, and also more philosophy.

Few minds are sufficiently catholic. The psychologist is apt to despise the material sciences, and few mathematicians are good historians. But although there may be indifference or rivalry amongst their votaries, there is no antagonism between the truths themselves. There exists a mind as well as a material universe, and there are laws of thought as well as laws of motion: and although it cannot be proved by algebra, yet it is pretty certain that Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, and that George Washington achieved the independence of America. All truths are friendly and mutually consistent, and he is the wisest man who, if he cannot be an adept in all knowledge, dreads none and despises none; the Baconian intelligence to which the word and the works of the Most High are alike a revelation, and to which both alike are faithful witnesses, though both are not alike articulate.

Be sages, then, not sciolists. In the world of knowledge be cosmopolites, and be not the pedants of one department. Be historians, as well as mathematicians. Receive every truth on its appropriate evidence, and there is nothing to prevent your faith in the Gospel from being equally strong with your faith in the course of nature. And although the cyclops of science may have an eye for only one-half of truth's horizon; although the bigot of demonstration may jeer at testimony; although the sectary of physics may repudiate history; if your knowledge be really "general,"—if it be sufficiently comprehensive and catholic, and correct

withal,—the more you grow in knowledge, the more you will be confirmed in that most excellent of all knowledge, a positive and historical Christianity.

But, you say, the natural sciences are all certain; theology is all conflict and confusion. Let us understand one another. If you say that the phenomena of nature are all patent and explicit, I reply, And so are the sayings of Scripture. If candour and ingenuousness can interpret the one, they may equally expound the other. But, if you say that, unlike the *word* of God, His *works* have never been misunderstood, you surely forget that the "History of the inductive Sciences" is just a history of erroneous interpretations replaced by interpretations less erroneous, and destined to be succeeded by interpretations still more exhaustive and true. If you smile at the Hutchinsonian or Cocceian systems of exegesis; if you quote the hostile theories which still linger in the field of polemics, I ask, Is this peculiar to theology? Have you forgotten how the abhorrers of a vacuum abhorred Torricelli and Pascal? Have you forgotten how the old physiologists were vexed at Harvey for discovering the circulation of the blood? Do you not remember how the Stahlian chemists, like a burnt-out family, long lingered round the ashes of phlogiston, and denounced the wilful fire-raising of Lavoisier and oxygen? In early youth, have you never seen a disciple of Werner, and pitied the affectionate tenacity with which he clung to the last plank of the fair Neptunian theory? Or would every world-maker forgive Lord Rosse's telescope if it swept from the firmament all trace of the nebular hypothesis? Or, because there is still an emissionary as well as an undulatory theory of light, must we deny that optics is a science, and must we hold that the laws of refraction and reflection are mere matters of opinion? Nature is no liar, although her "minister and interpreter" has often mistaken her meaning; and, notwithstanding the errors which have received a temporary sanction from the learned, there is, after all, nothing but truth in the material universe; and so far as man has sagacity or sincerity to collect that truth, he has got a true science, a true astronomy, a true chemistry, a true physiology, as the case may be. And even so, whatsoever vagaries

particular persons may indulge, or whatsoever false systems may receive a transient support, there is, after all, nothing but truth in the Bible; and so far as we have sincerity or sagacity to collect that Bible truth, we have got a true religion. Nay, the most important facts and statements in that word speak for themselves, and require no theory. And just as the mariner might safely avail himself of Jupiter's satellites, though Copernicus had never existed; just as the gunner must allow for the earth's attraction, whatever becomes of the Newtonian philosophy; just as the apothecary would continue to mix his salts and acids in definite proportions, even although some mishap befell the atomic theory; just as we ourselves do not close our eyes and dispense with light, until the partisans of rays shall have made it up with the advocates of ether; so the Scriptures abound in statements and facts on which we may safely proceed, whatever becomes of human theories. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." So far as it is founded on such sayings as these, religion is not only the simplest, but, being immediately from God, it is the most secure, of all the sciences.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The following is from the pen of a correspondent of a North-American publication:—

Messrs. Editors,—About sixteen months ago, a young man called at my study, and introduced himself as a stranger. He brought no letters; nor did he bring me any tidings from my friends. He told me he was an adventurer for gold; and, before leaving me, asked that information and advice, so usually sought, and so freely given. But to obtain this was not the object of his call. I had observed, on his entering the room, something under his arm, carefully wrapped round

with a handkerchief. From its size, I judged it to be one of those bundles of tracts and religious books put into the hands of adventurers, by benevolent individuals and societies at home, for distribution at the mines, but which so many miners had found it convenient to leave behind the counter of some pious merchant, or in the corner of some clergyman's study. But I was mistaken. The young man said, "I have come to ask a favour. I have something here more precious than gold, which I wish you to keep in safety till my return." Unwinding the handkerchief from it, he said, at the same time handing me a large and well-worn book, "It is *my mother's Bible. She gave it to me on her dying bed;* and I would not part with it for all the gold in the mountains. I have another one, which I take with me; but this last gift of my mother I wish to leave with you, lest it should be injured or lost in my wandering through the mines." I took it, gave it a place on my table, and, as you may well suppose, sat down to cultivate an acquaintance so auspiciously begun. But our interview was short. I am sorry to add that it was our last. He took his passage that very day for the enchanted river, but to my knowledge he has not returned. Perhaps he has died, *and gone to his mother.* Perhaps—but I think not—gold has corrupted his heart, and he cares not for his mother's Bible. Perhaps—which I hope—he yet reads daily the little Bible he took with him, and yet thinks of, and cherishes as sacredly as at first, his mother's last gift to her son.

I need not dwell on an incident so rare and delightful. It exhibits feelings too admirable for praise. It appeals to the sensibilities of too many of your readers to be forgotten.

After he left, I opened the volume he had deposited in my care. It is a Boston edition, published by Langdon Coffin, in 1834, embellished with a vignette of Christ washing the disciples' feet. Some of your New-England readers may recognise it as the venerable book around which they gathered for family worship. But it is not to introduce you to its title-page that I prolong this article. I wish to read to you a few "lines" from the "family record." They are from the pen of a well-known poet, and are here subscribed and

dedicated by a dying mother to her son. Many of your readers may have read them, years ago, but they will be glad again to peruse them on the shores of the Pacific. Perhaps even more of beauty and truth will attach to them, from the circumstances in which they are once more presented to the public:—

"Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

"That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one:
She chose for her beloved boy
The *source* of *light*, and *life*, and *joy*;

"And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in *that* would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

"And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
That he from youth had borne;
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If *he* or *she* had loved him best.

"A mother's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing:
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember! *'tis no idle toy;*
Thy mother's gift! Remember, boy!"

I shall have accomplished the object of this communication, if, after reading it, he who loves and reads his Bible

daily, shall love and read it more; and he whose Bible—perhaps the parting gift of a mother or a sister—lies neglected in his trunk, or forgotten on his shelf, shall wipe the dust from its cover, and, in remembrance of the weeping giver, shed a tear over its unheeded pages.

Yours, in behalf of many readers,

T. D. H.

San Francisco, July 18th, 1850.

THE HOUSE OF GUISE.

The house of Guise is one of those illustrious families whose origin is lost in the remoteness of antiquity, and whose history is interwoven with all that is eventful in the vicissitudes of France. No tale of fiction can present a more fascinating collection of romantic enterprises and of wild adventures than must be recorded by the truthful historian of the house of Guise.

On the western banks of the Rhine, between that river and the Meuse, there existed, many centuries ago, the dukedom of Lorraine. It was a state of no inconsiderable wealth and power, extending over a territory of about ten thousand square miles, and containing a million and a half of inhabitants. The Duke of Lorraine had reared upon many a craggy headland his strong castles, from whose turrets he could look out upon the gloomy forests, the picturesque glens, and fertile vales of his wide domain. His vassals gazed, from their mud-hovels, upon the grandeur of their proud, baronial Chief, with love and with awe. There was no earthly power above him; and upon his word alone was suspended their whole temporal destiny.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, René II. was Duke of Lorraine. He was a man of Herculean energies of body and of mind; and with all the pride and pomp of feudal power he energetically governed his little realm. His body was scarred with the wounds which he had received in innumerable conflicts; and he was ever ready to head his semi-barbarian army of fifty thousand men, to punish any of

the arrogant Chieftains around him, who might trespass upon his rights. The wealthy old Duke, in addition to his compact domain, owned large possessions in Normandy, Picardy, and various other of the French provinces. He had a numerous family. His fifth son, Claude, a proud, spirited lad, inheriting the physical energy, the commanding talent, and the imperious will of his ancestors, when but sixteen years of age, was sent by his father to France, and was endowed with all the castles, and fertile acres, and feudal rights, which, in France, pertained to the noble house of Lorraine.

Young Claude was presented at the Court of St. Cloud, as Count of Guise; a title derived from one of his estates. This was the origin of the house of Guise. From this rill proceeded that flood which subsequently swept before it, in its impetuous career, both Kings and thrones. The illustrious rank of the Count of Guise, his manly beauty, his princely bearing, his energetic mind and brilliant talents, immediately gave him great prominence among the glittering throng of courtiers who surrounded the voluptuous court of Louis XII. The King was much charmed by the person and the character of the young Count, and wished to attach the stranger, so powerful and so attractive, to the fortunes of his own family, by an alliance with his daughter. The heart of the proud boy was, however, captivated by another beauty, who embellished the saloons of the Monarch; and, turning from the Princess Royal, he sought the hand of Antoinette, an exceedingly beautiful maiden of about his own age, a daughter of the Duke of Bourbon. The wedding of this young pair was celebrated with great magnificence, in Paris, in the presence of the whole French court. Claude was then but sixteen years of age. Louis soon died, and his son, Francis I., ascended the throne. Claude was by marriage the cousin of the new King. He could bring all the influence of the proud house of Bourbon, and of the powerful house of Lorraine, in support of the Monarch. His own energetic, fearless, war-loving spirit invested him with great consideration in those barbaric days of violence and blood. Francis took his young cousin into high favour. Claude was indeed a young man of very rare accomplishments. His prowess in jousts and

tournaments, then so common, and his grace and magnificence in the drawing-room, rendered him an object of universal admiration.

One night Guise accompanied Francis I. to the Queen's circle. She had gathered around her the most brilliant beauty of her realm. In those days woman occupied a very inferior position in society, and seldom made her appearance in the general assemblages of men. The gallant young Count was fascinated with the amiability and charms of those distinguished ladies; and suggested to the King the expediency of breaking over the restraints which long usage had imposed, and adorning his court with the attractions of female society and conversation. The King immediately adopted the welcome suggestion, and decided that throughout the whole realm women should be freed from the constraints to which they had so long been unjustly subject. Guise had already gained the good-will of the nobility and of the army. He now became a universal favourite with the ladies, and was the most popular man in France.

About this time Francis I. began to make preparations for the invasion of Italy; and the Count of Guise, though but eighteen years of age, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of a division of the army consisting of twenty thousand men. In all the perils of the bloody battles which soon ensued, he displayed that utter recklessness of danger which had been the distinguishing trait of his ancestors. In the first battle, when discomfiture and flight were spreading through his ranks, unintimidated by the horrid scene of carnage, the proud Count refused to retire one step before his foes. He was surrounded, overmatched, his horse killed under him, and he fell, covered with twenty-two wounds, in the midst of the piles of mangled bodies which strewed the ground. He was afterwards, in a state of insensibility, and giving no signs of life, dragged from among the dead, and conveyed to his tent, where his vigorous constitution, and that energetic vitality which seemed to characterize his race, triumphed over wounds, whose severity rendered their cure almost miraculous.

Francis I., in his report of the battle, extolled in most

glowing terms the prodigies of valour which young Guise had displayed. War, desolating war, still ravaged wretched Europe; and Guise, with his untiring energy, became so prominent in the court and the camp, that he was regarded rather as an ally of the King of France than as his subject. His enormous fortune, his ancestral renown, the vast political and military influences which were at his command, made him almost equal to the Monarch whom he served. France lavished honours upon him, elevated one of his counties into a dukedom, and Claude of Lorraine, as Duke of Guise, now attained the highest position which a subject could occupy. Years of carnage, conflagration, and woe rolled over war-desolated Europe, during which all the energies of the human race seemed to be expended in destruction. Popish Europe was in arms, with the determination to smother in flames and blood the rising spirit of the Reformation. Guise was the champion of the Romish Church, and the unrelenting foe of that reform which would spread through benighted Europe intelligence and liberty. In almost every scene of smouldering cities, of ravaged valleys, of battle-fields rendered hideous with the shouts of onset and the shrieks of despair, there was to be seen the stalwart frame of the Duke of Guise, scarred and war-worn, and blackened with the smoke and dust of the fray, spurring his proud charger to the top of his speed, and hewing his way, as if his body were made of iron, through his foes, to every point where danger was the most imminent.

At one time he drove before him, in bloody rout, a numerous body of German Protestants. The fugitives, spreading over leagues of country, fled along the fields which surrounded his own strong castle of Neufchateau. Antoinette and the ladies of the court stood upon the battlements of the granite fortress, and gazed upon the scene, to them so new, and to their war-perverted spirits so exciting and delightful. As they witnessed the impetuous charges of the cavalry trampling the dead and the dying beneath iron hoofs; as from their commanding height they looked down upon all the horrors of that most horrible scene which earth can present,—a victorious army cutting to pieces its trembling, shrieking, flying foes;

they animated the ardour of the victors with waving banners and shouts of applause.

The fair-faced boy had now become a veteran. His bronzed cheek and sinewy frame attested his life of hardship and toil. The nobles were jealous of his power. The King even was annoyed by his haughty and imperious bearing. But he was the idol of the people. His liberality, his defiance of danger, his military prowess, excited their admiration to the highest degree. In one campaign the Duke of Guise caused the death of forty thousand Protestants, and Rome lavished rewards upon her zealous defender. *Claude, the butcher*, was the not inappropriate name by which the Protestants designated their formidable foe. His brother John attained the dignity of Cardinal of Lorraine, with opulence corresponding with this exaltation. Claude with his keen sword, and John with pomp and pride and spiritual power, became the most relentless enemies of Protestantism, and the most valiant defenders of the Pope. The Cardinal, boundlessly rich, though dissolute, was kind-hearted and benevolent; and the prodigality of his charity rendered him almost as popular as his warlike brother. Whenever he went abroad, his *valet de chambre* prepared him a bag filled with gold, from which he distributed to the poor most freely. His reputation for charity was so widely diffused, that a blind mendicant, to whom he gave gold in the streets of Rome, overjoyed at the acquisition of such a treasure, exclaimed, "Surely thou art either Christ or the Cardinal of Lorraine."

Claude became the father of six sons, all of whom seemed to inherit the proud carriage, and energy, and headlong valour of their indomitable sire. At the siege of Luxembourg a musket-ball shattered the ankle of his son Francis, then Count of Aumale, and but eighteen years of age. The lion-hearted youth gave some slight indication of his sense of pain, as the surgeon was operating upon the quivering nerves and splintered bones. The stern father severely reprimanded him for even this slight exhibition of human weakness; saying, "A young man of your rank should not feel his wounds, but, on the contrary, should take pleasure in building up his reputation upon the ruin of the body."

Claude became the father of six sons, all of whom signalised themselves in the wars which then desolated Europe, and received corresponding wealth and honours. They became allied by marriage with the most illustrious families in France, several of them being connected with Princes of the blood royal. The battle-battered Duke, covered with those wounds which he deemed his best ornaments, often appeared at Court, accompanied by his train of imperious sons, each attended by his ostentatious retinue of many hundred well-armed men, and the throne itself was eclipsed by the lustre of their movements. They occupied the following posts of rank and power:—Francis, the eldest, Count of Aumale, was the heir of the titles and estates of the noble house; Claude was Marquis of Mayence; Charles became, first, the Archbishop of Rheims, and he was then elevated from this the richest benefice of France, to one of the highest dignities of the Church, by the reception of a Cardinal's hat; Louis was the Bishop of Troyes; and the youngest son, Chevalier of Lorraine, was appointed to the command of all the galleys of France. One of his daughters married the King of Scotland, and became the mother of the unhappy but world-renowned Mary, Queen of Scots. The other daughters had also formed connexions with the most illustrious and powerful families of Europe. Thus early the house of Guise towered proudly among the noble families in whose midst it had so recently been implanted.

Henry VIII. of England, hearing of the beauty of a daughter of the Duke of Guise, solicited her hand in marriage. The Duke, however, peremptorily refused to surrender his child to the burly and cruel Monarch. The exasperated King, in revenge, declared war against France; and years of violence and blood ensued, in which deluded men imbrued their hands in each other's blood, vainly dreaming that they were acquiring glory. The wailings of the battle-field and the shouts of the victors have alike passed away; and the *glory*, where is it?

At last Claude, aged and infirm, surrendered to that King of terrors, before whom all, sooner or later, must bow. It was the 12th of April, 1550. The dying Duke was lying

helpless upon his couch, with heavy breathing and convulsive strugglings, in his strong castle of Joinville. The warm sun of a cloudless spring morning shone in at the window of his chamber, while the song of birds, amidst the returning foliage on every bough, proclaimed "what light heed nature takes of human suffering." The children and the grandchildren of the Duke were gathered around his dying bed. With stoical firmness the blood-stained Duke entered the dark valley. Unenlightened in truth, and groping amidst the errors of that benighted age, he gave indication of no compunctions of conscience, but cheered himself with the assurance that he had been contending, with the Divine approval, for Christ and His church. Having left his blessing with his children, dedicating them to duty and to God, with apparent humility, and with prayers and thanksgivings, after a whole lifetime spent in human slaughter, he breathed his last, and his spirit ascended to the tribunal of our final Judge.

SORROWS OF THE DYING.

It was the remark of a celebrated London physician, who enjoyed the most lucrative practice, that he had witnessed such harrowing scenes at the death-beds of the votaries of pleasure, that he shrunk with instinctive dread when called upon to visit persons of this class in their sickness. The fashionable follies and dissipations in which such persons generally spend their days, leave no room for serious religious reflection, until the stern messenger, death, surprises them, and awakens them too late.

Much like the following has been left on record; and infinitely more of the same kind has been left unrecorded.

"O!" cried the Duke of Buckingham, as he was closing a life devoted to folly and sin, "what a prodigal I have been of the most valuable of all possessions, time! I have squandered it away with the persuasion that it was lasting; and now, when a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours."

Lord Chesterfield, though a sceptic, and devoted to a life

of pleasure, was compelled to say, near the close of his days, "When I reflect upon what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all the frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world are a reality; but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights."

"Good God!" exclaimed a dying nobleman, "how have I employed myself! In what delirium has my life been passed! What have I been doing while the sun in its race and the stars in their courses have lent their beams, perhaps, to light me to perdition!"

SECULAR KNOWLEDGE SANCTIFIED.

How is education to be prosecuted, so as to promote the true welfare of the people? (asks a recent writer.) Undoubtedly this can only be accomplished by regarding man, not merely in his relation to time, but in his relation to eternity. Our view must not be confined to his temporary condition on earth, but it must extend to his eternal destinies beyond death and the grave. Hence it is that all attempts to separate secular from religious knowledge are vain and futile. Secular knowledge, as regards itself, is fleeting and evanescent, and will be swallowed up by one glimpse of the glories of eternity. It may and does exalt the pride of human intellect; it renders poor man proud of his attainments; it makes him think himself something, when, in reality, he is nothing; (Gal. vi. 3;) it is a "knowledge" which "puffeth up," (1 Cor. viii. 1,) an airy nothing, which does not edify or build up on a solid foundation. It may tell us of a great First Cause, of a God of power and might; but it reveals to us nothing of His character as a God of holiness and purity, and at the same time a God of salvation. It spoils man, as St. Paul says, "through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." (Col. ii. 8, 9.) Human intellect becomes an idol, and is worshipped independently of Him who lighteth every one that cometh into the world. Ryle, in one of his tracts, says

"It is not Atheism I fear so much in the present time as Pantheism. It is not the system which says nothing is true, so much as the system which says everything is true. It is not the system which says there is no Saviour, so much as the system which says there are many saviours, and many ways to peace."

Do we then despise secular knowledge? Certainly not. We know that, when properly acquired, it is of the greatest importance. But we desire that it should be sanctified by God's Spirit; that the contemplation of the various works of God in creation and providence, should be made subservient to the advancement of the kingdom of grace; that they should be studied in the light of God's word, and thus be made to promote His glory and our everlasting happiness.

> "The desire which tends to know
> The works of God, thereby to glorify
> The great Workmaster, leads to no excess
> That reaches blame, but rather merits praise,
> The more it seems excess;
> For wonderful, indeed, are all His works,
> Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
> Had in remembrance alway with delight."

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge;" (Prov. i. 7;) and it is only the fool who despises "the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." (James iii. 17.)

The wise man tells us to get understanding; (Prov. iv. 7;) and where is that understanding to be got? Only in the word of truth, which is the foundation of all knowledge, being "able to make us wise unto salvation." Then, indeed, we shall see the littleness of all earthly learning when compared with heavenly wisdom; and while we contemplate the height and the depth of the knowledge still to be acquired, we shall perceive the comparative insignificance of all mere human efforts, and shall be led to cultivate that humbleness of mind which ought ever to characterize the true man of science. How delightful is it to contemplate God in all His works, and

to know that all proclaim Him as a God, not merely of almighty power, but of wondrous love! This happiness can only be enjoyed when we are led by the Spirit to view all in Christ. The language of revelation is, that Christ made the world, (John i. 10; Eph. iii. 9,) and that by Him all things subsist. This is not the mode in which human learning speaks to us. "The world by wisdom knew not God." (1 Cor. i. 21.) What a different aspect does creation wear to a Christian from that which it presents to one who is without God in the world! He perceives in all the hand of a Father who is leading him by green pastures and still waters to His heavenly kingdom. He feels that all things are his in Christ, by the fullest and clearest title. As the Spirit of God at the first brooded on the face of the deep, and brought light and beauty on what was dark and void, so by His gracious influence He enables the believer to view all creation with the enlightened eye of faith, and to see in it an order, a beauty, and an adaptation, such as cannot be appreciated by the mere worldling. He uses the world as not abusing it, knowing that the fashion thereof passeth away. (1 Cor. vii. 31.)

Our Saviour often spiritualised on natural objects when he conversed with man in His bodily presence. Thus, says Austin, "when the Pharisees spoke of washing their hands before meat, Christ instructs them about spiritual defilement; (Matt. xv. 20;) when the woman of Samaria came to draw water, He told her of living water; (John iv. 10;) when His disciples brought to Him meat, He tells them that He had meat to eat which they knew not of,—that it was His meat and drink to do the will of His Father; (John iv. 34;) when the man spoke of his inheritance divided, (Luke xii. 13,) Christ instructs him and others to beware of covetousness and worldly cares; when the multitudes followed Him after having eaten of the loaves, He counsels them to labour for the meat which does not perish, even for the bread of life. (John vi. 27.)" The works of God supply many illustrations calculated to aid the Christian in his search after truth. Our blessed Lord in His teaching makes use of the objects around Him in the delivery of the Gospel message, and employs

the phenomena furnished by plants as the instruments of exhibiting to the minds of His hearers the precious doctrines of His word. Thus it is that He sanctified such means of instruction; and we fail to ascertain the true mind of the Spirit in such passages, if we do not fully understand the meaning of the illustration. Cheever remarks, "that it is frequently necessary to resort to existing realities, in order to explain texts of Scripture otherwise inexplicable, and which to the infidel vulgar, to men of the kin of Voltaire and Paine, serve only for ignorant and senseless ridicule." We ought ever to remember, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." (2 Tim. iii. 16.) There is no part of it unimportant. It is a rich mine which cannot be too deeply worked. All our knowledge may be made to bear upon it in such a way as to bring out more of the pure gold. The weeds which strew our path, and the trees and flowers which adorn our gardens and fields, may, in the hands of an enlightened Christian, lead to a clearer view of many statements contained in God's word.

In the Bible, there is continual reference to the imagery supplied by the material world. The words of Scripture appeal not only to the understanding, but also to the sentiments and affections. They call attention to the beauty of the world around, and they make all subservient to the great end of promoting the glory of God and man's eternal interests. It is said, that "besides the various references made, in the pages of holy writ, to natural objects in general, there are more than three hundred places in which plants are mentioned. Sometimes they occur in Scripture narratives, and tell us of ancient usages; often they remind us of the character, soil, and climate of the scenes of some of the most solemn events of history; in some cases they serve to identify the spots on which they once flourished, as those on which they flourish still; but more often they are emblematic, and are types of persons or of events, or serve as figures by which the feelings of the reader shall be raised from things seen to those which are unseen. But they were never intended to be regarded merely as ornaments of poetry. They had all their

lessons, from the lily of the valley and the rose of Sharon, which foreshadowed a coming Lord, down to the thorn and thistle, which tell us even yet of man's sin and sorrow."

WATER A MIRACLE OF CREATION.

Is there any one who can elevate his mind above that indolence of observation and dulness of feeling which result from the daily impressions of familiar objects? There are such: for of them is he to whom nature has granted the power of seeing her as she deserves to be seen, and of teaching others how she ought to be contemplated. It is the poet of nature who should write the history of water. Familiar, even to neglect, this is a wonderful substance, and we forget to admire; beautiful, and we do not note its beauty. Transparent and colourless, it is the emblem of purity: in its mobility, it is imbued with the spirit of life: a self-acting agent; a very well in the unceasing river, the dancing brook, the furious torrent, and the restless ocean: speaking with its own voice in the tinkling of the dropping cavern, the murmuring of the rill, the rush of the cascade, and the roar of the sea-wave; and even in the placid lake, throwing its own spirit of vitality over the immovable objects around. And if its motion is the life of the landscape, it is, at rest, the point of contrast and repose for the turbulent multiplicity of the surrounding objects: a tempering shadow in reflecting the bright picture, and as the mirror of the sky, a light amid darkness; while it is the colour to enhance what it contrasts, whether in its splendour or its shade.

Its singular oppositions of character are not less striking. Yielding to every impulse, unresisting even to light, it becomes the irresistible force, before which the ocean promontory crumbles to dust, and the rocky mountain is levelled with the plain below;—a mechanical power, whose energy is without bounds. Of an apparently absolute neutrality, without taste, without smell, a powerless nothingness, that deceptive innocence is the solvent of everything, reducing the thousand solids of the earth to its own form. Again, existing at one

instant, in the next it is gone, as if it were annihilated: to him who knows not its nature, it has ceased to be. It is a lake, and in a short time it is nothing; again it is that lake, and it is a solid rock. It is rock-crystal at one instant, and in the next it is invisible; while the agent of its invisibility transports it beyond the earth: that rock is air! Thus sailing the heavens, it descends again unchanged, again to renew the same ceaseless round: for ever roaming between the earth and the vacant regions of space; wandering about the earth below in the performance of its endless duties, and, though appearing at rest, resting nowhere. This and more is water: powerful in its weakness, and powerful in its strength; a union of feebleness and force, of incessant activity and apparent tranquillity, of nullity and ubiquity, of insignificance and power, *a miracle of creation.—M'Culloch.*

CORRUPTION OF WORDS.

Take, for example, the word "kerchief." There is no doubt that this word is derived from the French *couvre chef*, and obviously meant a covering for the head. Brevity converted *couvre chef* into kerchief. This was well enough for colloquial purposes, and no great harm done. By degrees, however, having occasion to enlarge the application of the word for our convenience, we flung etymology to the winds, and coined the word "handkerchief;" which, broken up in its constituent parts, means literally a head-cover for the hand. The force of absurdity would seem to be incapable of going beyond this; but worse remains behind. Having reconciled ourselves to handkerchiefs, there was no difficulty in finding kerchiefs in like manner for all possible purposes; and, accordingly, we have manufactured a pocket-handkerchief, which means a head-cover for the hand to go into the pocket,—and a neck-handkerchief, or head-cover for the hand to be tied round the neck.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there was an English boy of mean and diminutive appearance, and behind all other boys of his age. He was constantly at the foot of his class; and verily it was believed that this boy would become only a bungler of some kind, for surely the soul of learning was not in him. But at the age of twelve a change was wrought in the character and fortune of the youth that had never obtained a "reward of merit," and was regarded by teacher and schoolmaster as an inferior. At this time an altercation took place between this backward boy and the one above him in the class, whereupon the latter treated him with indignity and violence. Enough. The pride of the boy was outraged. He could not revenge the insult by a blow, because he was too weak to cope with his opponent physically. How, then, shall he humble his assailant? He resolved to surpass him in study, get above him in the class, and there remain, to look down upon his enemy, and clip from him the laurels he so indiscreetly wears. He resolved, —accomplished; became a most devoted scholar; commenced a career of glory; and Sir Isaac Newton appeared with the key to unlock the mysteries of motion, and to draught a truer chart of the stupendous universe.

WORK, IF YOU WOULD RISE.

Richard Burke being found in a reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the House of Commons by his brother Edmund, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned contrived to monopolise all the talents of the family. But then, again, I remember, when we were at play, he was at work." The force of the anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was not considered inferior, in natural talents, to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Do not trust to your genius, young man, if you would rise; but work! work!

TRANSMISSION OF ANCIENT BOOKS.

In a previous article we carried the minds of our readers, as it were, back to the period when books existed only in manuscript: we are therefore prepared to enter now on the discussion of the questions as to the date of the manuscripts which are still in existence, and the evidence which these furnish regarding the date and author of the original work. The marks by which critics have sought to ascertain the age of manuscripts are various. There are some manuscripts, for example, which are known to have been preserved for several centuries in the libraries in which they now are, having been mentioned in the catalogues of these libraries, and accurately described by scholars of succeeding ages. There are many which are dated by the hands of the writers: there are many which have notes upon the margin, written obviously at a period later than that at which the text was written, which notes, from their allusion to certain persons or events, or from certain peculiarities of expression, can be ascertained to belong to a certain age, and lead us naturally to assign an earlier date to the original manuscript: and there are some most valuable manuscripts, the date of which is ascertained to be very remote, from the fact of their being beneath other writings; that is, the original writing has been to some extent effaced from the parchment on which it was, and another writing, the date of which can, with some degree of accuracy, be discovered, has been placed on it. Parchment was at all times a costly material; and it was especially so when paper made from the Egyptian reed became scarce, and before paper made from cotton was generally used. The persons who were employed in copying books seem to have been induced by this circumstance to take the leaves of such books as they regarded of little value, and to wash out the original writing, that the material might be again used. As the works of the classic authors of Greece and Rome had, in consequence of the general decline of learning during the middle ages, fallen into neglect, the copyists, who were generally Monks seem to have frequently taken manuscript copies of these works, and, after erasing the original writing, to have written

upon the parchment, "Lives of the Saints," "Meditations," or something else suited to the ignorance and superstition of the times.

Montfaucon, referring to the practice which we have mentioned, says, "A vast number of books of this sort written upon erased parchment are to be met with, executed in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. In most instances the first writing is utterly obliterated, yet the marks of the erasure are evident. Thus, in a manuscript above described, not a letter, not a point, of the ancient writing remains; but on many of the leaves may be discerned ruled lines, either transverse or perpendicular, which, having been deeply impressed upon the parchment, could not be effaced, so that these old lines often cross the new writing. Other pages of the same manuscript present no such indications, the leaves having probably been taken from different books. In another manuscript, executed in the year 1186, though the ancient writing is generally obliterated, in a few places, if closely inspected, the ends of the letters may be perceived. In a word, if all the books of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are examined, there will appear to be almost as many written upon erased as upon new parchments. I am of opinion that many authors extant in the time of Photius, and even in that of Porphyrogenitus, were utterly destroyed by the prevalence of this pernicious practice. This plague, as it may be termed, spread its devastation among ancient books first in the twelfth century, and continued its ravages during the thirteenth and fourteenth. The same thing is rarely to be observed in bombycine manuscripts" (those written on paper made from cotton). "I have met only with one book of this material in which the first writing had been erased and a second induced. The Greek writers of those times ordinarily erased a better work for the sake of substituting a worse, either one of their own inane productions, or those works of which there is no scarcity among manuscripts. Extreme ignorance must certainly have pervaded Greece in those times, when what related to ancient history or to polite learning was not valued at a straw by the writers who, rather than purchase new parchment, destroyed without scruple ancient books."

In not a few instances, however, the original writing has not been wholly destroyed; and, as the knowledge of chemistry has advanced, means have been found of bringing that writing out more distinctly. There are several very valuable manuscripts, both of the Scriptures and the ancient classics,—rescripts or palimpsests, as they are called,—which have been recovered in this way. The *Codex Regius*, of which Davidson gives the following account, is one of these:—"The works of Ephrem the Syrian were over the original. In endeavouring to ascertain the character of what was first written on the parchment, and washing off the later letters, it was found that the MS. contained originally the Old and New Testaments in Greek. In many places it is so faded as to be illegible. There are numerous chasms in it. Several forms of words seem to indicate that it was written in Egypt: it probably belongs to the sixth century, and is now in the Royal Library at Paris." When the age of the later writing on these manuscripts can be ascertained, we naturally carry our thoughts backward to a period considerably earlier, as the date of the original manuscript. The copyists, it may be presumed, would be more likely to take the leaves of old books than of books recently written, when they were about to begin their task.

Some of the other marks by which attempts are made to ascertain the age of manuscripts are these:—the quality or appearance of the ink; the material on which the writing is, whether leather, parchment, paper made from the Egyptian reeds, or paper made from cotton; the particular form and size of the letters, for in every period the prevailing mode of writing has a peculiar character; and the ornaments or *illuminations*,—that is, portions which are written with differently coloured ink, or covered with a thin foil of gold or silver. These internal marks are, however, especially as far as Hebrew manuscripts are concerned, very uncertain.

In the wars by which the southern parts of Europe and Northern Africa were devastated in ancient times, the collections of books made by Kings were often destroyed. The destruction of the library of Alexandria by the Saracens, in the year 642, may be mentioned as an illustration. This

magnificent collection of books, begun by Ptolemy Soter, contained, according to Eusebius and Strabo, not fewer than *seven hundred thousand volumes*. The collections of books, however, which existed in the monasteries and other religious houses, seem frequently to have escaped in the general ruin. The Monks were deemed inoffensive, and their persons and properties were in many contests held sacred by both parties. In almost all the monastic establishments there were some who loved learning, who were employed in studying the books contained in the library, and in making copies of them as they fell into decay, or as copies were demanded by other parties; so that when learning began to revive in the fourteenth century, it was in the monasteries that the greater portion of the treasures of ancient literature was found.

There are various other circumstances which are of use in determining the date of a manuscript, some of which, though not likely to suggest themselves to those who are little accustomed to such inquiries, approve themselves readily when they have been suggested. Every intelligent person, for example, is aware that all spoken languages, in the course of years, undergo considerable changes. Words are used at one time in a sense different from that in which they are employed at another period; and phrases which are current at one time, become obsolete in the course of two or three generations. Look, for example, to our English Bible. We find the word *prevent* used in its proper etymological sense of "coming before;" the word *let* in the sense of "hindering;" and the word *offend* in the sense of "causing to stumble." These words are rarely, if ever, used now in the sense in which they were employed by the framers of the English version, two hundred years ago. How different is the dialect in which Burnet and Clarendon wrote, from that of Alison and Macaulay! If we had three or four editions of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," issued one after another at an interval of fifty years, and if, on examination of them, we found that certain changes had been made in each edition, so as to make the book more intelligible, we could be at no great loss, from the character of the changes, to fix the periods at which the various editions had been issued. The

dialect would be made, as far as was practicable, to correspond with that of the current literature.

There are some of the earlier Greek writers regarding whom the kind of evidence to which we have just referred is very important. There are some MSS. which retain all the peculiarities of the dialect in which it is supposed the author wrote; while other MSS. of the same books have these peculiarities changed into forms of spelling and expression which were common at a later period. These changes must have been made by the transcribers in order to suit the taste of purchasers, to whom the peculiarities of the more ancient dialect were unintelligible, or at least disagreeable, and at a period previous to the time when Greek ceased to be a spoken language. The MS. retaining the peculiarities of the ancient dialect is naturally supposed to have a higher antiquity than that which has not these peculiarities, or at least to have been copied from a manuscript of higher antiquity.

The differences of expression in manuscripts furnish some *data* in another way respecting their comparative antiquity. In reading two manuscript copies of an ancient book, a passage is sometimes met with, which, as given in one manuscript, is very obscure and difficult, and in the other is comparatively easy. Which of these MSS., looking to this fact alone, ought we to pronounce the more ancient? Unquestionably that in which the passage appears obscure and difficult; for while it is easy to understand how a copyist should have been led to give a simpler reading, to state, in more distinct terms, what he thought was the meaning of a difficult passage, it is scarcely possible to imagine that any one would intentionally make a change by which an easy passage was rendered obscure.

The differences in words and phrases which are met with in the manuscripts of ancient books are often very numerous, though they are seldom of great importance. In the manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments which have been found and carefully examined by Mill, Wetstein, Griesbach, Scholz, De Rossi, Matthaei, and Kennicott, there have been discovered differences, "various readings," not fewer than

a hundred and fifty thousand. Unlearned Christians, hearing this, are apt to be startled, and to tremble for the ark; to think, If the differences in the manuscript copies of the Scriptures are so numerous, how is it possible to obtain a correct text? how is it possible to ascertain that we have in our hands what the Prophets and Apostles actually wrote? There is little reason to be alarmed on this point; for the vast majority (ninety-nine out of a hundred) of the differences referred to are of no importance, consisting of a diversity in the mode of spelling proper names, or in the order of the words, or in the omission or insertion of words which do not in any considerable degree affect the sense. One well qualified to judge says, "The most imperfect copy contains every article of faith, every ethical precept, and every source of consolation, to be found in the most correct. By far the greatest part of the variations are of no moment whatever." Nay, the fact that there are so many differences on points of little moment, while there is agreement on everything of importance, whatever may be the quarter of the world in which manuscripts were found, in Asia Minor, or in Africa, or in Spain, or in England, shows the extreme care with which they were executed. That which seemed formidable when looked at from a distance is found, when nearly viewed, to be not only harmless but helpful. "Out of the eater cometh forth meat, and out of the strong cometh forth sweetness."

The causes which have been assigned for "various readings" in manuscript copies of ancient books are several. Two of them we have already referred to; namely, the desire to render the dialect more in accordance with the language as spoken at the time when the copy was made, and the wish on the part of transcribers to simplify passages which appeared to them difficult and obscure. It may be right to mention some others. It is not at all unlikely that if ancient authors long survived the publication of their works, they would, as copies were demanded, issue *revised copies*, with such additions and corrections as their reflections subsequent to the first publication of the work suggested. Each of these revised copies would become, as it were, the parent of a family:

it would be the author's own copy, corrected and prepared for a new edition. This remark refers to ancient books generally. The inspired writings form an exception. Again, it was impossible that books could be copied with the pen without there being some unintentional mistakes, more or less important. It has been supposed that in the monasteries, in which the copies of books were usually made, one person was employed to read from the book of which copies were to be made, while several were employed in writing. If this were the mode, it is not difficult to perceive how errors might have crept in. Every one who has been accustomed to write while another dictated, or to dictate while another wrote, knows that words similar in sound are sometimes substituted the one for the other, and that sometimes words of similar meaning are employed, when the mind of the writer is awake, and when he is not so completely mechanical in his operations as a perfect amanuensis ought to be.

Another source of "various readings" seems to have been the practice of putting explanatory notes upon the margin. When a transcriber thought an author's meaning obscure, it was very natural for him to place a note upon the margin for the purpose of explanation; and it was very natural for a subsequent copyist, if he thought the note of considerable value, to place it in the text, rather than that it should be lost to the reader, or should deface the margin.

It is not unlikely that transcribers may, in some instances, have been led to make intentional omissions or alterations; but a comparison of several manuscripts affords such evidence for the detection of these, and the interpolations are generally so incongruous, that it is believed by critics that there are few "various readings" traceable to this source.

There is no room for doubt that the copying of books, previous to the invention of printing, was conducted with very great care; and as there are several manuscripts, both of the Scriptures and of the Greek and Roman classics, still in existence, which, there is reason to believe, contain the work after the process of transcription had been undergone not more than once or twice, we may safely conclude that we have the work in almost every particular, certainly

in every important point, as it came from the hand of its author.

BE FIRM.

The wind and the waves may beat against a rock standing in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like that rock, young man. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware: stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation, and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the lighthouse is to the mariner upon a sea-shore: it will guide others to the point of virtue and safety.

THE PROMPT CLERK.

I once knew a young man (said an eminent Preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men) that was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it." He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work: he made his arrangements over-night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses; and, resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed all the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock in the day, his master comes in, and, seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looks very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed. "I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo of cotton this morning." "It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it." He never looked behind him from that moment,—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared: he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great bene-

volence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune. He was not smoke to the eyes, nor vinegar to the teeth, but just the contrary.

LITERATURE.

VARIETIES.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. D M. Moir. — The physician and poet, Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, better known as the "Delta" of "Blackwood's Magazine," died at Dumfries, on Sabbath morning, July 6th. He set out on the previous Tuesday, with his wife and son, for a short tour, and on Thursday, while walking with his friend, Mr. Aird, was a tacked with peritonitis, which brought his life to a rapid close, in the fifty-third year of his age. He was buried at Inveresk, on Thursday, the 10th.

M. Daguerre.— On Thursday, the 10th of July, this artist, whose name is for ever associated with one of the most refined applications of science to the arts, died suddenly, in Paris, in the sixty-second year of his age. The Daguerreotype process was published by him in the autumn of 1839, specimens of the results obtained having been exhibited in Paris in January of the same year. The whole of Europe was astonished at their beauty, and every one applauded the liberality of the French Government in granting to Daguerre a pension of six thousand francs for his discovery.

Railways of the World.—By a work recently published in London, it appears there were in operation at the commencement of 1849, in different parts of the globe, a total length of 18,656 miles of railway, on which a capital of £368,567,000 had been actually expended. Besides this, it is estimated that there were, at the same epoch, in progress of construction, a further extent of 7,829 miles, the cost of which, when completed, would be £146,750,000. Thus, when these latter lines shall have been brought into operation, the population of Europe and the United States, (for it is there only that railways have made any progress,) will have completed, within the period of less than a quarter of a century, 26,485 miles of railway; that is to say, a greater length than would completely surround the globe, at a cost of above £500,000,000 sterling. To accomplish this stupendous work, human industry must have appropriated, out of its annual savings, £20,000,000 for twenty-five successive years.

Paper Manufacture. — This branch of trade is one of very great importance, as supplying a field of labour to an extent far beyond that of many others, and most astonishing when it is considered how small in amount is the money value of the manufactured article. There are somewhat about 500 mills in the United Kingdom, paying an aggregate duty to the revenue of about £800,000 a year. There are 16 mills in the district around Edinburgh, which return to the revenue about £80,000 a year, and the number of persons employed in these works is about 4,000: if 4,000 workers produce paper chargeable with duty to the extent of £80,000, the whole number employed in all the 500 mills, to produce the duty of £800,000, will be about 40,000. Then in this branch of trade we have 40,000 people *actually employed;* and, taking this at the usual calculation of four to each individual, we arrive at this fact, that 160,000 of the population are sustained *directly* by the paper manufacture.—*Post and Record.*

Extinction of Fire in a Coal-Mine.—In the South Sanchie coal-mines, lying about seven miles from Stirling Castle, a fire has been burning for more than thirty years. Attempts have frequently been made to extinguish the devastating element, but always, until a few weeks ago, without success. The seam of the fossil is about nine feet in thickness, and the ravages of the fire have extended under and through an area of twenty-six acres. Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney has at length effected its extinguishment by means of a powerful stream

of choke-damp. His method was, to force this choke-damp through the mine, by means of a high-pressure steam-jet, at such a temperature as would not only put out the fire, but also cool down the hollows and crevices of the mine to so low a degree of heat as would prevent a re-ignition when the atmosphere was again admitted, and at such a pressure as would force the common air to escape for the time by all the shafts and leakages of the mine. The experiment appears to have been entirely successful.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"The garden blooms with vegetable gold,
And all Pomona in the orchard glows;
Her racy fruits now glory in the sun,
The wall-enamour'd flower in saffron blows,
Gay annuals their spicy sweets unfold,
To cooling brooks the panting cattle run:
Hope, the forerunner of the farmer's gain,
Visits his dreams, and multiplies his grain."

The study of botany yields both pleasure and instruction; and, like that of zoology, leads the contemplative mind to see and adore the all-wise and infinite Creator.

In observing the various flowers which at this time of the year appear in rich profusion on Flora's lap, we see that not only variety exists with regard to the distinct tribes, and the periods in which their charms are unfolded, but those of the same family that bloom together, appear in a most beautiful variety of forms, and consequently demonstrate the inexhaustible wisdom of the great Author of their being, and His original intention to multiply the embellishments of our habitations. It is impossible for our finite minds to enumerate the different plans on which the several species of flowers have been constructed, of which not one is the genuine copy or exact resemblance of the other; each touch is truly original and peculiar to one certain set. They differ from one another in the form of their petals, or leaves that compose the vase of the flower; in the delicacy of the fringe with which they are bordered; in the structure of the cup, which unites the various parts; in the shape of the stalks or stems that support them; in the texture of the green foliage by which they are surrounded; and especially in the diversified colours wherewith they are tinged, and the fragrance peculiar to each species.

Whether flowers appear to the greatest advantage viewed singly or in clusters, is difficult to say. When united, their assortment is perfectly agreeable. Nothing appears rude or unpolished, irregular, or too much contrasted. From the unison of all these hues there arises a sort of harmony which is exceedingly varied, and with

which the eye is entirely satisfied. When considered singly, there is not one of them but what renders itself amiable by a symmetry peculiar to its nature, and exhibits the wisdom and glory of the Divine Being:

"Lo! here Thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green:
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between."

The first half of the month.—Young nightingales, blackcaps, together with the rest of the summer warblers, having moulted their nestling feathers, and acquired new plumage, are now with the parent-birds, ready for their autumnal flight into the southern parts of Spain, or across the Mediterranean sea to take up their winter abode on the African coast; from whence they return when the bright orb of day sheds his vivifying beams from Aries, to chant the sonnets of love in sweet melodious lays. Farewell, awhile, ye delightful musicians of our vernal groves! The swallow-tail butterfly in certain places is seen dancing lightly on his beauteous plumes in the solar ray; and the large green grasshopper is heard from a distance among reeds and sedges, along the banks of rivers, and in moist fields, during the diurnal hours; but chiefly

"When sweet, declining day
Sinks in purple waves away."

The vegetable department of nature now unfolds a variety of interesting objects: among the rest, the great bindweed (*convolvulus sepium*) exhibits in moist woods and hedges, and also in our gardens, its very large, showy, and pure white flowers. The common ragwort, (*senecio jacobæus,*) in waysides and neglected pastures, continues to present its large, golden-yellow flowers; and herb-Robert, (*geranium Robertianum,*) in woods, thickets, and on bank-sides, arrests the attention of the naturalist by its bright red flowers.

The last half of the month.—The squirrel and dormouse begin to lay up vegetable provisions for winter. The redbreast, pouring out his melodious lays, informs us that autumn is near. The house-cricket makes a noise, louder than at other times of the year, especially in the evenings; and the small grasshopper is heard in the fields. The blackbird and thrush sing occasionally; and sometimes the woodlark tunes his mellow notes. Some of the swallow-tribes take their departure from our island, while fieldfares and redwings arrive. The death's-head moth is seen: its larva, which is a large caterpillar, three inches long, with a hook at the posterior part of its body, may be now found in potato-fields. The bindweed hawk-moth, and other insects of the same division of lepidoptera, are common. The saffron-butterfly appears, and the twelve-spotted and the sixteen-spotted lady-birds are seen.

Convolvuli still show their flowers of various hues, which richly decorate our garden-walls; while marsh-mallows ornament the

banks of ditches, &c. Heart's-ease, china-asters, marigolds, golden-rods, stocks, and hollyhocks, are in blow. Colchicum and the saffron-crocus are now in flower. We must not overlook the beautiful strawberry-tree, (*arbutus unedo*) which is now covered with its waxen-tinted blossoms, and its delicate, pulpy fruit.

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest; mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted."—Milton.

"The month of September is generally distinguished for its days of pleasantry and sunshine, followed by calm and cloudless nights. It is therefore a most suitable month for the contemplations of the lover of nature. When the radiant orb of day has measured its track across the concaved heavens, and thus rolled in splendour away, leaving behind it the landscape lost in the shades of swiftly-approaching night, and the canopied heavens lighted up with clusters of glittering stars, then may the man of thought and astronomical investigation bend his footsteps through the silent meadows or rural districts, and muse upon the celestial glory which in all directions stretches around him; and, to embrace opportunities such as these, if he be a man not only of intelligence but also of religious principle, will not only have a tendency to enlarge his views of the science with which he may have become enraptured, but to improve his heart. As, by the glance of his eye, he sweeps the vast assemblages of stars, and considers their immense magnitudes, and their amazing distances, he cannot but feel humbled at the thought that oftentimes against their Author and his Maker has he lifted up the puny arm of rebellion; and not only is it likely thus to bring his spirit into a state of subjugation before his God, but to fire his soul with emotions of joyfulness at the recollection that a Being so awful in majesty should condescend to look with fatherly compassion upon man, to correct, forgive, and bless him."

The Sun, the great central orb of the solar system, above a million times larger than our globe of earth and water, at the will of the Divine Governor of nature, continues, from his unexhausted stores, to diffuse light and heat to all the planetary worlds that surround him:

"A thousand ages thou hast seen pass by,
And man, child of a day, beheld, with all
His boasted works, swept down the gulf of time;
Hast view'd his pomp and glory float a wreck,
An undistinguish'd wreck, on the dark surge
Of cold oblivion. But thou art still the same;
And thy life-giving days shall have no end,
Nor thy unborrow'd brightness e'er expire,
Till time shall cease to be."

The Sun rises on the 1st at thirteen minutes past five, and sets at forty-five minutes after six: on the 15th he rises at thirty-six minutes past five, and sets at thirteen minutes after six. On the 23d the Sun enters the equinoctial sign Libra, and consequently the autumnal quarter takes place.

The MOON is half-full on the 2d, and sets on the 3d at eleven o'clock at night: she sets on the 6th at twenty minutes before one, and on the 8th at forty-two minutes past two, in the morning. The Moon is full on the 10th, at forty-four minutes past one in the afternoon; and rises due east on the 11th at a quarter past seven in the evening; she rises on the 13th at nine minutes before eight, and on the 16th at one minute after nine, in the evening: she enters her last quarter on the 18th, and rises on the 19th at ten minutes past eleven at night. The Moon now appears a fine crescent in the mornings, rising on the 22d at half-past one, and on the 24th at a quarter after four: she changes on the 25th, at twelve minutes past six in the morning; and sets on the 27th, at a quarter past seven, and on the 29th at a quarter after eight, in the evening.

MERCURY is invisible to the naked eye this month.

VENUS is also invisible, being obscured by the rays of the Sun.

MARS is to be seen from the middle of the night till the morning twilight obscures him: he rises on the 3d at five minutes past eleven, and on the 29th at half-past ten o'clock; on the 19th he is in conjunction with the Moon.

JUPITER is visible on very clear evenings at the beginning of this month, fast approaching the south-western horizon, while the strong twilight surrounds him, and causes him to appear small to the naked eye. Through a good telescope his orb appears faint, and, being so low, the refraction of the atmosphere renders his disc ill-defined and uninteresting, and his satellites invisible. As the month advances, Jupiter becomes at last entirely obscured in the blaze of day, and remains invisible, till he appears in the mornings about the middle of November.

SATURN appears late in the evenings, and is visible throughout the night: he rises on the 1st at half-past eight, on the 15th at half-past seven, and on the 28th at forty-four minutes after six: on the 13th and 14th he is, as seen from our Earth, in the vicinity of the Moon.

POETRY.

THE CROSS OF JESUS.

BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I lay me down to weep,
And ponder o'er the matchless grace
Display'd on Calvary's steep.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I kneel me down to pray;
Nor look in vain for blessing,
In God's appointed way.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I lay me down to hear
The welcome sound, "'Tis finish'd,"
So sweet to sinner's ear.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I lay me down to rest:
Here foolish doubts and anxious fears
Are banish'd from my breast.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I lay me down to love;
His blood the bond of union
'Twixt saints below, above.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I lay me down to feast
On Him, my bleeding Sacrifice,
My Altar and my Priest.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I sit me down to sing:
The grave has lost its victory,
And death its venom'd sting.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I'd lay me down to die;
Till, in the chariot of His love,
He bears me up on high.

Then seize my harp of gold,
And tune it loud and long;
The cross of Jesus crucified,
My everlasting song.

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

AMATOLA MOUNTAINS, CAFFRARIA

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

OCTOBER, 1851.

THE AMATOLA MOUNTAINS.

(*With an Engraving.*)

These mountains have become somewhat celebrated. They will not be less so, some years hence, in the history of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, than the field of Waterloo is now in the history of England. They are situated in British Kaffraria, (South Africa,) in the territory occupied by the Gaika tribes of Kaffirs, under the Chiefs Sandilla, Tola, and Macomo, &c. This territory is one of the richest and most beautiful in this portion of South Africa. It is watered by numerous streams and rivers, contains extensive pasture-land for cattle, and exhibits to the eye some of the most romantic and attractive scenes which can be witnessed in the country. A lover of charming landscape scenery, set down suddenly in this fertile region, after a refreshing summer's shower has fallen on the ground, revived the grass, and caused the streams to flow, would almost be enchanted. The peculiar forms of many of the trees, the richness of the flora, and the wild and rugged aspect of some of the ravines, would scarcely fail to excite the most pleasurable emotions; and though he were alone, and might, perhaps, for a while, see no inhabitants, unless he approached some native village, yet he would say, "This is not solitude; for God is here."

But the moral condition of the tribes living in this territory (for it is thickly peopled for a country like Kaffraria) is most distressing. It is the seat of the present Kaffir war.

In the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Amatola mountains, the Chief Sandilla is encamped, with some thousands of his warriors; and to drive him from this stronghold is the task now before the Governor, Sir Harry Smith. A brief sketch of the origin of the war now raging may not be unacceptable to our youthful readers.

At the close of the last war, in the year 1847, Sir Harry Smith succeeded in establishing a system of government over the Kaffir tribes, which promised, for a time, to be eminently successful. Peace was restored to the land. The native tribes began again to cultivate the soil. Missionary operations were resumed. The sun of prosperity had arisen once more upon South Africa. But this state of things continued but for a little while. The Chiefs found themselves under too great restrictions. Formerly, they had been able to plunder the Colony of cattle, and thus to enrich their kraals, almost with impunity: now, the law was more severe, and the crime of theft was very effectually checked. This they could not brook. To the lawless and disobedient, strict government is always objectionable. Both among barbarous and in civilised nations, there are always persons disposed to complain of the severity of the laws, even if those laws be ever so lenient; and in our day we find many who are laying claim to what they designate liberty, by which they mean, the right or the permission to do as they like.

It was the dissatisfaction of the Kaffir Chiefs with the restrictions placed upon them, that principally gave rise to the present outbreak. Sandilla, the paramount Chief of the Gaika tribes, became exceedingly troublesome and restless; and on his refusing to attend a meeting of the Chiefs, convened by the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, it was deemed necessary, for the peace of the country, to depose him from the chieftainship. But this was no sooner done, than he formed a considerable party in his favour, and began to instigate the tribes to war. About the same time, too, there arose a young man, named Umlanjeni, who professed to be a prophet, and assured the Kaffirs that he would so bewitch the English, as that they would be unable to injure them; and that, if they would listen to him, he would show them very soon how

they might drive all the white people into the sea. The Kaffirs are a highly superstitious race, and though they have often been deceived by such pretenders, are still exceedingly ready to give credence to their tales. Umlanjeni gained considerable influence: visiting the different kraals or villages of this part of Kaffraria, he gathered round him numbers of the people, and described to them the amazing powers which he possessed. Several of the Chiefs, as well as many others, foolishly believed him; and now they thought the time was come, when, if they went to war, they would doubtless be successful. Thus a train was laid, which needed but a spark to set the country in a blaze.

On the 24th of December last, Colonel Mackinnon, with a force of nearly six hundred men, advanced to the place of Sandilla's rendezvous, with the hope of being able to take him prisoner. It was a bold adventure, but it entirely failed. On the troops reaching a narrow rocky gorge of the Keiskamma, far more difficult for an army to pass than the straits of Thermopylæ, so celebrated in classic history, a heavy fire was opened upon them by the Kaffirs, which compelled them to retreat. They fell back, with the loss of several men, on the Mission-station in the neighbourhood of Uniondale, whilst the Kaffirs exulted in a temporary victory. And now the passions of the enemy were aroused, and the war-whoop and the battle-cry were raised throughout the country. The remaining Chiefs of the Gaika clans, though they had previously agreed to the deposition of Sandilla, now joined his standard, and took up arms against the Colony. On the following day, December 25th, a band of furious Kaffirs fell upon three military villages, and, while the unsuspecting inhabitants were seated at their Christmas dinners, surrounded their dwellings, murdered seventy persons, and set the villages on fire. Such is savage warfare. Barbarous tribes have seldom any sense of honour; and, not satisfied with the subjugation of their enemies, they will often attack, butcher, and then cruelly mutilate, those who have done them no injury whatever.

From that period to the present the conflict has been raging; nor are there any prospects of a speedy termination of it. The results have been already most distressing.

Hundreds of the enemy have fallen, and many on the side of the Colony and the Government. Several smiling Missionary villages, belonging to the London, Moravian, and Free-Church Missions, have been destroyed; in some instances, by the native inhabitants themselves, many of whom have proved traitors to the Government, and joined the Kaffirs. Large quantities of cattle have been swept away, several farms and villages consumed, and the whole country thrown into a state of consternation and distress. Those only who have witnessed the ravages of war, can form an adequate conception of its desolating influence. Those only who have witnessed a war in Southern Africa, can rightly judge of the terrible effects produced. O! when will the period come, in which wars shall cease to the ends of the earth, the bow be broken, and the chariot of the warrior burnt with fire? When will the nations know they are brethren, and learn to cherish towards each other sentiments of peace? Let our youthful readers pray and labour for the spread of that Gospel which proclaims peace, and which alone can make peace; which is the grand instrument of man's regeneration, and the one great means by which the sword shall be broken, and the ravages of war stayed.

It is gratifying to us to be able to add, that the Kaffir tribes under the care of the Wesleyan Missionaries are, with one or two exceptions, friends and allies of the Government. The Chiefs Kama and Pato have rendered great service to the Colony. None of the Mission-stations have been injured or abandoned; and never before was the value of the operations of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in South Africa so greatly felt and so generally acknowledged by the Colonists as now. We rejoice in this, and give thanks to God; and we trust that that Society will be still sustained in a manner so effective as to enable it to extend its efforts, not only in Africa, but in every part of the world.

THE SCENES OF GREAT EVENTS.

Twenty years ago some English voyagers were standing on a flat beach within the Arctic Seas. From the excitement of their looks, the avidity with which they gazed into the ground,

and the enthusiasm with which they looked around them, it was evident that they deemed it a spot of signal interest. But anything outwardly less interesting you could hardly imagine. On the one side, the coast retreated in low and wintry ridges, and on the other a pale ocean bore its icy freight beneath a watery sky; whilst under the travellers' feet lay neither bars of gold nor a gravel of gems, but blocks of unsightly limestone. Yet it was the centre of one of nature's greatest mysteries. It was the reward of years of adventure and hardship; it was the answer to the long aspirations and efforts of science; it was the Magnetic Pole. The travellers grudged that a place so important should appear so tame. They would have liked that it had been marked by some natural monument, a lofty peak or a singular rock. They were almost disappointed at not finding an iron needle as high as Cleopatra's own, or a loadstone as big as Mont Blanc.*

One day, a few summers since, sailing up the Rhine on a dull and windy afternoon, with little to look at but the sedgy banks and the storks exploring for reptiles among them, the vessel halted over against an old German town. We were looking languidly at its distant spires, and carelessly asked some one what town it was? "Worms." Worms! The battle-field of the Reformation; the little Armageddon where light and darkness, truth and error, liberty and despotism, the Son of God and the Prince of Darkness, fought together not so long ago! Suddenly it seemed to swarm with Imperial troops and bluff old burghers; and, had we been near enough, we should have glanced up to the tiles on the house-tops, and in the streets looked out for Luther; but though it was the very spot where Protestantism gained its decisive victory, the spot where modern Europe threw off the cerements of the middle age and emerged to life, to enterprise, and freedom, there was no outward sign to tell it; a dreary German town on a swampy plain,—that was all.

* "We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. I could even have pardoned any one among us who had been so romantic or absurd as to expect that the magnetic pole was an object as conspicuous and mysterious as the fabled mountain of Sindbad," &c. *Ross's "Second Voyage."*

Thus is it usually with memorable places. There is nothing external to arrest the eye; no gigantic landmark nor natural sign to serve for a *Siste, viator:* and the more refined and reflective do not grudge this. They feel that morally there is nothing so sublime as simplicity; and that it is God's way to work great wonders, not only by means of the things which are despised, but in despicable localities. Man is a materialist, and he tries to give a material magnitude to memorable places; but God chooses any common spot for the cradle of a mighty incident, or the home of a mighty spirit. Elbowing through Bread-street, amid trucks and drays and Cheapside tumult, who would fancy that here was the bower where the bard of Paradise was born; or looking up to that small window in the Canongate, who would guess that from these narrow precincts the spirit which new-created Scotland passed away? Or sailing along the deep, what is there to tell you that this rock was the cage of the captured eagle, the basaltic prison where he chafed, and pined, and died; and yon the willow-tree, under which he quietly slept, the Magor-Missabib of modern history? Or, floating on the soft Ægean, and looking up to the marble cliffs, where the aconite grows and the halcyon slumbers in the sun, what trace is there to tell that heaven's windows once opened here; that here the last thrill of inspiration was felt, and here the last glimpse of a glorified Redeemer vouchsafed? To the passing glance or the uninstructed eye, they are mean and inconspicuous places; so mean, that ascertaining the wonders connected with them, the vulgar world declares them unworthy of such distinction till otherwise distinguished, and exclaims, "Let us build a monument, a mausoleum, or a church." But to spirits truly great every place is great which mind or moral glory has aggrandised. Patmos could not be improved though it were expanded into a continent; nor the house where a poet was born or a Reformer died, though it were enshrined beneath a national monument.

There is another remark which we may make regarding memorable places. They are usually more interesting to strangers than to the regular residents. Had the Esquimaux seen Captain Ross and his party, they would have marvelled

what brought a band of Englishmen from their comfortable homes to that bleak and barren shore. And, far from sympathising in their errand, they could hardly have been taught to understand it. Food, not information, being their chief motive to exertion, they would gladly have sold the magnetic pole for a few pounds of blubber or a few pints of oil. It was interesting enough to British science to bring many at the peril of their lives; but to the poor benighted natives it never had occurred that there was anything more important in that particular spot than in any other bend of their frozen beach. And so of historic scenes. You know more about Luther's bold appearance at the Imperial Diet than do most of the people who now reside at Worms. The spot where a great battle was fought, or where a hero breathed his last, is often interesting to its inhabitants only as a source of gain; and, unless they be men of congenial taste and strong emotion, people will hurry daily past the places consecrated by departed greatness, without finding their step detained or their spirit stirred. It is reserved for the far-come traveller to stand still and wonder where the incurious native trudges on, or only wonders what it is the stranger is gazing at.

Our earth is a little world. In bulk it is little as compared with some of its neighbours. Even the same planetary system contains one world a hundred times, and another three hundred times, as large; whilst, if suns be peopled worlds, there are suns hundreds of thousands of times as large. And there are races of intelligence and capacity far beyond our own; races both fallen and unfallen, to which our highest genius may seem a curious simplicity, and our vastest information, an interesting ignorance, even as we may smile at the wit and knowledge of the Esquimaux. But this is the little world, and ours the lowly race, which God selected as the scene and the subject of the most amazing interposition. Like its own Bethlehem-Ephratah, little among thousands of worlds,—like its own Patmos, a point in the ocean of existence,—our earth already stands alone in the universe, and will stand forth in the annals of eternity, illustrious for its fact without a parallel. It is the world on which the mystery of redemption was transacted; it is the world into which Christ

came. And though lower than the angels, ours is the race which Jehovah has crowned with one peerless glory, one unequalled honour. It is the race which God has visited. Ours is the flesh which Incarnate Deity wore, and ours is the race for whose sinners the Son of God poured forth a ransom in his blood. This is the event which over our small planet sheds a solemn interest, and draws toward it the wondering gaze of other worlds. And just as in traversing the deep, when there rises on the view some spot of awful interest or affecting memory, you slack the sail, and passengers strain the eye, and look on in silent reverence; so, in their journeys through immensity, the flight of highest intelligences falters into wonder and delay as they near this little globe. There is something in it which makes them feel like Moses at Horeb, "Let me draw near, and see this great sight,"—a marvel and a mystery here which angels desire to look into. It is a little world; but it is the world where God was manifest in flesh. And though there may be spots round which the interest gathers in most touching intensity; though it may be possible to visit the very land whose acres were trod by "those blessed feet which our offences nailed to the accursed tree;" though you might like to look on David's town where the advent took place, and on the hills of Galilee where his sermons were preached, and on the limpid Gennesaret which once kissed his buoyant sandals, and on that Jerusalem which He loved and pitied, and where He died, and that Olivet, from whose gentle slope the Prince of Peace ascended; I own that with me it is not so much Jerusalem or Palestine, as Earth, Earth herself. Since it received the visit of the Son of God, in the eye of the universe the entire globe is a Holy Land; and such let it ever be to me. So wicked and sin-tainted that it must pass through the fire ere all be ended, it is withal so consecrated and so dear to heaven that it must not be destroyed; but a new earth with righteousness dwelling in it shall perpetuate to distant ages its own amazing story. And though an illustrious author wrote, "I have long lost all attachment to this world as a locality,"* I do not wish to share the

* Foster.

feeling. I like it for its very littleness. I like to stand on its lonely remoteness, and look aloft to vaster and brighter orbs; and when I consider the heavens, the moon and the stars, then say I, "What is man, that Thou shouldest visit him?" And, as in the voyage of the spheres, I sail away in this, the little barque of man, it comes over me with melting surprise and adoring astonishment that mine is the very world into which the Saviour came; and as I farther recall who that Saviour was,—that for Him to become the highest seraph would have been an infinite descent, or to inhabit the hugest globe a strange captivity,—instead of seeking to inflate this tiny ball into the mightiest sphere, or stilt up this feeble race to angelic stature, I see many a reason why, if an Incarnation were at all to be, a little world should be the theatre, and a little race the object.—*Dr. Hamilton's Royal Preacher.*

BRETHREN IN UNITY.

PSALM CXXXIII.

AMONG the gems that come to view whenever we open the sacred volume wherein they are treasured, the hundred and thirty-third Psalm is not least brilliant. Let us examine it for a moment.

At first sight here is the sentence:—"*Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!*" This is clear, perspicuous, and glowing. It needs not comment. The heart feels it; and if the heart be right with God and man, it responds at once, "How good! how pleasant!"

But the inspired Psalmist dwells upon the thought suggested from on high, and the Spirit of inspiration still pours into his mind illustrative comparisons, that he may instruct ignorant and obdurate men concerning this good and pleasant thing, the dwelling together of brethren in unity. He tells us what it is like.

"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments." Now, if you turn to Exod.

xxx. 25, 30, according to the marginal reference in your Bible, you will read of "an holy anointing oil," and find the law of priestly consecration, thus:—"Thou shalt anoint Aaron and his sons, and consecrate them, *that they may minister unto me* in the Priest's office." And turning back to Exod. xxviii. 2, you find that Moses was also commanded to make holy garments for Aaron his brother, for glory and for beauty. For the holy garments and the holy oil there were reasons which we do not stay to investigate, but observe that although *they* would have been of little value unless the wearer were holy morally, as they were holy ceremonially, it was nevertheless necessary that the person to be consecrated to the priesthood should put on the garments, and be anointed with the oil, or he might not minister to God in the Priest's office. That was a settled point, never to be disputed.

One of the Priests' garments was an ephod, or tunic of fine twined linen, embroidered with gold, blue, purple, and scarlet, very beautiful. It had "two shoulder-pieces, joined at the two edges thereof;" and between these shoulder-pieces was the aperture through which the head passed when the ephod was put on, and this is so described in the Hebrew original of the Psalm, which says that the ointment (when Aaron was consecrated) went down from the head to the beard, and from the beard to the aperture of his garments.* The spirit of unity, then, is to the body of brethren what the oil of anointing was to the person of the Priest. He might not minister to God without that material anointing;† neither may they approach the Divine presence, nor hope for the Divine favour, without the spiritual anointing which is to make them one. Where there is not unity, there cannot be prosperity; for in such a place God, being offended, will not vouchsafe His blessing. Bear this in mind, and compare it with the words of our Lord: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught

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* על פי מדותיו

† This fact is proved historically. Eusebius, writing so late as the fourth century of the Christian era, says, "And without anointing it was *impossible* (ἀδύνατον) with the Hebrews to minister as Priest unto God."—*Demonst. Evangel.*, lib. iv.

against thee; *leave there* thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; *first be reconciled to thy brother*, and then come and offer thy gift."

After an illustration derived from the sacred ceremonial, another is borrowed from nature, these being two chief sources of metaphor in Hebrew poetry and teaching.

This dwelling together in unity "is as the dew of Hermon, (and as the dew) that descended upon the mountains of Zion." Here note that the words written in parenthesis, "and as the dew," are no part of the text, and that the dew of Hermon was that which descended upon the mountains of Zion. A few words are sufficient to explain this.

The most elevated summit of Anti-Lebanon, a ridge considerably higher than Lebanon, was called Hermon by the Hebrews, and the lower hilly tract was called Zion (with some accidental diversity of spelling in our Hebrew Bibles). Hermon was also called familiarly "the mountain of snow," from the circumstance that it is covered with almost perpetual snow. The mountains, or hills, of Zion were covered with vineyards and oliveyards. The snowy crest was barren; the lowly hills were fertile. But the frozen cap of Hermon serves to cool the atmosphere, and those "summer snows" thus contribute to very copious summer dews; and therefore the coldness of the lofty Hermon bestows greater fertility on its subjacent hills of Zion. "The dew of Hermon descended upon the mountains of Zion." Let no one fancy, the Psalmist might have said, that yonder barren, frozen, intransitable height is useless in the general economy of this land. He feeds the lowlands with his dews. And if you will accept the lesson, it is this:—Let not the meaner brother envy the more exalted, but gratefully profit by him. And again:—Let not the more exalted neglect the meaner, but afford him succour. Let the dew of Hermon descend upon the mountains of Zion. "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; but the rich, in that he is made low; because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away." Let these brethren, in spite of the accidental inequality, and notwithstanding their diversity of station in the world, or the diversity of their gifts or their attainments, dwell together in

unity within the church. Hermon would lose his peculiar glory, were he worn down to a level with those little hills; and they would be despoiled of all their richness, could they be uphoven to the altitude of the mount of snows. Neither may any convulsion tear them asunder. There they are, and there they must continue; and like them, brethren, who would be happy and useful, must abide in the station which God appointed, and each contribute something to the common weal, in which case God will bless them all, albeit not all alike.

"For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." *There*, there where brethren dwell together in unity, the blessing is no more contingent, but commanded. When the High-Priest, who duly entered on his office, ministers before the sanctuary, God will lift upon him the light of His countenance, and give him His peace. When the mystical body of Christ, which is the church, dwells in unity, God will send thereon His approbation and His power. When the revolving globe presents its varied surface to the eye of heaven, the snowy peak, the vast Sahara, the briny ocean, the green plains, the gardens, the forests, the cities, all and each shall receive daily influences in just and proper distribution, and no one part shall be denied its appropriate function in order to the well-being of the whole. And this is determined by the laws of nature. The law of grace is, like them, immutable. The force of neither can be resisted, nor needs the benefit of either be lost. And this is declared and proved to be the everlasting law of grace, that where brethren dwell together in unity, "there the Lord *commands* the blessing, even life for evermore,"—life germinant in grace, and life made perfect in glory.

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

Fourteen thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, towers a crest of everlasting snow, reflecting sunshine and starlight without shade, far superior to storm and cloud, projecting its own shadow at morn and even on the

provinces of Savoy and Piedmont; and from its silvery unsullied whiteness, it received the name *Mont Blanc*. There is no elevation to equal it in Europe, and seldom has a traveller strength and daring sufficient to conquer its ascent.

One day last summer, as three English gentlemen* were rowing on the lake of Geneva, this majestic mountain opened on their view, and, with a burst of admiration, they instantly resolved to ascend it on the first favourable opportunity. No time was lost in repairing to the little town of Chamouni, situated in a valley of that name at its foot; and, after a few days' training by guides, they were pronounced sufficiently familiar with the peculiar methods of locomotion to climb the slippery heights. Joined by another companion,† they wrote down their directions to their several families in England, that, in case of being dashed to pieces or frozen to death, their loss might be made known at home.

Early in the morning the four travellers and sixteen guides breakfasted in the court of the hotel, surrounded by a crowd of peasants who wished them *bon voyage;* and at half-past seven o'clock the party started, carrying long poles and the various equipments necessary for such a travel. Higher and higher they mounted, the guides gathering sticks for their fires on the *Grands Mulets*, the rock on which they had to sleep, from the wood that crowns the region of verdure, and separates it from grey rock, patches of snow, and blocks of ice. At a place called the *Echelle*, (ladder,) where a ladder is kept to cross the crevices, they halted to make a hearty meal, and prepare for their "more arduous task." Soon they found themselves at the glaciers which they had to cross. "But this part of our journey," says Mr. Floyd, "cannot really be described. The tremendous masses of green ice; the awful crevices; the sky, from no darker contrast than the snow, looking a deep blue; the long file of travellers, all tied with a rope together; all made it a most impressive sight, which I am glad to say I could perfectly enjoy, not feeling in any degree tired. Some of the crevices we crossed by a ladder being

* Messrs. C. G. Floyd, Philip and Sackville West. † Mr. Albert Smith.

thrown across them, and walking on the crossbars; some we crossed on little bridges of frozen snow; and one was a very peculiar one: the ladder had to be placed nearly perpendicularly from the lower part on which we stood, resting on a huge wall of ice, separated from us by a tremendous crevice, so that, mounting on the ladder, you looked down into an endless depth below you, and, as the ladder was not long enough to surmount the wall, steps were cut from its top into the ice with a hatchet. By walking in this kind of way till four o'clock, we reached the Grands Mulets, where we had to stop the night, or rather a few hours between that time and twelve o'clock at night. All the time glasses had been directed towards us from Chamouni; and on placing our feet on the rock we were saluted by guns below, which fired to announce our arrival thus far."

Right merrily did our Englishmen join in a repast on that Alpine rock, not least of all delighted that they were in a fair way to snatch the palm from the French, who had been wont to boast that they had furnished the largest number of men able to ascend Mont Blanc; but now this honour was to be transferred to England.

"Our wants being satisfied, while the guides were bustling about to arrange night-quarters, we were at liberty to look about us; but I need not say that I am utterly unable to convey to you the faintest idea of the imposing process of sunset up there. Fancy yourself on a rock descending nearly perpendicularly, sitting on a ledge, snow above and snow below, the shades gathering, the light turning from gold to purple, from purple to blue, from blue to green, to lilac, grey, in fact, to all colours the sky can assume, the solemn silence only interrupted by occasional avalanches booming behind us, the wide prospect of country,—fancy all this, and you can have not even an idea, not the faintest conception, of the really awful grandeur of the scene. When all was ready to attempt to sleep, the guides lit a fire before us, and I mused myself to sleep by talking, listening to the stories still going on around me, watching the flickering flame that lighted up the splendid figures of our guides, who stood round it singing choruses remarkably well, occasionally raising myself on my elbow to

catch a last glimpse of the remaining lights in the west, and last, not least, looking at the summit of that Mont Blanc which had just caught the moon, changing all the mountains from a purple to a pure silver. I must also mention that a couple of guides went on straight with lanterns to track out the snow, and try it for our departure at twelve o'clock; and their lanterns glimmering in the snowy distance looked like spirits of the mountains disturbed by our intrusion. The rest of the party assured me they could not sleep. I was lucky enough to enjoy three hours of the soundest slumber, and awoke only at eleven o'clock to start afresh. I wonder now that I did not think of the really hard day's work before me; for from twelve o'clock that night we were to rest only a few minutes till we had ascended to the top, and returned all the way to Chamouni once more. Though the view was finer from the Grands Mulets, and from the summit, I found the walk (by the light of the full moon) which now followed, by far the most unearthly I ever saw in my life. The crevices along the edge of which we passed were now still more tremendous. Your eye could not fathom the depth, and of course they were far too wide to cross. Above you towered the large masses of snow. Occasionally the moon seemed resting on the edge of some height, looking awfully cold at us; but we defied the cold, and it would have made you smile to have seen what extraordinary figures we looked. Onward we toiled, (for it really became toil, and I must honestly confess that neither the labour nor the danger of mounting Mont Blanc has been overrated,) till we came to the Grand Plateau, the only flat path over which our path lay. (To give you an idea of the steepness of the ascent, I will tell you that I threw a bottle down, which went at such a rate that it cleared two 'crevasses' one after the other, each of which was at least fifty or sixty feet across.) At the Grand Plateau we saw the first streaks of morning reddening the east, while the moon began gradually to pale her ineffectual fire. Here I began to feel a most oppressive tightness in the head: it, however, went quite off before I reached the top. Much has been said of the rarity of the air; and, of course, there must be a great deal in it, for the barometer differs thirteen inches at the top of Mont

Blanc, so that a common one cannot be used for an experiment; and I can answer for its being uncommonly dry. I saw one man much affected by nausea in consequence; but it is my firm opinion that one gains more than one loses by the lightness of the atmosphere, and I doubt whether in common air the same labour could be undergone. We still pursued our zigzag course, which, I again repeat, I cannot attempt to describe.

"One place I shall never forget. A large square mass of snow,—which, to say the least, considerably enlarged my ideas, though not sufficiently so to enable me to realise its massiveness,—about as large as a hundred of the largest houses I ever saw, (as it appeared,) leant over our way: to give you a little idea of its size,—if it had fallen, it would have completely covered the whole of our single file, consisting of about thirty-eight people, one behind the other at some distance, attached by ropes to each other. As I was regarding it in utter astonishment, my guide touched me, and, pointing to a crevasse between it and us, whispered, 'There three guides were lost the year before last;' and I heard a guide say to my friend behind, 'Here it was I lost my father.' You may imagine how all this tended to add the intensest solemnity to the scene; and, if anything was wanted to increase it, it was found in the advice of my guides not to speak, for fear of bringing down an avalanche.

"The sun was now risen, and glad I was to see his light on the height above. The party now assumed their blue and green spectacles to protect their eyes; and on we went till we reached the Route Rouge, where we rested a few minutes in the sun. Here I became completely myself again, having really suffered considerably, though, I repeat, I was never better in my life than I am now. My two friends were also perfectly well. Mr. Albert Smith was perfectly done up, and had to be dragged the rest of the way. His courage was such as I have never yet seen. It was curious to look at each other; every one was perfectly black in the face: of course I could not see my own; but once when I took off my lined fur-gloves, my hands were as black as ink, though the curious effect was unattended with pain; the real difficulty being to

resist sleep, to which if you yielded, you would never awake. Passing round the Route Rouge, the dome of Mont Blanc, which is as regular as St. Paul's, came in sight; and I felt as if I could have climbed him were he twice as far off. The whole of our steps were now cut with a hatchet in the ice; and the being tied together was of the greatest use, having saved each of our lives about three times, for if you slipped you were immediately held up, and saved from going down into some yawning crevice. At nine o'clock in the morning we stepped on the top; and you must endeavour to conceive the thrill of delight,—shaking hands all round, congratulating each other, opening champagne-bottles, lighting cigars, pulling chickens to pieces, and all the effects of the wildest transport. Having partly recovered from this, I proceeded to examine the view; of which I shall only say, it had the appearance of a large sea, of which the waves were mountain-tops, far, far, below me, each mountain like a small wave, and yet each mountain one of the highest in Europe. I shall wait till I can talk to you to give you some of my impressions. I thought of you all at home just sitting down to breakfast, and how little you thought where my mother's son was at that time.

"Without the slightest inconvenience we stopped at the top about twenty-five minutes, filled with interesting thoughts; and we were told that, the glasses having discovered that we were at the top, the cannons pealed away at Chamouni to announce the fact, though we did not hear them. Again we started to descend, which, as the track was marked already, was quicker work; especially as we slid, sitting down whenever it was safe to do so. One of the guides all but slid into a crevasse; but not the slightest accident occurred during the whole of our journey. Some places were nearly perpendicular, and I am sure even in a railway I never went so fast. Some ladies who watched us with the glasses from Chamouni quite gave us up for lost, saying that they saw little dots falling with tremendous velocity down the precipices; which must have been the effect produced, for in ascending the glasses could not perceive any progress in our dots. This will give you some idea of our speed. In descending, the guides pulled up to

look at a very remarkable sight, through a tremendous wall of ice, which seemed to end in the sky: a large natural arch had formed itself in the bluest crystal, through which you looked down a seemingly interminable depth of valleys till your eye lost itself in the distance. This struck me as much as anything; particularly as the arch through which you caught the view was comparatively of very small span, or rather, as small as things are up in those regions, where you lose all idea of comparison.

"On we went,—walking, running, sliding, crouching, advancing in all possible ways,—till we came to the Cascade des Pélerins, once more in the habitable world, where we found a large party to congratulate us. I might also mention that crossing the glacier on our return was the most dangerous proceeding: we had nearly to run, it being unsafe to continue in one position long, and jumping over small crevices; clearing one of these, the man who held me behind by the rope, in his anxiety, pulled the rope short, and I was suspended in the little crevice, but directly pulled up again. (The reason of the increased danger was the softening of the thawed snow, into which we sank to our waists at each step.)"

The good people of Chamouni were almost wild with delight when the party returned to them in full number, and in good health and spirits; nor was the satisfaction of the guides diminished on the receipt of their stipulated and well-earned pay. The pockets of the travellers were lightened indeed by about £150; but money has often been less profitably spent; and as soon as they had returned to Geneva, and before the excitement of the adventure had passed off, the writer of this artless but graphic letter transmitted his impressions, fresh and vivid, for the gratification of his friends.

THE PYTHAGOREAN LETTER.

There was a saying attributed to Pythagoras, to the effect that, like the limbs of the Greek letter Y, the paths of virtue and vice, at first but slightly divergent, soon become opposite, so that every step taken in one makes return to the other more difficult. To our taste the comparison may seem fanciful, and

even childish, but the truth conveyed by it is nevertheless weighty.

In the morning of life, when the mind has not gained the firmness necessary to resist a specious error, and when the principles which are to guide the man in future life are not yet formed, the youth wavers between right and wrong, just because he is not certain what is right and what is wrong. He can discern vice when it is flagrant, or error when it is obvious; but when error is presented to him under the garb of truth, or when, by a common fallacy, a just principle is made use of to cover a false conclusion, he is perplexed; and, having no certain guide, he follows the bias of taste or temper, and, thus released from his perplexity, fancies himself in the right because he has taken the way that pleases him. *Decipimur specie recti.*

For example:—The religious world is just now divided between high and low churchmen; between persons who cast off every restraint and every propriety, and persons who are enamoured with form and ceremony, spectacle and authority. Some would abolish the clerical order at a stroke. Some would enthrone the Priest above all that is human, and set him up in the sides of the north, on a level with the Great King. One party flings decency to the winds, while the other fancies heaven behind the rood-screen, and descries the Saviour on the altar. One brings into the church a sort of universal suffrage, promises liberty to good and bad, and would reduce Christianity to the level of Socialism. You may take Father Gavazzi as the type, and a multitude of English folk, who never heard of his oration for Ugo Bassi, as exemplars. They are ultra-republicans in Church and State. Another is a high monarchist, a high prelatist, an admirer of ecclesiastical authority and pomp. And this he is from taste and in pure sincerity. He is prone to reverence whatever is lofty and mysterious. Father Newman, if you please, shall be the type of this class, and a horde of ecclesiologists the inferior exemplars. The first sort toss the red cap of liberty; and the second sort would kiss the red slipper of the Pope, and make obeisance before the red stocking of the Bishop.

It is not easy to say which extreme is the more fatal. The

incentives to each tell with terrible force on the unguarded youth. He is enamoured with the name of liberty; and visions of Grecian patriots, or of Hampden, and of Tell, haunt him night and day. He courts the illusion. The poesy of his favourite study drives out of his thoughts the prose of common sense and every-day life, and he is borne away on a torrent of enthusiasm into a region of wild impracticable folly, and, after an amiable beginning, ends his career, perhaps prematurely, a *sans culotte*, an infidel, a rebel. Or he shrinks from the first suggestion of democracy. He is too proud to be vulgar. He cannot travel in a crowd. He cannot brook the rude familiarity of meaner men. No discord must wound his ear. Nothing unsightly must offend his eye. In religion, as in study or in society, he desires to be select. He reveres authority. He honours all hierarchies, civil or ecclesiastical; with their heraldry and symbols. He cedes to claims of antiquity, and follows historic precedent. He loves refinement. His proud spirit repels the unceremonious accusations even of his own conscience. He cannot bear to think of the terrors of the Lord. He would fain luxuriate in spiritual ease; and if such helps as storied glass, and soothing vesper-chant, and frankincense, and intellectual repose under the shadow of the Church, and abandonment to the governance of spiritual guides, can minister this ease, he incontinently flings himself into the stream, slumbers in sacramental grace, and floats away pleasantly into perdition,—devout without God, confiding without Christ, and stupefied without hope.

The man of the past generation can tell the youth of the present, that within his own experience and memory there has not been a time so perilous as this. While one is between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, just when the mind has not had time to learn how to balance itself steadily, clamorous appeals on the left, and stealthy solicitations on the right, contend for his adherence. Their question is, whether he will be high or low? what colour will he hoist? what faction will he join? But it is not a question to be answered. Is he prepared to horde with the band of evil ones who curse God and the King? Professing to be free, will he consent to be enslaved to anarchy, to passion, to

impurity? Or will he resign his manhood to a cheat, surrender his conscience to a Priest, try to feast on shadows, and so perish with spiritual famine, and drop, after all, into a dread eternity, clinging to the skirts of his destroyer?

We will not stay to demonstrate to the youth who is wavering between these terrible extremes, that the extremes meet. We will not stay to show him by examples, that the low infidel Protestant, and the sublimely infidel Papist, meet at last upon the same ground, by equally denying the Lord that bought them. God be thanked that for him, as yet, the extremes are at some distance. He has not yet launched in the career of either party which terminates at the same point of ruin. Now is the time for him to pause, and, shutting his ears to all controversy, and eschewing every dispute, to enter into his chamber, shut the door, pray to his heavenly Father who seeth in secret, and then, from day to day, repeat the act of prayer, and seek instruction in the word of truth. God, who seeth in secret, will reward him openly. God will baptize him with strength, and liberally give him wisdom from above, upbraiding not. Then shall he find that the entrance of that word giveth light, that it giveth understanding to the simple. Then shall this young man learn how to cleanse his way from every allurement, and how to make it clear of every obstacle, even "by taking heed thereto according to His word." It is not his business to choose a party, but to make peace with God by faith in Christ.

"THE GOLDEN BALANCE."

A MIDDLE-AGED man, of sober aspect and respectable appearance, came to the Pastor of the church (at Maulmain) to ask for baptism. He spoke the Burmese language imperfectly; and it was soon ascertained that he was a Peguan, from the vicinity of Bangkok, in Siam.

"Why do you wish to be baptized?" inquired the Pastor.

"I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; and I wish to enter His religion, and obey His commands."

"How do you know that this is one of His commands?"

"I have read about it in the 'book of truth.'"

"How did you first become acquainted with the religion of Jesus Christ?"

"Before I came to this region, a countryman of mine chanced to mention a wonderful little book, which a foreign teacher at Bangkok had given him, and I had the curiosity to procure and read it. I have never worshipped an idol since."

"Indeed! what book was it?"

"THE GOLDEN BALANCE."

The conversation for several moments ceased; for the wheel of time was thrown too suddenly back to admit of any concealment of emotion. "The Golden Balance" was one of the earliest efforts of Mrs. Judson for translation into the Peguan tongue; and the stranger now sat beneath the very roof where she had toiled for his salvation. There had the fingers, now mouldering in a distant grave, given wings to the precious seed, which floated away over vale and mountain, river and woodland, to drop into the soil prepared for it by the Holy Spirit. She who would have rejoiced in it was not there; but, by the labour of her hand and pen, by the labour of her lips, engraved on many a throbbing heart, by her prayers, and by the fragrance that clings about her memory, she is living and labouring still.—*Biography of Mrs. Sarah Judson.*

RELATIONS OF "THE GREAT EXHIBITION" TO THE HUMAN MIND.

THE Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, eloquently traces these relations in the following paragraphs* of a chapter on "the Great Exhibition:"—

TRACING, then, the Great Exhibition to the human mind as a motive, consequence, and symptom, what do we see? The Exposition is the result of a desire to stimulate industrial progress, to elevate the position, and to increase the perfection, of the useful arts. Arts might have existed and spread without this Exposition; but the desire to raise and to extend

* "The Useful Arts, their Birth and Development." Chapter i.

them leads to the adoption of means by which the industrial progress of different peoples may be compared, and the precise position to which universal art has come made manifest. Men want food raised and prepared under such scientific light as that which Liebig, in his "Animal Chemistry," supplies. They thirst for water, fresh, pure, and abundant, supplied constantly, and distributed, not merely through the streets, but through the apartments of their dwellings. They want to be ready with some new fuel, against the exhaustion of our coal-mines, and to economise the consumption of what we now possess. Men want light that shall illuminate the darkest corners of every street, and, without polluting the air, banish darkness from every room in their dwellings. They ask for clothing, the burden of which shall be light as the tissues of their skin, and which shall be impregnable by wet and cold. In every article of dress, ease and elegance are now demanded, and yet material must not be costly nor labour expensive. Men look for commodious, convenient, and decorated dwellings. The chambers that in days past accommodated nobles and sovereigns, are not now spacious enough for the respectable mechanic. Men covet to travel with the comfort that is supplied by the easy-chair of the parlour, and with the speed of the wings of the wind. They wish to send messages at the rate of the lightning-flash. Difficulties are regarded only as occasions for the putting forth of new strength. Iron, the prince of metals, is everywhere exalted; and that king of power, steam, is made over all works to rule. Men long to apply the highest science to the lowest art, and to embody the genius of the fine arts in the products of industrial labour. This, we repeat, is the motive of the Great Exhibition. "Souls cannot, like bodies, be embalmed, to withstand the influence of time." The ages are like successive spring seasons, involving the perpetual uprising of new life and fresh beauty. The cerecloth of custom, and of passive obedience to what has been, cannot be kept bound around the human spirit. From such imprisonment it will come forth. One "mighty to save" stands by every sepulchre in which man is entombed; and after He has been to him the resurrection and the life, He commands, with

reference to the grave-clothes, "Loose him, and let him go." Events may retard human progress, but nothing can prevent it. Few circumstances more distinctly reveal the universality of human progression than the increasing *distribution* of the products of industrial power. And this distribution is inevitable. "The devouring selfishness of the powerful would crush the weaker portions of the human family, and cripple with its impious weapons the free wings of the soul, if from time to time the thunder-voice of a higher will than man's did not proclaim, as of old, through the storm-cloud of Sinai, the voice of Jehovah, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me.'"* The occasion of modern revolutions has been the attempt to arrest human progress; and the revolutions themselves are the uprising—we admit, *in a sinful and mischievous form*, yet the uprising—of that vitality which is essential to human nature, and which seeks to embody itself in social forms and institutions kindred with its own being.

Progress is the motive of the Great Exhibition. And if we refer it to the mind as *consequence*, then, we say, it follows on the amount of progress already made. Because there is something *worthy* of exposition, the Exhibition exists. Men are saying, "We *can* speak by electricity; we *can* carry a railway over a strait; we *can* apply steam to almost any department of industrial toil:" and from this sense of having done and of being able to do something great and worthy, the Great Exhibition has resulted. Consciousness of power leads the competitors to enter the lists. Herein we see some danger. So far as the Great Exhibition feeds pride, begets vanity, and cherishes vainglory, it will be a failure. To this extent finality will come upon the arts. Men will feel that they have attained, and are perfect; the energy which might most successfully be expended upon progress will be absorbed by self-gratulation; what is meant to be but a milestone will prove a place of rest; some stage in the race will be taken for the goal; and the positive mischief of this will be as great as the loss of advantage. We may suggest, as an antidote to these tendencies, that the treasures of the Crystal Palace be

* Heinrich Zschokke's "Autobiography."

inspected through a microscope. Much which to the naked eye appears flawless, because of the imperfection of our sight, will then exhibit innumerable faults and defects. A *minute* examination of the works of God makes manifest their *perfection:* a similar inspection of the works of man brings to light *imperfection.* The comparison of the products of art with the works of God will be the best means of suppressing vainglory, and of preserving that healthful stimulus by which future progress will be prompted and secured. The Great Exhibition is certainly the result or tendency of the progress already made. It is the friendly challenge of a nation that has got accustomed to its armour.

If we refer the Exposition of Industry to the mind as a *symptom,* then we regard it as a token of vast future improvement. When we shall have expended our whole power and capital, then we shall have reached the limit of human productiveness. But how far are we now from this position? The human eye and hand are capable of yet finer work. There are imitation and design in the human brain far exceeding what have been made. Man does not yet fully know himself. Fresh natural agents will be discovered and applied to man's service. There will be a wider and more effective use of these instruments. Industry will be better divided and arranged. Machinery will become yet more common; and the productiveness of labour will, by these and similar means, be greatly increased. The objects of the Exposition will be suggestive to the industrial mind, and exciting to the industrial heart. Men will be induced yet further to discover, invent, and apply. Nature will be ransacked; the economics of labour will be revised; and the improvement will not stop here. The *moral conditions of labour* will, we trust, be purified and lifted up. Seeing their mutual dependence, men will be reminded of their common relation, and of their obligation to embody truth, integrity, justice, and neighbourly love in all their business transactions. The attention of rulers will be called to the productions of their several lands, and they will be led to inquire by what legislation industry may be helped, and by what it is hindered; and they will be disposed, in future enactments,

not to retard industrial skill, but to foster and promote it. How different will the effects of the Great Exhibition be from the results of the meeting in the Field of the Cloth of Gold! The object of the splendour of that gathering was the rivalship of Kings; and exaltation was thereby sought for themselves, not for their people. The intention of this congress is the lifting up of nations *en masse*.

Thus referring the Exposition to the mind as motive, consequence, and symptom, we see that it is not unconnected with our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. *It is not foreign to us: it is ours.* It is not artificial: it is essentially human. Every man may call the Great Exhibition his own. It is born of what God has made him, and of the circumstances in which the Creator has placed him. It speaks in a tongue which all can interpret. It wears an honest human countenance. Its source of life is a heart with which every human soul can sympathise. In vain shall any misanthrope or morbid spirit say, "I have nothing to do with it." Every man is really and essentially connected with it. By the food he has been eating, the clothing he has been wearing, the dwelling he has inhabited, by all that has supplied his necessities and ministered to his comfort, he has been casting stones upon this cairn; and it is what it is in extent, because his hands, with those of a large multitude, have collected the material of which the splendid pile is composed.

It may be useful to observe with what different feelings and intents persons come to the Exposition. We shall, perhaps, not depart from accuracy if we classify them thus:— First, there is the mere lounger, the new-thing pursuer. He comes to see the company; to let his dreamy eye rove over the building; to pass away an hour; to be able to say, without a lie, that he has been to the Great Exhibition. 2. There is the mere nationalist, or misnamed patriot, who comes to see by what comparisons he can degrade the products of other lands, and exalt his own. In the ointment of every foreign apothecary he will scent dead flies: in the unguents of his own land he will perceive nothing but spikenard. 3. Here is the habitual fault-finder, who comes to pull the whole into pieces, and who, in the Crystal Palace, from which

shadows should be absent, will, with his evil eye, observe them everywhere. 4. There is the intelligent visiter, including the discoverer, the inventor, the capitalist, the working man. These come to obtain hints, to find clues, to secure industrial improvement. 5. Here comes the politician and political economist, to confirm or to correct some political theory or principle. 6. Some of those who have contributed works of art attend chiefly to see their own workmanship, and, like men working in a well, and who only perceive the well and the water, they will observe nothing so clever and so beautiful as the product of their own skill. 7. Not a few come to glorify human progress; to nourish their notions of human capacity, without reference to "Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being." In these classes of visiters will be found men of all ranks, occupations, pursuits, and principles. But, 8. Do not some enter the Crystal Palace as a temple of true heart-worship? Happy, indeed, is the arrangement to leave the transept uncurtained by the cloth which in other parts of the palace will screen the heavens from view, so that in this *chef d'œuvre* of the building there will be no impediment to one's looking up from the works of man to the infinite and eternal Worker, God. And—remembering how man in art imitates the Creator; how completely dependent he is for success on Divine Providence; considering, too, that his powers are the creation of God, and his resources the riches of God,—how appropriate is the Crystal Palace as a temple of silent but true devotion! The song which Milton puts on the lips of Adam is appropriate here:—

> "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
> Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how wondrous then!
> Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
> To us invisible, or dimly seen
> In these Thy lowest works. Yet these declare
> Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

9. Many young men mingle with the visiters to the Exhibition; and that they may not be mere loungers, modern Athenians, mis-called patriots, or morbid fault-finders, but

that they may be intelligent and godly visiters, this book is written. Before the *useful thoughts* suggested by the Great Exhibition can become *useful things*, the old men, and many of the middle-aged men, will be slumbering in the sepulchre; and it will be left to the *young men* to watch the upspringing of the seed, while it will be theirs in advanced years to reap some portion of the harvest. It seems to us of especial moment that the young men of all nations should visit the Exhibition with an intelligent eye and a pure heart; and to aid the youth of England in this, an Association of Young Men, seeking to promote the highest welfare of their class, issues this volume. The fact that this Society is a Christian Association gives peculiar appropriateness to the effort. The religion of Jesus Christ associates itself with all that is lawful, to improve and to sanctify it; while it interferes with all that is evil, to remove it and destroy it. If industrial labour be right, Christianity is related to it, to help it forward, and to conduct it to the most complete success. And the Christian ministry never more really answers to its function than when, as in the editing of this volume, and in the preparation of its contents, Preachers of Christ's holy Gospel endeavour to apply religious principles to the spheres and to the toils of industry. The relation of the religious teacher to the useful arts is very manifest. He shows the heavenly origin of labour, its Divine sanction, the principles upon which it should be conducted, and the application thereto of those moral laws, obedience to which is profitable as really to "the life that now is," as to "that which is to come." In the succeeding chapters of this book the useful arts will be traced to their origin, and their earliest history sketched. The arts of the Greeks and Romans will be described, and the arts of other nations. Epochs of industry in our own land will be compared, and it will be shown in subsequent chapters that the cosmopolite spirit in Christianity spreads the useful arts; that there is a real connection between Christianity and the improvement of the useful arts; that the holy Scriptures supply elements for the formation of a complete industrial character; and that in the progress of the arts the wisdom and goodness of God are manifest. In another chapter examples of industry will be presented to young men as stimuli

and models; and it is hoped that, as "a fruit-tree is more valuable than any one of its fruits singly, or even all its fruits of a single season; that, as the blossoms, the green and the ripe fruit of an orange-tree are more beautiful to behold when on the tree, and seen as one with it, than the same growth detached, and seen successively after their importation into another country and different clime;" so the treasures of the Crystal Palace, when traced to human industry, and exhibited in the history of their birth and development, and in the influences by which they have been begotten, will form a more interesting spectacle and a more instructive object than if contemplated alone.

Before we part with our reader, we would remind him that there is before us all a far greater Exhibition than that which in this volume we have been calling "Great." The eyes of the world may not be turned to it, but its birth is not less certain. It may not be foremost in the lips of men, but it is a "new song" in the celestial city. Many of the noble, the rich, the ambitious, and the industrious may keep it out of their plans, and exclude it from their purposes; but it is "settled in heaven." Earth's heralds may utter no note of preparation; but it "draweth nigh." There may be no widespread enthusiasm about it; for "it cometh not with observation." But preparation has long been making, and in due time the opening day shall dawn. That day shall be calm and peaceful. The sun, in all his journey, shall see no evil. War and rapine, violence and wrong, will fall asleep, never to wake again; and sin will be driven from the earth for ever. This exhibition no glass palace of any earthly builder will be able to cover. God's skyey palace alone shall be sufficient for that. Concentration in one little spot will be impossible. Admiration will not tarry to be wooed, nor attention wait to be won. Here will be attraction beyond eastern silks and southern sculptures. And if there should be gathered there no

> "Lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
> Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
> From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one
> From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon,"

it will be because these shall have given way to higher,

nobler, and more enduring riches. *Truth*, in its thousand manifestations, evidenced by its myriad influences; *holiness*, in its sacred motive, its honest worship, its godlike life; *love*, in its trust and confidence, its consecration, and self-sacrifice; *peace on earth*, in its crystal reflection of the rest of heaven; *goodwill among men*, in its truthful imitation of the kind and happy God; LIFE, pure and holy; LIFE, free and strong; LIFE, Divine and everlasting,—shall be some of the glories which that exhibition will contain. Let us see that in this exposition of moral and spiritual increase a place may be found for the product of *our lives*. And while we remember, that whatever finds a place there will certainly be recognised, will be fully appreciated, and will never be lost, let us be prepared to meet that eternal scrutiny, and that final trial, to which the exposition of which we speak is but preparatory. Great and awful will this congress and exhibition be. There shall be *compelled attendance*. The *nations*, not their representatives, will be gathered, and nations of all times. In that exposition, willing or unwilling, *all men* shall have a share; and all human labour will be examined by the righteous Judge eternal, who shall reward every man according to his work.

RAPIDITY OF THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

IT has often excited wonder in the minds of some, how migrating birds could support themselves so long on wing as to accomplish their journeys, and at the same time live without food during their voyage; and the consideration of the connecting circumstances has induced many to deny the existence of migration, and has excited others to form the most extravagant conjectures on the subject, to account for the preservation of these birds during the winter months. But the difficulties which have been stated are only in appearance, and vanish altogether if we attend to the rapidity of the flight of birds.

The rapidity with which a hawk and many other birds occasionally fly, is probably not less than at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles in an hour. Major Cartwright, on

the coast of Labrador, found, by repeated observations, that the flight of an eider-duck (*anas mollissima*) was at the rate of ninety miles in an hour. Sir George Cayley computes the rate of flight, even of the common crow, at nearly twenty-five miles in an hour; and Spallanzani found that the swallow completed about ninety-two miles, while he conjectures that the rapidity of the swift is nearly three times greater. A falcon, which belonged to Henry IV. of France, escaped from Fontainebleau, and in twenty-four hours afterwards was found at Malta, a distance computed to be no less than one thousand three hundred and fifty miles; a velocity nearly equal to fifty-seven miles an hour, supposing the falcon to be on wing the whole time. But as such birds never fly by night, and allowing the day to be at the longest, the flight was perhaps equal to seventy-five miles an hour. It is probable, however, says Montagu, that he neither had so many hours of light in the twenty-four, to perform his journey, nor that he was retaken the moment of his arrival. But if we even restrict the migratory flight of birds to the rate of fifty miles an hour, how easily can they perform their most extensive migrations! And we know, in the case of woodcocks, and perhaps all other migrating birds, that they in general take advantage of a fair wind with which to perform their flights. This breeze may aid them at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; nay, with three times greater rapidity, even in a moderate breeze, if we are to give credit to the statement of aërial navigators, who seem to consider the rate of the motion of winds occurring near the surface, as in general stated too low.

It has been already observed, that many species do not perform their migrations at once, but reach the end of their journey by short and easy stages. There is little exertion required from such; while those which execute their movements at one flight (if there be any that do so) may in a very short time, perhaps a day, by the help of a favourable breeze, reach the utmost limits of their journey. Many birds, we know, can subsist a long time without food; but there appears to be no necessity for supposing any such abstinence, since, as Catesby remarked, every day affords an increase of warmth

and a supply of food. Hence we need not perplex ourselves in accounting for the continuance of their flight, or their sustenance in the course of it. Such journeys would be long indeed, for any quadruped, while they are soon performed by the feathered tribes.—*The Temperature of the Seasons, by Dr. John Fleming.*

POLITICAL ORIGIN OF THE CRUSADES.

Tales of romance and chivalry, sculptured figures of "Red-Cross Knights," yet remaining in some of our cathedrals, pretty verses, pretty pictures, heraldry and legend, and, most of all, a wild and childish admiration of things five hundred years of age and upwards,—these things beguile the multitude into an admiration of the Crusades to the Holy Land. Not denying that many of the earlier Crusaders were brilliant exemplars of prowess, gallantry, and honour, and not wishing to darken the picture, by bringing into the fore-ground figures of impurity, rapine, perfidy, and every shape of barbaric wickedness, we merely translate a page, originally written by a very friendly hand,* to show that whatever of good or evil may have contributed to those vast armaments, a worldly policy at Rome was the most powerful incentive. The Abbé de Vertot, in his history of the Knights of Malta, writes as follows:—

"The Pope to whom (Peter) the Hermit addressed himself, was Urban II., a Frenchman, born at Chatillon sur Marne. Although the air and habit of a hermit would make no impression in his favour, His Holiness did not fail to give him a favourable hearing, and was the less surprised at the grandeur of his project, as he remembered that Pope Gregory VII. (that Pontiff who believed himself to be the Sovereign of Kings, and whose vast designs were not bounded within any limit) had also formed that of compelling all Christian Princes, by force of his authority, to take up arms against the Mohammedans.

"Urban, who, after the death of Victor III., succeeded to the Papal throne, was actuated by no lesser zeal, but framed

* "Histoire des Chevaliers Hospitaliers de S. Jean de Jerusalem, &c.," par M. l'Abbé de Vertot, liv. i.

his plans with superior caution, and thought that it would be imprudent to declare himself until he should have ascertained the disposition of the Princes of Europe, and the forces at their disposal. A conduct so wary was owing to the dissatisfaction with which the Emperor, and most of the Monarchs of Christendom, had regarded the odious pretensions of Gregory, who, under pretext of a spiritual authority that could not be disputed, had endeavoured to make all Sovereigns his tributaries and vassals. It appears that Urban well understood that while they were in such an unfavourable temper, whatever came from the Court of Rome would be suspected of secret ambition; and that therefore he ought not openly to employ his name and authority in order to induce the Christian Princes to arm, as that would cause them to distrust his motives. Therefore he determined to do no more, at first, than set forth the necessity and merit of such a proceeding by means of Preachers.

"With this view he sent for the Hermit, and, after having bestowed on him many commendations for his zeal, advised him to go over the chief provinces of Christendom, and exhort both Sovereigns and subjects to take up arms for delivering the Holy Land from the dominion of infidels. And the Sovereign Pontiff, in dismissing him, gave him to understand that if his mission should turn out successful, he might count on the spiritual treasures of the Church, and even let him know that powerful succours of troops and money would not be wanting to those who would engage in such a holy enterprise.

"The Hermit, after having received the benediction of the Pontiff, traversed almost all Europe in less than twelve months. In the places where he passed, he threw all into commotion. The vivid pictures which he drew of the profanation of the holy places, his lively and pathetic exhortations, a long and uncombed beard, feet unshod, an austere life, an extreme abstinence, even the money, which he only received that he might immediately throw it into the bosoms of the poor, all this made him be regarded as a saint, and even as a prophet; and all people, from the highest to the lowest, burned with impatience to travel to the Holy Land, and there to take

revenge for Jesus Christ, on the infidels who had done Him outrage."

But they did not suspect the ambition of Urban II.; nor did they know of the bribe of wealth and power which had quickened the zeal and redoubled the enthusiasm of the unshaven Hermit. All this was well understood at Rome, and the historian of the Knights of Malta makes no secret of it. He did not write for Protestants, or he might have spoken less distinctly of the earthly motives which actuated the proectors of the first Crusade, Gregory, Urban, and the Hermit.

"BODILY EXERCISE PROFITETH LITTLE."

The Knights Templars, whose order was eventually suppressed, after accusations of degeneracy the most complete, and crimes the most enormous, were said to have been prodigies of devotedness and purity in the earlier period of their history. Saint Bernard, the eloquent, but pitiless Preacher, who breathed threatening and slaughter against the Albigenses in France, and offered heaven in reward to the army that laid waste the southern provinces of that kingdom with fire and sword, describes those soldiers of the Pope in the terms following :—

"They live in pleasant but frugal society, without wives, without children, and even without any thing to call their own, not even their own will. They are never idle, they never gad abroad, and when they are not marching in order of battle against the infidels, they either employ themselves in cleaning their armour and their horses' harness, or in performing pious exercises under the orders of their Chief. One insolent word, one immoderate laugh, the least murmur, is not allowed to pass without severe correction. They detest games of chance; they never indulge themselves in the chase, nor in useless visits. They reject with horror public spectacles, buffoons, and too free discourses or songs. They seldom bathe, and generally neglect their dress, having their visage sunburnt, and their aspect fierce and stern. When the fight draws near, they arm themselves with iron on the outside, and with faith within. They neither wear ornaments, nor have they any on the harness of their horses. Their weapons are

their only furniture; and they use them courageously in the greatest peril, not fearing either the number or the strength of the Barbarians. All their confidence is in the God of armies; and, in fighting for His cause, they seek a certain victory, or a holy and honourable death."

This kind of military and ascetic religion may be learned in the Koran; but in the holy Bible we are taught a higher virtue, and learn that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and therefore mighty;—that this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;—that while some trust in chariots and some in horses, our trust must be in the Lord our God, and that without Christ we can do nothing. Their successors, complains Vertot,* did not set *them* before their eyes, and therefore became degenerate; but if they had been good soldiers of Christ, say we, they would have set the Lamb of God before their eyes, and converted infidels, instead of killing them; and if Divine grace, rather than discipline, had taught them self-denial, their name would not have become a proverb, a by-word, and a reproach. Surely "bodily exercise profiteth little."

A GREATER THAN SOLOMON.

It was autumn with the Hebrew commonwealth. Like withered leaves from the sapless tree, the Jews easily parted from the parent Palestine, and were blown about, adventurers in every land; and, like that fungous vegetation which rushes up when nobler plants have faded, formalism and infidelity were rankly springing everywhere; and it was only a berry on the topmost bough—some mellow Simeon or Zacharias—that reminded you of the rich old piety. The sceptre had not quite departed from Judah, but he who held it was a puppet in the Gentiles' hand; and with shipless harbours, and silent oracles, with Roman sentinels on every public building, and Roman tax-gatherers in every town, patriotism felt too surely, that from the land of Joshua and Samuel, of Elijah and Isaiah, of David and Solomon, the glory was at last departing. The

* "Histoire des Chevaliers," *ut supra*.

sky was lead, the air a winding-sheet; and every token told that a long winter was setting in. It was even then, amid the short days and sombre sunsets of the waning dynasty, when music filled the firmament, and in the city of David, a mighty Prince was born. He grew in stature, and in due time was manifested to Israel. And what was the appearance of this greater than Solomon? What were His royal robes? The attire of a common Nazarene. What were His palaces? A carpenter's cottage, which He sometimes exchanged for a fisherman's hut. Who were His Ministers and His court attendants? Twelve peasants. And what was His state-chariot? None could He afford; but in one special procession, He rode on a borrowed ass. Ah! said we so? His royal robe was heaven's splendour, whenever he chose to let it through; and Solomon, in all his glory, was never arrayed like Jesus on Tabor. His palace was the heaven of heavens; and when a voluntary exile from it, little did it matter whether His occasional lodging were a rustic hovel, or Herod's halls. If fishermen were His friends, angels were His servants; and if the borrowed colt was His triumphal charger, the sea was proud when, from crest to crest of its foaming billows, it felt His majestic footsteps moving; and when the time had arrived for returning to His Father and His God, the clouds lent the chariot, and obsequious airs bore Him in their reverent hands. Solomon's pulpit was a throne, and he had an audience of Kings and Queens. The Saviour's synagogue was a mountain-side,—his pulpit was a grassy knoll or a fishing-boat,—his audience were the boors of Galilee; and yet, in point of intrinsic greatness, Solomon did not more excel the children playing in the market-place, than He who preached the Sermon on the Mount excelled King Solomon.—*Dr. Hamilton's Royal Preacher.*

THE PULPIT IN THE PAST.

LATIMER.

About the year 1500, there lived, in the village of Thurcaster, in Leicestershire, an honest yeoman, whose acres were sufficient, according to the usage of those

times, to constitute a farm, though the rental did not exceed some four pounds a year. In the tillage of those acres, six able-bodied men found constant occupation. Within those limits also, this sober cultivator of the soil found walk for a hundred sheep, and his frugal wife milked her thirty kine. Feudalism in those days was on its wane; but it was still the pride of the substantial yeoman to be able to furnish the King a harness, to mount his own horse, and to present himself duly accoutred at the royal call; and it was well remembered by the children of the yeoman adverted to, that he so presented himself before his Sovereign at a muster on Blackheath field. The children who were thus mindful of their father's loyalty and prowess, were mostly of the softer sex, whom the good man, as our authority reports, was careful to bring up in godliness, and all of whom he saw married, and gave them, on the day of their espousals, the sum of twenty nobles, or about five pounds in the money of that time, as a father's dowry. But while thus bountiful, from such slender means, it would have been a sore grief to this prudent father had he not found it possible to reserve something from his in-comings to be disposed of as alms to the poor; and something with which to show hospitality to such of his neighbours as were not accounted receivers of alms, but who were much less wealthy than himself.

But among the children who gathered round the winter hearth of this good yeoman of Thurcaster, there was a son; and, judging from what has since become known concerning him, a lad of fine spirit and high promise, as we are tempted to think, he must have been. His features, as he grew toward man's estate, were all regularly and finely formed; the forehead being beautifully elevated, the nose slightly aquiline, and the mouth characterized by an admirable mixture of firmness and intelligence, while the eyes which had their place in this goodly fellowship, always beamed with a mingled intelligence and kindness, and kindled at times in such manner as bespoke a keen relish of wit and humour. This youth evinced an early fondness for books; and a father who possessed ability enough to manage all his worldly matters with so much discretion, was not likely to be inobservant of the tastes and

capacity of such a son, though of a different bias from his own. Suffice it to say, the lad was kept some time at school, and was afterwards sent to Cambridge, where he passed through the usual course of education with credit, and, being ordained a Priest, became, after the manner of the more ardent spirits of those times, a zealous Papist. As he began to number the years of manhood, our native of Thurcaster distinguished himself on various public occasions by his opposition to the doctrines of the German Reformers, particularly to some of the opinions of Melancthon. His zeal and talent called forth loud applause; and in further reward of his services, on days when the University went forth in solemn procession, the office of cross-bearer was assigned to this champion of orthodoxy. His honesty in this course no man doubted; not even Master Stafford, whose divinity lectures he had often publicly opposed on account of the approaches toward a more scriptural theology which were sometimes observable in them. It may be that the son of the Leicestershire yeoman was not altogether insensible to the honour which attended him as a defender of the faith. However this may have been, it is certain that his zeal increased with his years, and that he meditated giving himself up more passionately than ever to the prevailing superstitions, by relinquishing his priesthood, and becoming a Monk.

But it happened that there was in Cambridge at that time another Priest, who, though less gifted than our zealous cross-bearer, was not a whit less honest, nor less ardent. This Priest had learned to account the worship of images and saints, and many kindred superstitions, as so much pitiable delusion, and was himself considerably enlightened concerning the true meaning of Scripture. This devout person, with a zeal which may be regarded as exceeding his discretion, presented himself privately to the cross-bearer, praying that he might be permitted to confess to him, and in the course of that confession made such exposition and defence of his novel opinions, that the cross-bearer to the University became a disciple of Lutheranism. The good Priest who did this kind office, afterwards proved to be the martyr Bilney, and his convert rose subsequently to the

dignity of Prelate in the Reformed Church of England; became known, all England over, as a zealous advocate of the truth which he had once laboured to destroy; appeared often as a Preacher before Kings; and closed his career in front of Baliol College, Oxford, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, with all the dignity becoming the hoary-headed martyr in the cause of the Protestant faith. Such, in brief, was the career of Hugh Latimer, the father of pulpit eloquence in England.

No man ever applied himself to the office of preaching with a more simple or considerate aim to communicate instruction, and to make the right impression, than did honest Hugh Latimer. He was a Preacher eminently adapted to his own age, and one who would not have failed to adapt himself to any age. His sermons became so many vivid pictures of the times; and are, in fact, more valuable to us as documents of history, than as discourses on theology. His preaching was always to men as individuals, and to individuals as belonging to a class; and men and classes are thus isolated and depicted, that the same unshrinking fidelity might be meted out to them all.

It is observable, too, that the censor who could thus adapt himself with equal ease to the yeoman and his menials on the borders, and to the King and his nobles at court, would seem to have been capable of exercising this versatile power with as much promptitude as skill. We learn, from good authority, that Latimer was appointed, in a comparatively early period of his career, to preach a Latin sermon before the University of Cambridge, and that, when he had made some progress in his discourse, the Bishop of Ely unexpectedly entered the church, and took his seat as a listener. Latimer well knew that the object of the Prelate in so presenting himself was not Christian edification, but to disturb the Preacher, and to catch him in his words. After a short pause, he began to diverge from his previous course of argument, and commenced, from the resources of the moment, a delineation of the office and character of a Bishop. The portraiture was sketched with that directness and vigour which mark everything from the same hand, and touch after touch was felt as giving greater

force to the contrast, between the character of the ideal Prelate, and that of the right reverend personage who had now become as much an object of attention with the auditory as the Preacher. West, the Bishop so admonished, is described as suppressing his resentment, but he could not bring his conference with the Preacher afterwards to a close without betraying some feeling of that sort. "Well, well, Mr. Latimer, I perceive you somewhat smell of the pan: you will repent this gear some day," were the significant words with which his Lordship dismissed the subject.

Latimer had frequent experience of the inconveniences attendant on this spirit of fidelity, but in no presence could he be deterred from pursuing this course. When preaching on one occasion before Henry VIII.,—a personage whose displeasure it was much easier to excite than control,—a courtier charged him, in the hearing of the King, with having uttered seditious words. "What say you to that, Sir?" was the abrupt inquiry of the half-offended Monarch. "Then," says the Reformer, "I kneeled down, and turned me first to mine accuser, and required him, 'Say what form of preaching would you appoint me to preach before a King? Would you have me for to preach nothing concerning a King in a King's sermon? and have you any commission to appoint me what I shall preach?' Besides this, I asked him divers other questions, and he would make no answer to none of them all: all had nothing to say. Then I turned to the King, and submitted myself to his Grace, and said, 'I never thought myself worthy, nor I never sued, to be a Preacher before your Grace; but I was called to it, and would be willing (if you mislike me) to give place to my betters; for I grant there be many more worthy of the room than I am; and if it be your Grace's pleasure to allow them for Preachers, I would be content to bear their books after them. But if your Grace allow me for a Preacher, I would desire your Grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience. Give me to frame doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your Grace.' And I thank Almighty God, which hath always been my remedy, that my sayings were well accepted

of the King; for, like a gracious Lord, he turned unto another communication. Certain of my friends came to me with tears in their eyes, and told me they looked I should have been in the Tower the same night."

This passage is interesting and instructive on many accounts; but we have cited it principally as illustrating that adaptation both of the matter and manner of discourse to the character of the audience, which was the constant study of Latimer, and which, within certain limits, must be the study of every man who would acquit himself with intelligence and effect as a Preacher. The Reformers in the sixteenth century addressed themselves to the times with much aptitude. The simplicity, earnestness, and strength with which they set forth the whole matter of their teaching, were so eminently suited to their object, that they found acceptance equally with the peasant and the courtier. The boys who followed on the heels of Latimer, did so because they never listened to him without interest; and it was to this same Preacher that Sir John Cheke, one of the most sagacious and cultivated minds of the age, was heard to say, "I have an ear for other Divines, but I have a heart for you."—*Vaughan's Modern Pulpit.*

RELATIONS OF THE HUMAN BODY TO THE SURROUNDING ELEMENTS.

Instead of supposing light created for the eye, and to give us the sense of vision, would it not be more conformable to a just manner of considering this subject, to dwell with admiration on the fact, that this small organ, the eye, should be formed with relation to a creation of such vast extent and grandeur; and more especially, that the ideas arising in the mind through the influence of that matter and this organ, should be constituted a part of one vast whole?

By such considerations we are led to contemplate the human body in its different relations. The magnitude of the earth determines the strength of our bones, and the power of our muscles; so must the depth of the atmosphere determine the condition of our fluids, and the resistance of our blood-

vessels; the common act of breathing, the transpiration from the surfaces, must bear relation to the weight, moisture, and temperature of the medium which surrounds us. A moment's reflection on these facts proves that our body is formed with a just correspondence to all these external influences; and not the frame of the body only, but also the vital endowments, and the properties of the organs of sense. It were a perverseness to say that the outward senses, the organization, and the vital properties could arise from the influence of the surrounding elements, or out of matter spontaneously: they are created in accordance with the condition of the globe, and are systematic parts of a great whole.

LITERATURE.

VARIETIES.

Recent Deaths.

On the 6th of August, at Paris, the *Baron de Silvestre*, Perpetual Honorary Secretary of the French Central Society of Agriculture, of which Society he was the oldest member. The principal scientific men in that city followed his remains to the grave.

At Turin, the *Count Alessandro di Saluzzo*, President of the Academy of Sciences.

At Dublin, the *Rev. Dr. Samuel O'Sullivan*, long a leading contributor to the "Dublin University Magazine."

Egyptian Antiquities. — An English traveller, in the valley of the Nile, going beyond the places usually visited in the neighbourhood of Haggar Silsilis, has found inscriptions cut rudely on the face of the rock, and discovered extensive burial-places, with tombs full of bodies, apparently of the poor, embalmed and deposited in layers, without sarcophagi. He has also heard of the remains of a vast city, which has yet to be visited.

Assyrian Antiquities.—Colonel Rawlinson, in a letter to the "Athenæum," describes some extremely interesting and valuable discoveries which he has lately made in connexion with Assyrian antiquities. He has succeeded in determinately identifying the Assyrian Kings of the Lower Dynasty, whose palaces have been recently excavated in the neighbourhood of Mosul; and has obtained from the annals of those Kings contemporary notices of events, which agree in the most remarkable way with the statements preserved in sacred and profane history. Proper names not a few, exactly corresponding with those found in some of the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament, re-appear on his marbles. The annals of Sennacherib, which he has deciphered, shed light on the notices of that King given by the sacred historian; and while thus finding the identity of the Assyrian Sovereigns of the Old Testament confirmed by the inscriptions, he anticipates further illustrations of the sacred narratives in the bas-reliefs of the cities of Khorsabad and Koyunjik. Already he recognises the Samaritans among the sculptured groups of captives; and doubts not that he shall be able to point out the bands of Jewish maidens who were delivered to Sennacherib; and perhaps even to distinguish the portraiture of the humbled Hezekiah.

The Poet Montgomery. — The inhabitants of Sheffield do themselves honour by an expression of their respect to their eminent townsman, James Montgomery, on his eightieth

birthday; and it is probable that his memory will be marked by the erection of a public monument in that town.

Improved Means of Transit.—The Isthmus of Panama has been crossed with ease in about thirty-five hours. The route is likely to be soon established, and in a much shorter time the voyager who leaves the shore of one ocean will find himself on that of the other, saving the entire circumnavigation of South America. A much greater project is in contemplation. A line of railway from Ostend to Calcutta would measure about 5,600 miles, of which 2,600, as far as Trieste, is already in course of preparation; and it is confidently hoped that within five years the whole will be accomplished, enabling an Englishman to find his way from London to Calcutta in seven days, without stoppages.

Voyages of Discovery.—The Imperial Society of Geography in St. Petersburg, having just received its travellers on return from exploring the sources of the Nile, have determined on an expedition to traverse the peninsula of Kamtschatka, and other Russian possessions in the Pacific Ocean. A young Polish geographer, the Count de Czapski, will have the direction of the mission, and has promised to contribute annually 5,000 silver roubles, equivalent with £800, towards its cost.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Often, in summer hours, I've saunter'd forth
Along the thorn-hedge, or beside the grove,
To hail the damask wild rose at its birth,
Symbol of innocence and maiden love,
And of that chastity which reigns above:
Or sought the woodbine, in its bower o'ershaded,
Where stretching far its wanton arms would rove;
Till, haply by some peasant's hand invaded,
'Twas torn from out the folds with which its tendrils braided.

"Nor will my mind surrender up, in haste,
The recollection of autumnal views,
Save by oblivion, not to be effaced;
The sloping sunbeams, and the varied hues
Of fading landscapes, and the misty dews
Hung on the threads of gossamer; the flowers
Withering in death; till nature should infuse
Into their roots her renovating powers,
And paint afresh the plains, and re-adorn the bowers."

The wisdom and the goodness of God are conspicuous in all the seasons of the year, and they all present a variety of subjects fitted for contemplation. Autumn, therefore, has its charms as well as the rest; and a lover of nature will find himself highly entertained by wandering into the fields and woods to muse on Jehovah's works, as seen in the animated and vegetable departments of nature, under the frequent lovely smiles of an October sky.

The first half of the month.—Some of the summer birds of

passage, of which the swallow is the first, now take their departure for warmer regions. The time of their leaving this country varies in different seasons: it is sometimes protracted till the end of October or the beginning of November, and swallows have been seen, in mild weather, to congregate, previous to taking their departure, so late as the middle of November.

"O! had I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long,
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song:
O! then would I fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow
That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the line."

The robin tunes his autumnal lay, and the starling sings. The loud noise of the green woodpecker, and the scream of the jay, arrest the attention of the traveller. The large garden-spider is watching, in the centre of his beautifully wrought web, the approach of some unwary fly; while the sailing-spider shoots out innumerable threads, by which he is carried often to a great elevation in the air. The house-cricket is noisy in the neighbourhood of the kitchen-hearth; and the large green grasshopper is yet heard in fine evenings, among bushes, in the vicinity of rivers. The red admiral-butterfly, on fine sunny days, is seen sporting about, and is highly prized by the entomologist.

The flowers of hawkweed ornament the hedge-sides, and those of feverfew various waste places; while the fine red bloom of herb-Robert decorates the shady banks. In our gardens we have in flower, dahlias, stocks, nasturtion, marigold, mignonette, lavender, periwinkle, china-asters, and several other interesting plants. The hedges are now sparkling with their abundant berries; the wild rose with the hip, the hawthorn with the haw, the blackthorn with the sloe, the bramble with the blackberry; and the briony, privet, honeysuckle, elder, holly, and woody-nightshade, with their other winter feasts, for the feathered race. The eyes of man are now gladdened by the innumerable sorts of fruit which beautify the orchards in every direction, and unfold the goodness of God to the human family.

The last half of the month. — The redwing, fieldfare, snipe, Royston-crow, and wood-pigeon return from more northern parts; while the tortoise begins to bury himself for the winter. Several species of moths and a few butterflies are yet seen: the common dung-beetle hums in the evening twilight, and the larvæ of the glow-worm bespangle the mossy banks during the nocturnal hours.

Several interesting plants yet present their autumnal blossoms to the eye of the youthful admirer of Jehovah's works of creation. These he will notice not only in the gardens, but also in the fields, and along the sunny banks. In the former the stately chrysan-

themum (the botanical beauty of November) is beginning to open its lively flowers.

The common saffron-crocus (*crocus sativus*) now exhibits its beautiful blue flowers, and fine fragrant, reddish-orange, drooping stigmas. This is certainly the most elegant of the crocus tribe, and is a pretty ornament for a parlour-window. Saffron-roots planted in pots at the beginning of October, will flower at the end of the month: they should be put into rich light mould, and just covered with the earth. The flowers appear before the leaves are half grown: the latter continue green throughout the winter, and die away in spring. Fine large roots of this plant are imported from Holland every year, and may be easily met with in London, at the end of summer or beginning of autumn, where they are sold for about three or four shillings per hundred. The saffron-crocus is an eastern plant, cultivated from time immemorial, for the sake of its stigmas, which, when dried, form the saffron of the shops. Its Asiatic localities are unknown: in Europe it grows apparently wild in the south of Tyrol, and is said to have been found near Ascoli, and on the Alps of Savoy. Its British station is in all probability to be ascribed to accident.

Starwort, and several species of hawkweed, are still in bloom. Towards the end of this month the beauty of the forest fades rapidly, the trees deposit their leafy honours, putting us in mind that winter is approaching, and leading us to serious and moral reflection.

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR OCTOBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

STARLIGHT.

"There come no seasons *there:* our earthly year
Varies from prime to fall, from flowers to snow,
And each new month fresh trophies still doth rear
To change the victor of all fields below;—
But ye, O ye fair heavens! for ever glow
In the young glory of your natal morn,
When first the realms of space were bade to know
Their starry kings, Creation's earliest born,
Who should for aye on high yon sapphire thrones adorn.

"Thus did you shine upon the faded past,
Thus will you shine on far futurity,
With living light, and beauty born to last
When the least earthly things of earth shall be
Pass'd, like the oar-foam from the setting sea.
Eternity is your sweet hour of prime.
Ye smile at ages; for your destiny
Hath bathed you in some skyey Styx, that time
Might blanch no golden tress, nor dim one eye sublime.

"Shine on, shine on, ye radiant thousands, shine!
Ye hosts of heaven, whose everlasting march
Is one enduring triumph! Ye Divine
Memorials, on the amethystine arch
Of Nature graven by God! O ye, who parch
The hearts of dust for what they may not know,
Tempting yon azure wilderness to search,
As if some glad oäsis there did glow.—
'Twas but a bright mirage, and will for aye be so!"

"WHEN we look above and around us, whether in the daylight or at night, we see a vast hemisphere, the centre of which appears to be precisely in the place where we stand. In the daytime its surface is of a pure, unsullied blue, except that sometimes huge masses of cloud float over it, which, although they do not partake of its pure azure colour, yet agree in its general form; and, however varied their outline, appear to mould their surfaces into its spherical shape. Journeying in a zone across this fair canopy, and rejoicing like a giant to run his course, appears the Sun, a circle of brightness, occupying but a very small portion of the sky, but sending forth a flood of light, by which the whole space beneath him is pervaded, which is returned in an infinite variety of tints by the clouds, and of which the colour and brightness of all the things round us are but so many varied modifications; for in the evening, when he disappears, sinking under the western margin of the horizon, and the stream of his light is diverted to a region beneath our feet, night succeeds, and darkness. The Moon now comes forth, and pursues with a tranquil but ever-varying aspect her silent course through the sky; or the heavens are black as sackcloth of hair, except that innumerable stars, so minute as to be visible only by their excess of brightness, are scattered upon it like gems."—*Rev. H. Moseley.*

"Since Thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
Homage to Thee let all obedient pay;
Let glittering stars that dance their destined ring,
Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
Confederate praise to Thee, O great *Creator*, KING!"

The SUN rises on the 1st at two minutes past six, and sets at thirty-eight minutes after five: on the 12th he first displays his glorious orb in the oriental skies at twenty minutes past six, and gilds with his setting beams the western horizon at thirteen minutes after five. The Sun enters the sign Scorpio on the 23d about midnight: he rises on the 27th at forty-six minutes after six, and sets at forty-two minutes past four.

The MOON appears half-full on the 2d, and sets on the 3d at half-past eleven at night: she is due south on the 5th at seven minutes before nine, and on the 7th at twenty minutes after ten, at night. The Moon is full on the 10th, at thirty-three minutes past six in the morning; and rises on the 11th at a quarter after six in the evening: she rises on the 14th at half-past seven, and on the 16th at nine o'clock, at night. The Moon enters her last quarter on the 18th, and rises on the 20th about half an hour

before one in the morning. The fine crescent of the Moon, with the dark part of the orb visible, rises on the 22d at a quarter past three, and on the 23d at half-past four, in the morning. The Moon changes on the 24th, at ten minutes past three in the afternoon; and sets on the 26th at a quarter after six in the evening: she is half-full on the 31st, at eighteen minutes past seven in the evening; and sets three hours afterwards.

MERCURY is to be seen in the mornings about the 7th, near the eastern horizon: he rises on the 3d, and also on the 8th, about half-past four.

VENUS is invisible during this month to the naked eye.

MARS appears in the middle of the night: he rises on the 1st at half-past eleven, and on the 30th at a quarter before ten: on the morning of the 18th he is near the Moon.

JUPITER is invisible.

SATURN is now favourably situated for observation: he rises on the 1st about half-past six, and on the 23d at five o'clock, in the evening: on the 10th and 11th he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon. Saturn's ring is now a fine object for the telescopic observer.

POETRY.

THE PERSPECTIVE.

THIS world of ours,
Its weeds and flowers,
Its misery and its joy,
Its hopes and fears,
Its smiles and tears,
Its sweets, and sweets' alloy;

Its chilling blasts,
Its skies o'ercast,
Its clouds of sable hue,
Its wintry days,
Its Summer's rays,
Its Springs and Autumns too;

Its ease and pain,
Its loss and gain,
Its tumult and its peace,
Its gilded toys,
Its fancied joys,—
All these will shortly cease.

This fleeting breath,
The slayer Death
Will quench within our frame;
When hurl'd his dart,
One pang, one start,
And ashes is our name.

Like nightly dreams,
Each real seems,
But vanishes with morn;
Thus all things here
Will disappear,
On Time's swift pinions borne.

No longer clay,
We soar away,
Through realms of endless space;
Up, up on high,
Till in the sky
We find a resting-place.

In songs of praise
We spend our days,
In spotless garments dress'd;
Now heaven's our home,
No wish to roam
Torments our happy breast.

How happy now,
While round our brow
Christ's finger doth entwine
A wreath of light,
A garland bright
With radiancy divine!

No night of fear,
No twilight here,
No candle's glimmering ray;
For Christ shall shine
With rays divine,
Through one eternal day.

No sad despair,
No grief or care,
No dark or cloudy day:
Christ will be near,
And every tear
His hand shall wipe away.

On brilliant wing
Bright seraphs sing,
And hail the great Three-One;
While heaven's blest throng
Repeat the song,
And fall before His throne.

JAMES J. WRAY.

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THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

ABBA GREGORIUS.

(*With an Engraving.*)

THERE are many points of interest in the history of Abyssinia, or, as the country is called by the Abyssinians themselves, Ethiopia. The eunuch of whose conversion we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was an Ethiopian, a worshipper of the true God, of whom his countrymen had some knowledge by a tradition of uncertain origin; and he became the first representative of Christianity among them. About three centuries after the ascension of our Lord, (A.D. 330,) a Tyrian merchant, sailing by the Red Sea, towards India, was shipwrecked on the coast of Abyssinia, and there lost his life; murdered, as some say, by the barbarians, who took two youths of his crew captive, carried them into the interior, and gave them to the King. The Christian slaves made themselves useful, rose into consideration, and after the death of the King, under the regency of his mother, they administered the government of Ethiopia. Their names were Frumentius and Ædesius. Frumentius consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ every advantage of the dignity and power he had acquired, and preached the Gospel so successfully, that multitudes awaited baptism, thereby to make profession of their faith. The people regarded him with profound veneration and gratitude, and gave him a new name, "Shalámá," which signifies *peace*. After some time, as the historians

Ruffinus and Socrates affirm, and with them the Ethiopic legends agree, Frumentius obtained permission from the Queen to visit Alexandria, in Egypt; where he related to Athanasius the effect produced by the Divine blessing on his labours, was ordained by that eminent confessor of evangelical truth to the office of the ministry, returned to Axum, the capital, there baptized the candidates for admission into the Christian church, and afterwards ordained several of them as Presbyters over the congregations, or as Deacons for their service, and erected churches for public worship.

From that day until the present, Abyssinia has retained the profession of Christianity. The "priesthood," so to call it, has degenerated; the lamp of truth is almost extinguished; for many ages the Bible has not been read, until, latterly, a few have received it in the ancient Ethiopic and the vernacular Amharic from the British and Foreign Bible Society: but still Abyssinia is unconquered by Rome, confesses the name of Christ before the Pagan tribes of eastern Africa, and only waits for efficient and humble Missionaries, who will surrender every social comfort and political security, and go thither to teach them better. The mission of the Roman Propaganda failed because it was intended to subjugate the country to the Pope, the Jesuits, and the King of Portugal, rather than to Christ.

But to speak of Abba Gregorius, a learned Abyssinian.

Count Job Ludolf, a native of Saxony, and a man of unusual erudition, was sent to Rome by Duke Ernest, at the request of Christina, Queen of Sweden, with secret instructions to purchase, if possible, some very ancient Swedish manuscripts which were supposed to be in the Vatican library. The Count, whose ostensible occupation was the study of Italian, ascertained that the Swedish manuscripts had been carried into Poland, and, having failed as to the real object of his visit, was preparing to return to Germany, when he heard that there were four native Abyssinians living together in a small house, not far from St. Peter's, maintained there by the Pope, and allowed, according to custom, to say mass in their own ancient language. Having studied Ethiopic from books, he resolved to visit them, and ask their assistance in order to

perfect his knowledge of a branch of learning at that time almost new, but of considerable importance to students of eastern ecclesiastical history, and of biblical science. Three of them could read their Prayer-Book, but, like many who pray in dead languages, knew little of its meaning, and could only laugh at him when they heard him read it with a German accent, he never having heard an Ethiopic word pronounced by any other person than himself. But when he translated fluently into Italian, they were amazed that a European should have attained to a proficiency beyond that of most of their Ecclesiastics.

While they stood around in mute astonishment, the fourth of their number, Abba Gregorius, a man of about fifty, advanced to address the stranger; but knowing no other European language than Portuguese, of which Ludolf was ignorant, they immediately laboured to exchange thoughts in the old Ethiopic, which both understood well, although the Abyssinian himself had never spoken it. But the strangers felt a resistless desire to gratify their mutual admiration by familiar intercourse. Ludolf visited Gregorius daily, and, after much perseverance, they were sufficiently advanced to dismiss a sort of interpreter who had helped them a little, and conversed with increasing fluency and precision in "the tongue of the learned," "the language of the book," drawing large accessions of literary knowledge from a collection of manuscripts which lay before them.

The history of Gregorius and Ludolf is singularly encouraging to students who have to contend with difficulty in the study of a strange language. Ludolf relates it fully, and we follow his narrative.

Gregory was born in Amhara, the chief province of Abyssinia, in the early part of the seventeenth century. He was descended from rude nobility, who had for many generations administered government in the name of their "King of Kings." From childhood, as he said, he had associated with Kings, Princes, and great men. The Jesuits were then in their glory; and their Patriarch, Alfonso Mendez, had taken young Gregorius into his house, educated him well, and placed him over a class of noble youths. He was not an

Ecclesiastic; but his countrymen gave him the title of Abba, (Father,) which they are wont to bestow on very learned men, or on those who pass for such, although not in orders. But the Jesuits provoked the jealousy of the native Clergy, and, by political intrigue, which could not be hidden, drew down upon themselves the vengeance of the nation, and were compelled to flee for life. Gregorius, as member of the household of the Patriarch, although quite innocent, shared in their disgrace, and went with Mendez to India; where, instead of being rewarded for his fidelity, he was persecuted. The Fathers were offended at the freedom of his animadversions on their conduct there, and treated him so badly, that he resolved to quit their service, and, if possible, escape to Portugal. He did indeed escape from them, but only to fall into other troubles; for, having embarked in a Portuguese ship, the Captain took possession of his property, put him into a boat, as soon as the vessel was fairly under weigh, and sent him on shore again, shouting in Portuguese, "*Minha roupa! minha roupa!*" ("My luggage! my luggage!") but the luggage was never heard of more; and he found himself a desolate and persecuted stranger, at the very gates of the Inquisition. However, he made his way along the Arabian coasts of the Red Sea, going from port to port, everywhere solicited by Abyssinian renegades, who had been rewarded for their apostasy with lucrative employments, to follow their example, and turn Mohammedan; but, resisting this temptation, he resolved to regain his native land, if possible, and trust to the mercy of his countrymen, when cast off by strangers. After much suffering and peril, he arrived at Suakin, a seaport on the coast of Nubia, and there found three Capuchin Friars, on their way from Rome, bearing a letter to the Emperor, (as we rather inaccurately call him,) which they begged him to take charge of and deliver, hoping that His Majesty might relent, and allow the Romish Mission to be resumed. But he wisely refused to be the bearer of such a document; and proceeded to present himself before his Sovereign, and implore forgiveness and protection. An Arab took their letter; but, instead of a gracious reply, they received a sentence of death, and were beheaded at Suakin.

Gregorius, on the contrary, was received graciously by the Sovereign, who knew his loyalty; but some Abyssinian Monks, in hatred to the Jesuits, whom he had followed in their flight, charged him with that act as an offence, and had him laden with chains, and thrown into prison. Not daring to protect him from the sentence, the King caused him to be released secretly. He escaped once more, and, travelling by land, reached Egypt after a wearisome pilgrimage, and thence proceeded to Italy, to beg an asylum under the shadow of the Papal throne.

There, as we have said, Count Ludolf found him, three months after his arrival; and when their friendship had been strengthened by that united and arduous study which was to introduce Ethiopic learning into Europe, Ludolf returned to Saxony, but kept up an active epistolary correspondence, and, finding that he was disposed to visit Germany, invited him to travel to Erfurt at his expense, and there to be his guest.

The approach of so rare a visiter excited great interest throughout Saxony; and Duke Ernest, unwilling that such an one should enter his territory without experiencing his hospitality, or that his visit should fail to be a public benefit, offered Count Ludolf to bear the charges of his friend's journey from Rome. Not ungrateful for this assistance, the Count proceeded to meet Abba Gregorius, whom he found at Nurnberg, in Bavaria, wearied with his long journey, and bewildered with inability to make himself intelligible, or to understand German. The two friends embraced each other after the oriental manner, and wept aloud for joy.

The Duke, however, had commanded that he should be entertained in one of his castles in Franconia, and then in another in Thuringia, and be examined by learned men, who were to report whether he were indeed a fit person to be introduced into his presence. They having spoken favourably of his address and his attainments, His Highness gave him and Count Ludolf a suite of apartments in the ducal castle of Friedenstein, at Gotha; and, after they had spent a few days in resting from travel, and preparing for future studies, the Abba was clad in a new German suit, and introduced to Ernest; the

Chancellor, and the Councillors, both civil and ecclesiastical, being present. After the usual ceremony of introduction, the Ethiopian spoke thus: "I thank Almighty God that I am permitted, in these remote northern regions, so far beyond my hope and expectation, to behold and to address a Christian Prince, of whose piety and prudence I have heard much since my arrival in these parts. Nor do I hope less from his clemency and benevolence, since he has so graciously received an unknown stranger, and so kindly permitted me to kiss his hand." The Prince replied, that it was no less agreeable to himself to welcome a Christian man who had come to his court from so far a country; and that the highest praise was to be rendered to Divine Providence, that in the midst of barbarians, and under severe persecutions from the Mohammedans, the Ethiopic church in Africa had been preserved for so many ages. And he assured him that he might count on his favourable regard thenceforth.

Count Ludolf interpreted, rendering the Ethiopic into German, and the German into Ethiopic; for on that solemn occasion the learned Ethiopian requested not to be addressed in Italian, but, as he said, "in the language of our books." The ceremonies being over, he was honoured with the cordial attentions of that Christian Prince of Protestant Germany. Gregory, of course, used oriental figures in addressing the Duke, without any perception of impropriety. He once expressed regret at not having seen him for some time, by saying that a cloud of sorrow had overshadowed his soul, because the sun of the Duke's clemency had not shone forth upon him. "The soul of a Christian," was the admirable reply, "cannot be overshadowed with sorrow, so long as the Sun of righteousness shines on him."

The wisdom of Duke Ernest's government, as well as the seriousness of his conversation, won the admiration of the stranger; and the prosperity and wealth of Saxony, in those days, compared with the wretchedness of Abyssinia, constrained him to acknowledge that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

To Abba Gregorius we are indebted for the proficiency of Count Ludolf, whose three great works are alone sufficient to

sustain the pursuit of Ethiopic studies. These are, the "History of Ethiopia," with commentary, a work beyond price to those who intend to visit Abyssinia, or in any way to labour for the propagation of the Gospel there, or use the ancient language for the purposes of sacred or ecclesiastical learning; a lexicon, scarcely to be excelled in clearness of arrangement and abundance of authorities; and an Ethiopic grammar. Besides these, the same indefatigable scholar, still with the assistance of his Abyssinian friend, produced an Amharic grammar and lexicon, which have been well used by Protestant Missionaries within the last quarter of a century, and by none more successfully than by the present devoted Bishop of Jerusalem, whose journal of his three years' residence in Abyssinia is one of the most edifying volumes that was ever written by a Missionary.

We give the portrait of this learned African, as a visible note of the intellectual power of his race, and as an earnest of multitudes who shall doubtless bring their oblations into the temple of our Lord from the same land, when "Princes shall come out of Egypt, and Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God."

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare; but it exists, in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or laboured to make a friend happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honour to promote the happiness of others; and, in return, they receive the

reward of their love by sympathising hearts and countless favours, when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

[Colonel Rawlinson has addressed the following important communication to "The Athenæum," relative to a discovery made by him—in an inscription upon an Assyrian bull—of an account of the campaign between Hezekiah and Sennacherib.]

As the scientific Societies of the metropolis are closed at the present season, perhaps you will allow me to announce in the columns of "The Athenæum" the heads of a most interesting and important discovery which I have made within these few days in connexion with Assyrian antiquities.

I have succeeded in determinately identifying the Assyrian Kings of the lower dynasty, whose palaces have been recently excavated in the vicinity of Mosul: and I have obtained from the annals of those Kings contemporary notices of events which agree in the most remarkable way with the statements preserved in sacred and profane history.

The King who built the palace of Khorsabad, excavated by the French, is named *Sargina;* (the סרגון of Isaiah;) but he also bears, in some of the inscriptions, the epithet of Shalmaneser, by which title he was better known to the Jews. In the first year of his reign he came up against the city of Samaria (called *Samarina*, and answering to the Hebrew שמרון) and the tribes of the country of *Beth Homri* (עמרי or 'Omri, being the name of the founder of Samaria. 1 Kings xvi. 16, *et seq.;* &c.) He carried off into captivity in Assyria twenty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty families, and settled in their places colonists brought from Babylonia; appointing Prefects to administer the country, and imposing the same tribute which had been paid to former Kings. The only tablet at Khorsabad which exhibits this conquest in any detail (Plate 70) is unfortunately much mutilated. Should Monsieur de Saulcy, however, whom the French are now sending to Assyria, find a duplicate of Shalmaneser's annals in good preservation, I think

it probable that the name of the King of Israel may yet be recovered.

In the second year of Shalmaneser's reign, he subjugated the Kings of Libnah (?) and Khazita (the Cadytis of Herodotus), who were dependent upon Egypt; and in the seventh year of his reign he received tribute direct from the King of that country, who is named *Pirhu*, probably for פרעה "Pharaoh," the title by which the Kings of Egypt were known to the Jews and other Semitic nations. This punishment of the Egyptians by Sargon or Shalmaneser is alluded to in the twentieth chapter of Isaiah.

Among the other exploits of Shalmaneser found in his annals, are—the conquest of Ashdod, also alluded to in Isai. xx. 1; and his reduction of the neighbouring city of Jamnai, called *Jabneh*, or *Jamneh*, in the Bible, *Jamnaan* in Judith, and Ἰάμνεια by the Greeks.

In conformity with Menander's statement that Shalmaneser assisted the Cittæans against Sidon, we find a statue and inscription of this King, Sargina, in the island of Cyprus, recording the event; and, to complete the chain of evidence, the city, built by him and named after him, the ruins of which are now called Khorsabad, retained among the Syrians the title of *Sarghun* as late as the Arab conquest. .

I am not sure how long Shalmaneser reigned, or whether he made a second expedition into Palestine. His annals at Khorsabad extend only to the fifteenth year; and although the names are given of numerous cities which he captured in Cœlo-Syria and on the Euphrates,—such as Hamath, Beræa, Damascus, Bambyce, and Carchemish,—I am unable to trace his steps into Judæa Proper. On a tablet, however, which he set up towards the close of his reign in the palace of the first Sardanapalus at Nimrud, he styles himself "conqueror of the remote Judæa;" and I rather think, therefore, that the expedition in which, after a three years' siege of Samaria, he carried off the great body of the tribes of Israel, and which is commemorated in the Bible as having been concluded in the sixth year of Hezekiah, must have taken place subsequently to the building of the palace of Khorsabad.

Without this explanation, indeed, we shall be embarrassed

about dates: for I shall presently show that we have a distinct notice of Sennacherib's attack upon Jerusalem in the third year of that King's reign, and we are thus able to determine an interval of eighteen years, at least, to have elapsed between the last-named event and the Samaritan campaign; whereas in the Bible we find the great captivity to date from the sixth year of Hezekiah, and the invasion of Sennacherib from the fourteenth.

I now go on to the annals of Sennacherib. This is the King who built the great palace of Koyunjik, which Mr. Layard has been recently excavating. He was the son of Sargina or Shalmaneser; and his name, expressed entirely by monograms, may have been pronounced *Sennachi-riba*. The events, at any rate, of his reign place beyond the reach of dispute his historic identity. He commenced his career by subjugating the Babylonians under their King Merodach-Baladan, who had also been the antagonist of his father: two important points of agreement being thus obtained both with Scripture and with the account of Polyhistor. The annals of the third year, however, of the reign of Sennacherib, which I have just deciphered after the copy of an inscription taken by Mr. Layard from one of the bulls at the grand entrance of the Koyunjik palace, contain those striking points of coincidence which first attracted my attention; and which, being once recognised, have naturally led to the complete unfolding of all this period of history. In his third year, Sennacherib undertook, in the first instance, an expedition against Luliya, King of Sidon, (the Ἐλουλαῖος of Menander,) in which he was completely successful. He was afterwards engaged in operations against some other cities of Syria, which I have not yet identified; and whilst so employed, learned of an insurrection in Palestine. The inhabitants, indeed, of that country had risen against their King Padiya, and the officers who had been placed in authority over them, on the part of the Assyrian Monarch; and had driven them out of the province, obliging them to take refuge with Hezekiah, King of Jerusalem, the capital city of Judæa. (The orthography of these three names corresponds very nearly with the Hebrew reading: *Khazakiyahu* representing חזקיהו—*Ursalimma* standing for ירושלם—and

Yahuda for יהודה) The rebels then sent for assistance to the Kings of Egypt; and a large army of horse and foot marched to their assistance, under the command of the King of Pelusium (?). Sennacherib at once proceeded to meet this army; and, fighting an action with them in the vicinity of the city of *Allaku* (?), completely defeated them. He made many prisoners also; whom he executed, or otherwise disposed of. Padiya then returned from Jerusalem, and was reinstated in his government. In the mean time, however, a quarrel arose between Sennacherib and Hezekiah on the subject of tribute. Sennacherib ravaged the open country, taking "all the fenced cities of Judah," and at last threatened Jerusalem. Hezekiah then made his submission; and tendered to the King of Assyria, as tribute, thirty talents of gold, three hundred talents of silver, the ornaments of the temple, slaves, boys and girls, and men-servants and maid-servants, for the use of the palace. All these things Sennacherib received: after which he detached a portion of Hezekiah's villages, and placed them in dependence on the cities which had been faithful to him; such as Hebron, Ascalon, and Cadytis. He then retired to Assyria.

Now, this is evidently the campaign which is alluded to in Scripture; (2 Kings xviii. 13—17;) and it is perhaps the same which is obscurely noticed by Herodotus; (lib. ii., c.141;) and which is further described by Josephus. (*Ant.*, lib. x., c. 1.) The agreement, at any rate, between the record of the sacred historian, and the contemporary chronicle of Sennacherib which I have here copied, extends even to the number of the talents of gold and silver which were given as tribute.

I have not yet examined, with the care which it requires, the continuation of Sennacherib's chronicle; but I believe that most of the events attributed to that Monarch by the historians Polyhistor and Abydenus, will be found in the annals. His pretended conflict with the Greeks on the coast of Cilicia, will, I suspect, turn out to be his reduction of the city of Javnai, near Ashdod; the mistake having arisen from the similarity of the name of *Javnai* to that of *Javani*, or Ionians; by which the Greeks were generally known to the nations of the East. At any rate, when Polyhistor says that "Sennacherib erected a statue of himself as a monument of his victory (over the

Greeks), and ordered his prowess to be inscribed upon it in Chaldæan characters," he certainly alludes to the famous tablet of the Koyunjik King, at the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb, which appears from the annals to have been executed after the conquest of the city of Javnai.

The only copy which has been yet found of Sennacherib's annals at Koyunjik is very imperfect, and extends only to the seventh year. The relic known as Colonel Tayler's cylinder, dates from one year later; but I have never seen any account of the events of the latter portion of his reign. His reign, however, according to the Greeks, extended to eighteen years; so that his second expedition to Palestine, and the miraculous destruction of his army, must have occurred fourteen or fifteen years later than the campaign above-described. Pending the discovery of a complete set of annals, I would not, of course, set much store by the Greek dates; but it may be remarked that Hezekiah would have been still living at the period of the miraculous destruction of Sennacherib's army, even if, as I have thus conjectured, the second invasion of Judæa had occurred fourteen or fifteen years later than the first; for the earlier campaign is fixed to the fourteenth year of his reign, and his entire reign extended to twenty-nine years.

I will only further mention that we have upon a cylinder in the British Museum a tolerably perfect copy of the annals of Esar-haddon, the son of Sennacherib, in which we find a further deportation of Israelites from Palestine, and a further settlement of Babylonian colonists in their place;—an explanation being thus obtained of the passage of Ezra (chap. iv. 2) in which the Samaritans speak of Esar-haddon as the King by whom they had been transplanted.

Many of the drawings and inscriptions which have been recently brought by Mr. Layard from Nineveh, refer to the son of Esar-haddon, who warred extensively in Susiana, Babylonia, and Armenia; though, as his arms never penetrated to the westward, he has been unnoticed in Scripture history: and under the son of this King, who is named Saracus or Sardanapalus by the Greeks, Nineveh seems to have been destroyed.

One of the most interesting matters connected with this discovery of the identity of the Assyrian Kings is, the prospect, amounting almost to a certainty, that we must have in the bas-reliefs of Khorsabad and Koyunjik representations from the chisels of contemporary artists, not only of Samaria, but of that Jerusalem which contained the temple of Solomon. I have already identified the Samaritans among the groups of captives portrayed upon the marbles of Khorsabad; and when I shall have accurately learnt the locality of the different bas-reliefs that have been brought from Koyunjik, I do not doubt that I shall be able to point out the bands of Jewish maidens who were delivered to Sennacherib, and perhaps to distinguish the portraiture of the humbled Hezekiah.

H. C. Rawlinson.

HAGLEY PARK.

In one of the letters of Shenstone, published since his death, there is a beautiful sentiment, which I have often admired. It is to this effect:—"I never cast my eyes over a spacious map, but I fancy that, in such and such a country, there are many amiable persons, whom I should like to know. Then I sigh to think I never shall."

This sentiment, so highly characteristic of the amiable poet of the Leasowes, presents a striking contrast with the sullen misanthropy and morbid disposition of the more gifted bard of Newstead.

The same sentiment, as far as *places* are concerned, has frequently been produced in my own mind, while looking over a map of the continent of Europe. On such occasions I have been reminded of places celebrated for their beauty, or famous as the scenes of the most spirit-stirring events. Then a sigh has involuntarily burst from my bosom, from a conviction of the utter impracticability of my ever visiting such interesting countries.

The extensive vineyards of the "sweet south;" the beautiful Rhine, bending its devious course through the rich and fertile lands of Germany; the spacious lake of Como, in Italy, whose banks are adorned with vines and almond-trees; the

Alpine mountains, whose lofty summits are covered with everlasting snows; and Rome, once the "queen of cities," with its mutilated statues, and crumbling palaces, its Pagan temples, and triumphal arches, which, in their hoary dilapidation, are still contemplated by the traveller with wonder;—these are amongst the objects which have often warmed my *imagination*, but which, in *reality*, I never expect to behold!

There are, however, in "my own, my native land," many objects of attraction, which present all the principal features of European scenery. The lover of nature may loiter with delight among the rugged mountains and classic lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. On the coast of Cornwall, he may gaze on the beetling cliffs and sterile rocks, lashed by the foaming waves of the vast Atlantic. And what spot, within the compass of our sea-girt isle, can compare with the picturesque scenery, and variety of landscape, in the beautiful county of Kent? Its undulating surface of hill and dale; the silver Medway, winding its course through meadows bespangled with flowers; hanging woods; parks, stocked with deer; and, above all, its innumerable hop-gardens, vieing with the vineyards of France and Italy! Our island also abounds with noble mansions and splendid ruins, which cannot fail to arrest the attention, and awaken the enthusiasm, of the antiquarian and the painter. Baronial edifices, still in preservation; dismantled castles, frowning, from their elevated sites, on the vales below; ruined abbeys, covered with ivy, mourning in their native glens;—these are objects, the sight of which has not only created in my bosom emotions of delight, but the recollection of which has stamped an indelible impression on my mind.

Several of these interesting places I have already described in the pages of "The Youth's Instructer;" and I have others in preparation.

I will now give a brief description of Hagley Park, the seat of Lord Lyttelton. It is situated in the county of Worcester, and about eleven miles distant from Birmingham. Mr. Wesley visited this beautiful place in the year 1782. In his "Journal," dated July 13th, he says, "I spent an hour in Hagley Park; I suppose, inferior to few, if any, in England.

But we were straitened for time. To take a proper view of it would require five or six hours. Afterwards I went to the Leasowes, a farm so called, four or five miles from Hagley."

Many of the classic embellishments and rural decorations were added by the celebrated poet and statesman, the late George Lord Lyttelton, who died at Hagley, in the year 1773. This nobleman possessed a highly-cultivated mind, an elegant taste, and a correct judgment.

Pope, Shenstone, and Thomson, who appear to have been on intimate terms with his Lordship, spent many hours of tranquillity amongst the scenery of this earthly paradise. The latter poet, in his "Seasons," makes the following allusion to Hagley:—

"Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st,
Thy British Tempe! There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace; the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That purling down amidst the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the soothed ear."

The "gushing waters," the "mossy rocks," the "shade of solemn oaks," which Thomson here celebrates, should be *seen*, in order to be properly admired. There are also several rustic seats, and ornamented urns, in memory of different poets who had visited Hagley: one of them, on the brow of a little hill, is in remembrance of the author of the preceding lines; and another, in a beautiful Doric temple, is inscribed to the memory of Pope.

But it would be idle to attempt to describe the numerous

attractions of this charming spot. In this limited space, the "thousandth part" cannot be brought within the range of the reader's imagination.

During the years 1810 and 1811, Louis Simond, a Frenchman, made a tour in Great Britain, the particulars of which he subsequently published in two octavo volumes. Amongst other places of interest, he visited Hagley Park; and the following remarks appear in his journal:—

"You enter Hagley by a noble avenue of elms leading to the house, a respectable-looking building, quadrangular, with projections at each corner, like towers. The path, through a very pretty enclosure of laurels and holly, brought us to the gardener's residence; and, provided with a guide, we began our tour, by a gentle ascent, to a piece of water; then up-hill again, amongst the finest trees imaginable; not single on a lawn, as in parks, but like a forest; mostly oaks, with vast limbs, mossy and fantastic; and bulging roots, anchored among rocks. Many of the stems were twelve or fifteen feet in circumference, with dark masses of ivy mantling over both rocks and trees. By degrees we came to a steeper ascent, less covered with trees; and the path led us to a ruin on the top, which is entered from behind through a spacious gateway; then a small court, and a second archway, all grey, and grown over with ivy. Here we found ourselves on a sort of terrace, or irregular knoll, extending far in front; the woods we had just left filling all below on our right, and on the left, nearly the same sort of declivity, with equally fine trees, rather more distant from each other; and a verdant lawn below, with some very large cedars of Lebanon. The walk along this terrace, or ridge, and the views from it on every side, are wonderfully fine; the thin lace-work of the trees being almost as beautiful as leaves, and hiding nothing of the prospect, which is very extensive, of the rich, cultivated, inhabited land in the foreground, and lost in the blue waves of distant hills. The ground immediately round the house is sodded, gravelled, and rolled; but farther, art is hardly perceivable, except by convenient paths leading to the most beautiful spots, where rustic seats are often placed. At the extremity of the ridge, we had below, in front of us, the house and

pleasure-grounds, with the fine avenue already mentioned, a Gothic church. This is really a wonderfully beautiful place."

Hagley Park is associated with some of my earliest recollections. I have passed many hours of contemplation and peace amongst its romantic walks. In this charming Elysium, this "British Tempe," my youthful mind was first inspired with a taste for sylvan beauty. And often, while seated on some mossy bank, gazing on the rich and varied landscape, I have repeated the well-known lines of the immortal Milton:—

> "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!"

J. T. Barr.

FASCINATION OF SERPENTS.

From persevering inquiries, I have become convinced that the power of fascination, which has been attributed to serpents, vipers, as well as adders, is not a false or vulgar fiction. It has frequently occurred to persons travelling through forests to witness the poor little birds, while uttering a plaintive cry, descend from branch to branch, attracted as it were by some occult power, and yield themselves up within the jaws of a serpent lying hidden among the boughs of the tree; obedient victims to the glance of their executioner. The thread of this charm is broken by whisking a switch through the air; no doubt from the fact that the whistling of the air frightens the serpent, and thus paralyses its magnetic effluvium. What is the mechanism of this incredible fascination, which so perfectly recalls to one's mind the fable of the Sirens? There is undoubtedly here a physical cause,—an emanation which envelopes the bird in an atmosphere of asphyxiating gas, in the same way as the spider envelopes the fly in its gauze-like net. To explain the phenomenon in a more perfect manner, let us suppose that the serpent has the power of emitting, one on each side of its mouth, two streams of a poisonous and stupefying gas, which proceed to unite above the head of the

bird. If the bird attempt to fly the danger, it can only do so by descending; for it is there only that it will find a free space: in proportion as it descends, the two jets will continue to unite and to follow it; and it is thus that, to escape asphyxia, the poor bird drops within the jaws of the serpent; it falls into Scylla in avoiding Charybdis.—*Raspail on Serpents.*

OPERATIONS FOR CATARACT ON BEARS.

Two of the three fine young grizzly bears, recently added to the menagerie of the Zoological Society, London, having become blind, and their value thereby greatly diminished, Mr. Mitchell, Secretary to the Society, proposed to Mr. White Cooper, F.R.C.S., to make an effort to restore them to sight; and Dr. Snow having kindly undertaken the application of chloroform for this purpose, the first operation was performed on the 5th of November, 1850.

The patient having been separated from the other bears, a strong leathern collar and chain was buckled round his neck, and the chain being passed round one of the front bars of the cage, two strong men proceeded to pull him to it as a bullock is hauled to the slaughtering ring. The bear was the size of a young donkey, and his resistance was quite remarkable: for full ten minutes he set their efforts at defiance, and ultimately it was only by the united strength of four men that he was placed in a position favourable for the application of the chloroform. Dr. Snow endeavoured to hold a sponge to his nose; but it was only by fairly tying it to his muzzle that the object was attained. The dropping of his paws, with the cessation of his roaring and struggles, told that he was insensible; and, the sponge being removed, he was laid with his head on a plank outside the den. A solution of atropine had been placed in the eyes on the previous evening, and the pupils were found fully dilated. The instrument used was a strong straight cutting-needle. The extraordinary toughness and thickness of the cornea rendered the insertion of this difficult; and the lens was singularly large in proportion to the eye. This rendered the breaking up of that body by no means easy, and it occupied full a minute. The morning was dark, and

the margin of the deep brown iris not distinctly seen, which led to its being wounded in one eye and bleeding freely. The cataracts having been thoroughly destroyed, the bear was drawn again into the den. For some minutes he continued in a state of profound coma, giving scarcely any evidence of life; but gradually recovered, and, rising with some difficulty, he staggered into his sleeping apartment.

On the following morning, the door of the dormitory was thrown open, and the bear came out with his eyes open, faced the light without the slightest inconvenience, and began licking his paws with perfect satisfaction. A dose of Rochelle salts was given to him, rather as a matter of precaution than because it was needed; and his recovery was rapid, not one red vessel discolouring the conjunctiva at any time.

Encouraged by this result, a similar operation was performed on the second bear on November 15th. This animal was brought out of the den, and secured to the iron rail in front by six men, and was thus more manageable. The dose administered on the first occasion being rather greater than was needed, Dr. Snow this time used chloroform and spirit in equal proportions. The bear not being perfectly insensible when the operation was commenced, there was some difficulty with the left eye; for at each attempt to insert the needle, the cornea turned in beneath the *membrana nictitans*, and was quite invisible. At length, by plunging the instrument perpendicularly to the surface, the very tough cornea was penetrated, and the cataract broken up. To obviate such a movement in the right eye, the needle was introduced at the inner and lower margin of the cornea, and the operation easily completed. The recovery of this animal was quite as rapid as that of the former one.

But the drug may not always be used with impunity, not even upon bears. A bear in a menagerie at Berlin, also blinded with cataract, has, since the above-mentioned successful operations, been set asleep, once for all, by chloroform. The cataract, indeed, was cleverly removed, but the animal saw not light again. The proprietors lost him, but the public gained a lesson by their loss.

THE GRAND LAMA OF TIBET.

It can scarcely be necessary to remind our readers that the Grand Lama of Tibet is a human being regarded as divine, and worshipped. This Lama is reputed to be immortal; and when the man in whom he is said to be incarnate, and who, as they imagine, is assimilated to his divinity, dies, the worshippers expect that he will reappear in a new body. In the year 1783, an English officer, Lieut. Samuel Turner, paid a visit of ceremony to the then infant Pope of the Budhists, and, by order of the Governor-General of India, and his Council, transmitted an account of the interview to Sir William Jones, President of the Asiatic Society.* Lieut. Turner seemed to have felt no repugnance at the sinful adoration of a creature, but to have been almost fascinated by the imposture, and delighted to have seen an object so seldom exposed to the view of a stranger. This description may be read with advantage, as exhibiting false worship under an aspect seldom contemplated in the western world, except at Rome, where the chief of a paganised Christianity "sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

"On the 3d of December, 1783, I arrived at Terpaling, situated on the summit of a high hill; and it was about noon when I entered the gates of the monastery, which was not long since erected for the reception and education of Teeshoo Lama. He resides in a palace in the centre of the monastery, which occupies about a mile of ground in circumference, and the whole is encompassed by a wall. The several buildings serve for the accommodation of three hundred Gylongs, appointed to perform religious service with Teeshoo Lama, until he shall be removed to the monastery and musnud of Teeshoo Loomboo. It is unusual to make visits either here or in Bootan on the day of arrival: we therefore rested this day, only receiving and sending messages of compliment.

"On the 4th, in the morning, I was allowed to visit Teeshoo Lama, and found him placed in great form upon his

* "Asiatic Researches," vol. i., p. 199.

musnud. On the left side stood his father and mother; on the other, the officer particularly appointed to wait upon his person. The musnud is a fabric of silk cushions, piled one upon the other, until the seat is elevated to the height of four feet from the floor; embroidered silk covered the top, and the sides were decorated with pieces of silk of various colours, suspended from the upper edge, and hanging down. By the particular request of Teeshoo Lama's father, Mr. Saunders and myself wore the English dress.

"I advanced; and, as is the custom, presented a white pelony handkerchief, and delivered also into the Lama's hands the Governor's présent of a string of pearls and coral, while the other things were set down before him. Having performed the ceremony of the exchange of handkerchiefs with his father and mother, we took our seats on the right of Teeshoo Lama.

"A multitude of persons, all those ordered to escort me, were admitted to his presence, and allowed to make their prostrations. The infant Lama turned towards them, and received them all with a cheerful and significant look of complacency. His father then addressed me in the Tibet language, which was explained to me by the interpreter, that Teeshoo Lama had been used to remain at rest until this time of the day; but he had awoke very early this morning, and could not be prevailed on to remain longer in bed; 'for,' added he, 'the English gentlemen were arrived, and he could not sleep.' During the time we were in the room, I observed the Lama's eyes were scarce ever turned from us; and when our cups were empty of tea, he appeared uneasy, and throwing back his head, and contracting the skin of his brow, he kept making a noise, (for he could not speak,) until they were filled again. He took out of a golden cup, containing confects, some burnt sugar, and, stretching out his arm, made a motion to his attendants to give it to me. He then sent some in like manner to Mr. Saunders, who was with me. I found myself, though visiting an infant, under the necessity of saying something; for it was hinted to me that, notwithstanding he is unable to reply, it is not to be inferred that he cannot understand. However, his incapacity

of answering excused me many words; and I first briefly said, That the Governor-General, on receiving the news of his decease in China, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, and continued to lament his absence from the world, until the cloud that had overcast the happiness of this nation by his re-appearance was dispelled; and then, if possible, a greater degree of joy had taken place than he had experienced of grief on receiving the first mournful news. The Governor wished he might long continue to illumine the world with his presence; and was hopeful that the friendship which had formerly subsisted between them would not be diminished, but rather that it might become still greater than before; and that, by his continuing to show kindness to my countrymen, there might be an extensive communication between his votaries and the dependants of the British nation. The little creature turned, looking steadfastly towards me with the appearance of much attention while I spoke, and nodded with repeated but slow movements of the head, as though he understood and approved every word, but could not utter a reply. The parents, who stood by all the time, eyed their son with a look of affection, and a smile of heartfelt joy at the propriety of the young Lama's conduct. His whole regard was turned to us: he was silent and sedate, never once looking towards his parents, as if under their influence at the time; and with whatever pains his manners may have been formed so correct, yet I must own his behaviour on this occasion appeared perfectly natural and spontaneous, and not directed by any action or sign of authority.

"The scene in which I was here brought to take a part was too new and extraordinary, however trivial, if not absurd, as it may appear to some, not to claim from me great attention, and consequently minute remark.

"Teeshoo Lama is at this time about eighteen months of age. He did not speak a word, but made most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing dignity and decorum. His complexion is of that hue which in England we should term rather brown, but not without colour. His features good, small black eyes, an animated expression of countenance; and altogether I thought him one of the handsomest

children I had ever seen. I had but little conversation with the father. He told me he had directions to entertain me three days on account of Teeshoo Lama; and entreated me with so much earnestness to pass another on his own account, that I could not resist complying with his request. He then invited us for to-morrow to an entertainment he proposed to make at a small distance from the monastery; which invitation having accepted, we took our leave, and retired.

"In the course of the afternoon, I was visited by two officers of the Lama's household, both of whom are immediately attendant on his person. They sat and conversed with me some time; inquired after Mr. Bogle, whom both of them had seen; and then, remarking how extremely fortunate was the young Lama's having regarded us with very particular notice, observed on the very strong partiality of the former Teeshoo Lama for the English, and that the present one often tried to utter the name of the English. I encouraged the thought, hopeful that they would teach the prejudice to strengthen with his increasing age; and they assured me that should he, when he begins to speak, have forgot, they would early teach him to repeat the name of Hastings.*

"On the morning of the 6th, I again waited on Teeshoo Lama, to present some curiosities I had brought for him from Bengal. He was very much struck with a small clock, and had it held to him, watching for a long time the revolutions of the moment-hand: he admired it, but with gravity, and without any childish emotion. There was nothing in the ceremony different from the first day's visit. The father and mother were present. I stayed about half an hour, and retired, to return and take leave in the afternoon.

"The votaries of Teeshoo Lama already begin to flock in numbers to pay their adorations to him. Few are yet admitted to his presence. Those who come, esteem it a happiness if he is but shown to them from the window, and they are able to make their prostrations before he is removed. There came to-day a party of Kilmaaks, (Culmuc Tartars,)

* Warren Hastings, Esq.

for purposes of devotion, and to make their offerings to Lama. When I returned from visiting him, I saw them standing at the entrance of the square in front of the palace, each with his cap off, his hands being placed together elevated, and held even with his face. They remained upwards of half an hour in this attitude, their eyes fixed upon the apartment of the Lama, and anxiety very visibly depicted in their countenances. At length, I imagine, he appeared to them; for they began all together by lifting their hands, still closed, above their heads, then bringing them even with their faces, and after lowering them to their breasts, then separating them: to assist them in sinking and rising, they dropped upon their knees, and struck their heads against the ground. This, with the same motions, was repeated nine times. They afterwards advanced to deliver their presents, consisting of talents of gold and silver, with the products of their country, to the proper officer, who having received them, they retired apparently with much satisfaction.

"Upon inquiry, I learned that offerings made in this manner are by no means unfrequent, and, in reality, constitute one of the most copious sources from which the Lamas of Tibet derive their wealth.

"No one thinks himself degraded by performing these humiliations. The persons I allude to, who came for this devout purpose, were attendant on a man of superior rank, that seemed to be more engrossed than the rest in the performance of the ceremony. He wore a rich satin garment, lined with fox-skins, and a cap with a tassel of scarlet silk flowing from the centre of the crown upon the sides all round, and edged with a broad band of Siberian fur.

"According to appointment, I went in the afternoon to make my last visit to Teeshoo Lama. I received his dispatches for the Governor-General; and from his parents two pieces of satin for the Governor, with many compliments.

"They presented me with a vest, lined with lamb-skins, making many assurances of a long remembrance, and observing that at this time Teeshoo Lama is an infant, and incapable of conversing, but they hoped to see me again when he shall have become of age. I replied, that, by favour of the Lama,

I might again visit this country: I looked forward with anxiety to the time when he should mount the musnud, and should then be extremely happy in the opportunity of paying my respects. After some expressions and protestations of mutual regard, my visit was concluded. I received the handkerchiefs, and took my leave; and am to pursue my journey toward Bengal to-morrow, at the dawn of day."

THE GODS OF TONGA.

Among the articles given to help our Missions were several gods, which have not been viewed by any mortal eye for several generations. Most of them were whales' teeth, or parts thereof. One of them has hung up for ages in their god-house, to allow a place for the spirit to perch upon when he happens to visit it. Another was an ivory necklace, wrapped up in native cloth, stuck full of small red feathers. But all were filthy and vile, senseless and useless. Some of the Heathen came to see me, who once ranked, they said, among the gods; and they wished to see this extraordinary being. I went to my god-basket, and, taking up some of their idols, said, "These are the things you worshipped; but me your fathers threatened to kill. Our God has at last triumphed over your ignorance and superstition, and here are your gods in my basket. Would you like to see them?" said I, advancing quickly toward them: but they fled with precipitancy, and then looked back, confounded and ashamed. Almost every one of those who have not yet bowed the knee to Jesus is free to acknowledge that his gods are lying vanities, and that with us is the true religion; but then there is this parting with "the sin which so easily besets them!" This may be called their transition-state, which would not be of long duration, had not Popery stepped in; and, even now, the masses of the people are most cordially with us, even where the dregs of Heathenism and Popery linger out their doomed existence.

This is the last struggle with the powers of darkness; and so rapid are the strides of the Gospel, that the issue can be

neither distant nor doubtful. O happy Tonga! thy God reigneth! "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!"

It is not unworthy of notice, that on the day that Tungi *lotued*, all the gods that could be found were secured, and are now placed in a Tonga basket, and handed over to me. Of these gods, the first in rank and power is Feaki, the fountain-head of all the minor gods. This is a large whale's tooth, which has not fallen under the gaze of mortal men from time immemorial. To this idol, or medium of worship, the *inachee* ("the offering of their first-fruits") was presented; and to Feaki was offered, thirteen years ago, the last child that was sacrificed in Tonga, at the death of Fatu, Tungi's father. Another Sacrifice is now declared; and they who were "far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." Fatu's people were trying their old method; but he was praying to Jehovah, and in his death there was hope.

The next god in order is Finau-tau-iku, the god who looks after the Chiefs, and is their shade at their right hand. To this piece of cloth, interwoven with small red feathers, were also offered human sacrifices. He was an incarnation of the daughter of Tuihatakalaua, and a city of refuge from the power of Tuikanokubolu. Exceedingly much blood has flowed to this shrine; and the blood was the blood of men offered in sacrifice. His Priests were men who said they were inspired, and before whom the deluded people bowed with awe and trembling; for their life was in his hands. If he said his anger was kindled against a man, or a family, or a city, the club was his instant avenger; and death devoured whom he denounced. So has it been from ancient times in these "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty." But God has prepared His way in the Islands, as King George said to me and to my brethren not long since, when we were conversing on this subject. The late wars were seasonable; for the Chiefs and people were bent upon mischief; and had the Gospel come before these wars, in which so many strong men fell, would one Missionary only

have sufficed as a victim to their love of blood? Surely many must have fallen. In these wars George was the Goliath in point of stature and strength, and the David of his people in point of courage and prudence. He was, indeed, a man of war from his youth; and he shed very much blood.

The next idol in my basket is called Fakatoumafi. This, also, is an incarnation of the mighty Chief, Halaigaluafi, daughter of Tuihatakalaua. This idol is in the form of a large necklace made of whales' teeth. About the same powers and propensities are claimed for him as for the others. His love of the blood of men shows his connexion with the old murderer.

There are several others of these *fahe gehe*, "gods," (or "devils," as they now call them,) in my possession; but a minute description of them would be tedious, and without any material difference from those already portrayed.

Tangaloa and Maui are never represented or approached by a shrine or idol of any kind, so far as I am able to ascertain. The Supreme Being is not altogether a "lost idea" among these people; but the *way* to Him they knew not, till Christ, "the way, the truth, and the life," was made known to them by their Missionaries, who now see the fruit of their labour, and the fall of the gods of the Heathen.

Well might the Apostle say that "an idol is nothing in the world." But vanity and lies as they are known to be by those who have the Bible, and obey its holy precepts; yet the soul of man, without a better hope to cling to, hangs by these idols with the tenacity of an immortal spirit hanging over an abyss unknown, flushed with alternate hope and fear, and in terror of the wrath to come, which is felt to be the reward of conscious guilt. To such a person, leaping in the dark, an idol is a *straw*, laid hold upon by a sinking man. But the infinite mercy of God prepares the vilest of men, by His judgments or His grace, for the light of the Gospel and the day of salvation. "For by fire and by His sword will the Lord plead with all flesh: and the slain of the Lord shall be many. And I will set a *sign* among them, and I will send those that escape of them unto the nations, to Tarshish, Pul, and Lud, that draw the bow, to Tubal, and Javan, to the isles afar off,

that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory; and they shall declare my glory among the Gentiles."

There is also in my possession, among the heathen relics from Mua, a club belonging to a long line of Priests; and its name is *hallah*, or "path." When the Chiefs came to inquire of the Priest, this sacred club was taken down; the Priest was inspired, and delivered his message, which might be in anger, or otherwise, as the case might be; then the club smote the beam, and away went the *fahe gehe*, mounting aloft, or plunging into the deep, as they saw fit. This club, then, is a sacred *fahe gehe*, or "god," of Tonga. Several others are safely lodged with me, which need no description; for all their qualities are the same as those already mentioned, with mere circumstantial variations. "And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low: and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day. And the idols He shall utterly abolish." "And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and His rest shall be glorious. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea."

All the Friendly Islands are now Christian, and in communion with us, except a few Heathens mixed with a few Papists at Mua and Bea. Homa, also, is for the most part Heathen still, and a few neighbouring places; but their strength is departed from them: they are not at all respected, and neither loved nor feared by any. Popery is so much like Heathenism in this place, that it is not necessary to distinguish the one from the other. I am told that the Tui Tonga and the Priests stipulated that, in adopting the *lotu*, he was to retain his women, dances, fishing on the Sabbath, and such-like things; which are accordingly practised by the Tui Tonga to this hour. This weak-minded Chief, and some others, *lotu* in the Popish faith rather on political grounds than from any love they have to Popery. They dislike the present Sovereign

of the land, and show that Popery and sedition are the same. —*Rev. Walter Lawry.*

DOCTOR PALEY.

William Paley, D.D., one of the most extensively-known Divines of the Church of England, in modern times, was born in July, 1743, at Peterborough; where his father was one of the Minor Canons in the cathedral, from which he afterwards removed to the township of Gigglewick, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on being appointed to the head-mastership of the grammar-school. Here, under the instruction of his father, young Paley discovered great solidity of understanding, and a love for study, indicative of his future eminence as a moral, political, and Christian writer. On attaining his fifteenth year, he was admitted a sizar, or student of the lowest order, of Christ's College, Cambridge; and in the year following, he became a resident member of the University. His father was so impressed with the character of his son's mind, that he could not refrain from declaring to his friends, on his removal to Cambridge, his expectations of his successful scholastic career; saying, "He 'll turn out a great man: very great. He has by far the clearest head I ever met with."

Though he was by no means a hard reader, and rather given to company, he was a keen observer and a close reflecter. His apparent want of application to his private studies did not prevent his rapid rise, three scholarships having been obtained by him soon after he entered the University. On appearing in the public school to make his first act, considerable amusement was furnished to the spectators by the spruceness of his dress, which presented a perfect contrast to his usual slovenliness, and also by the singularity of his gestures and address: however, the ability with which he acquitted himself was such, that afterwards crowds attended whenever it was whispered that Paley was to dispute. In January, 1763, he took his Bachelor's degree with great honour to himself, and then accepted the situation of Second Assistant and Latin Teacher in an academy at Greenwich, at which many young men, designed for the army and navy, were instructed. On being ordained Deacon, he resigned this

situation, and became Curate to Dr. Hinchcliffe, Vicar of Greenwich. In 1765, the Senior Bachelor's prize was awarded him for a Latin Dissertation on "A Comparison between the Stoic and Epicurean Philosophy in their influence on Morals." In the following year he again took up his residence in the University, having been elected a Fellow of Christ's College, of which he became tutor, along with his friend Mr. Law; who, also, had highly distinguished himself by his eminent scholarship. Under these two rising men, the college soon obtained a celebrity above what it ever possessed before, while they were mutually beneficial in promoting their individual advancement in learning.

The character of Paley secured for him the friendship of many of the most eminent men of the University, and his lectures on Mathematics, Morals, and the Greek Testament, drew around him numbers of deeply-interested auditors; for, having studied the art of teaching with great care, his method was singularly interesting and instructive.

When the propriety of requiring a subscription to the Articles of Faith of the Church of England was a subject of controversy at Oxford and Cambridge, Paley took the liberal side, and wrote against the imposition of the Church test, though he refused to sign a petition which was drawn up craving relief.

In 1775 he was made Rector of Musgrove, in Westmoreland, with an income of £80 a year; and having married Miss Hewitt, of Carlisle, he took a small farm, in order to augment his financial resources. The year following he was presented to the vicarage of Dalston, in Cumberland; and soon after to that of Appleby, worth £200 per annum. Three years later, he was installed a Prebendary of the fourth stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, valued at £400 a year; and when his friend, Mr. Law, was promoted to the see of Clonfert, he was raised to the dignity of Archdeacon of the diocese of Carlisle. While at Appleby, he published a small work, "The Clergyman's Companion in visiting the Sick," which has undergone several editions, proving the value set on it by his clerical brethren.

As soon as he found himself in possession of a competent

income and leisure, he devoted his attention to the preparation of his celebrated work on "Moral and Political Philosophy," the principles of which he had formerly taught in his University lectures: his aim was to give really useful instruction, rather than to indulge in novelties, and questions more speculative than practical. The appearance of the work at once established the reputation of the author. That all his principles and arguments should be above criticism and objection, was too much to expect. His views of the Sabbath, under the Christian dispensation, have done immense mischief, and called forth many powerful refutations. And his definition of "the nature of obligation" has also subjected him to severe censure: however, he made no reply to any of his assailants, though afterwards he made a few slight alterations. Yet had he gone farther, it would have been more to his credit, and to the improvement of his readers. In 1787 he wrote a Memoir of Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and two Tracts on the abolition of the slave-trade. His view of slavery had been already given to the public in his "Moral and Political Philosophy," in language sufficiently clear and condemnatory.

His next work, indicating greater originality of mind than any others he wrote, was entitled, "Horæ Paulinæ; or, the Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul evinced, by a comparison of the Epistles which bear his name, with the Acts of the Apostles, and with one another." This excellent treatise is of great value to students of theology, and all inquirers into the evidences of the truth of the Gospel. When the French revolution shook all Europe, Paley employed his pen, and republished portions of his previous works, in order to soften the temper of opposite factions, who measured their loyalty or love of liberty by the warmth of their passions and ferocity of their language. But he had to bear the cross-firing of the belligerents, while his moderation was despised as mere truckling and time-serving.

The infidel philosophy of France, being directed not only against political institutions, but the very existence of Christianity, as inimical to the lawless liberty it inculcated, filled the friends of religion with painful apprehensions, and stimulated many to buckle on the armour of truth, in order to resist

evils which threatened the eternal, as well as temporal, welfare of mankind. In this conflict Paley did good service by his "View of the Evidences of Christianity," which he published in 1794. While this excellent work served the best of causes, it procured for its author both fame and emolument. Dr. Porteus, the very worthy, pious, and learned Bishop of London, gave him a prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul's; and a few months afterwards, Dr. Prettyman, Bishop of Lincoln, promoted him to a sub-deanery in that diocese. And not long after this, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Barrington, offered him the rectory of Bishopwearmouth, worth £1,200 a year, which he accepted; and soon after his induction, he married Miss Dobinson, of Carlisle; having been left a widower in May, 1791, with a family of four sons and four daughters. He now divided his time between Bishopwearmouth and Lincoln, residing at the latter three months in the year. The freedom of his political views had for a long while obstructed his preferment; but now he rose to a position of ease, abundance, and honour, his acquaintance being sought by many of the first men of the day. Moreover, he maintained a character for industry and virtue, becoming the sacred office which he filled.

In 1800 he was attacked by a disease which laid him aside, and unfitted him for discharging his clerical duties, and at length brought him to the grave. It greatly interrupted his literary labours; but as soon as he had any respite from pain, he diligently applied himself to such duties as his state allowed. The Bishop of Durham suggested to him, that, though laid aside from public labours, he might, by his pen, make up, in some measure, for their loss. On which the Doctor began, and successfully finished, his "Natural Theology." This admirable performance has been regarded by many as the most important of his works: how scepticism can resist the light that shines in every argument presented by the author, may well amaze unsophisticated readers. As a keen observer, and true interpreter of the objects presented by nature, to declare the existence and attributes of God, Paley appears to great advantage here. The character of his mind, the nature of his studies, and the claims of his office,

conspired to fit him for executing this important and useful work; of which one of his biographers observes, "In the present state of the learned world, this is, perhaps, the most important of Dr. Paley's works, as possessing the best tendency to reclaim persons wandering in the mazes of scepticism, to that state of thought which is most favourable to the true improvement of the human character, and to the establishment of that state of mental peace after which a sense of our weakness naturally leads us to aspire."

Though not evangelical, Paley will ever be regarded as one of the most successful defenders of the outworks of natural and revealed religion. The other productions of his pen are neither so well known nor so generally read as the above-named. Up to May, 1805, he continued to take a lively interest in all the great questions of the day affecting the well-being of society. He was then seized with a violent paroxysm of the disease which no longer yielded to any effort of medical skill, but brought him to the grave. He expired, May 25th, at Bishopwearmouth, leaving his works as a legacy to posterity. The editions these have gone through, and the sale they have commanded, show the value set upon them by the reading public of his native and other lands. P. S.

WHERE IS TRUE PLEASURE TO BE FOUND?

We have had two remarkable testimonies to the insufficiency of worldly advantages, however numerous and excellent, to satisfy the desires of man. These testimonies are remarkable, both as regards the sources from which they emanate, and their distinct and positive character. The first is from Southey. It is well known to most persons that he attained, even at a comparatively early period of his life, a wide-spread and distinguished reputation. He was married happily; and he was the father of a numerous family, in whose intelligence, affection, and mutual harmony he took great delight. He had a circle of friends, to whom his amiable qualities of heart, no less than his gifts of intellect, had rendered him deservedly dear; he enjoyed, till past the

meridian of life, a measure of health quite rare among *littérateurs*, and sufficient to enable him to devote himself with great ardour to his favourite pursuits; and, lastly, he was blessed with a natural hilarity of temper, a disposition "to look on the bright side" of things, and a susceptibility of enjoyment, which, perhaps, more than any outward surroundings or possessions, contributes to happiness. Yet these are his words, addressed to a friend, in a letter written in the fifty-third year of his age:—

"I believe, my dear R., that most men, by the time they have reached our age, are ready, whatever their pursuits may have been, to agree with Solomon, that they end in vanity. If they are not mere clods, muckworms, they come to this conclusion:—wealth, reputation, power, are alike unsatisfactory when they are attained; alike insufficient to content the heart of man, which is ever discontented, till it has found its rest. This it finds in the prospect of immortality; in the anticipation of a state where there shall be no change, except such as is implied in perpetual progression. When we have learned to look forward with *that hope*, then we look back upon the past without regret, and are able to bear the present, however heavy and painful sometimes may be its pressure. There is no other support for a broken spirit; no other balm for a wounded heart."

The other example—that of the great German poet, philosopher, critic, and naturalist, Goëthe—is still more remarkable. It seldom happens that we are permitted to view an eminent individual so nearly as we may do Goëthe. So much has been written about him, including his autobiography, his journals, and accounts of the visits of travellers, that his whole private life is laid bare, and his very thoughts, feelings, and sentiments, on nearly all subjects, are known to us. All that has been said of the good fortune—to use a worldly phrase—of Southey, applies with far greater force to him. Probably no other man ever attained, during his own lifetime, so high and distinguished a reputation, and so general a popularity. He was regarded by his own countrymen with an affectionate enthusiasm and reverence, bordering on idolatry. He received marks of distinction from many of the

European Princes, including the cross of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon. All travellers of note who visited Germany, paid their homage to him; and so various were the literary and scientific departments in which he was distinguished, that he was able to send all away delighted, and impressed with his wonderful powers. He attained the singular, if not absolutely unprecedented, honour of having his productions made the subject of exegesis from professional chairs, while he was yet living.

Many other particulars, in which he was not less conspicuously happy, might be specified; such as the favour of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, which secured him an ample fortune, thus leaving him at liberty to gratify his intellectual tastes, without the necessity, which has embittered the lives of so many men of letters, of drudging for his bread; almost uninterrupted health through a long life; the versatility of his talent, and the consequent variety of the sources of enjoyment open to him, and his power of rendering a happy temperament yet more inaccessible to the attacks of misfortune, by the shutting out from his mind all disagreeable subjects, and permitting those only of a harmonious and pleasing character to find entertainment there. In short, if any one might be singled out as an exception to the rule that "man is born to sorrow," he was that man. Yet here we have his testimony to the amount of real happiness he had enjoyed:—

"I have ever been esteemed one of fortune's chiefest favourites, nor have I any reason to complain of the course my life has taken. Yet truly, there has been nothing but trial and care; and now, in my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I *have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure.* The stone was always to be rolled up again."

Facts like these need no comment. They are themselves the most impressive comment that can be given on the vanity of every man's life that is not spent in serving God and doing good to men. "For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief: yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity."

TRUE KNOWLEDGE A SAFEGUARD OF LIBERTY.

True and extensive knowledge never was, and never can be, hurtful to the peace of society. It is ignorance—or, what is worse than ignorance, false knowledge—that is chiefly terrible to states. It is the ill-taught, the blind, and the misguided that are prone to be seized with groundless fears and unprovoked resentments, to be raised by incendiaries, and to rush desperately on to sedition and acts of rage: subjects that are the most instructed and best informed are ever most peaceable and loyal; whereas the loyalty and obedience of those whose understanding extends not beyond names and sounds will be always precarious, and can never be thoroughly relied upon. Any turbulent and artful man can arouse them by din and clamour, and by the continual application of those stimulants which intoxicate and inflame them even to madness, and can make them believe themselves undone while nothing hurts them, or think they are oppressed when they are best protected, and can drive them into riot and rebellion without the excuse of one real grievance. It is a true observation, "that it is easy work to govern wise men; but to govern fools or madmen, continual slavery." It is from blind zeal and the cleaving to superstition, it is from the ignorant rashness and rage attending faction, that so many sanguinary evils have destroyed men, dissolved the best governments, and thinned the greatest nations; and as a people well instructed will certainly esteem the blessings they enjoy, and study public peace for its own sake, there is great merit in instructing the people, and in helping them to cultivate their understanding. They are certainly less credulous, in proportion as they are more knowing, and consequently less likely to be made the dupes of demagogues, and the property of the ambitious. They are not then to be surprised with false cries, nor animated by imaginary danger; and wherever the understanding is well principled and informed, the passions will be mild, and the heart well disposed. They, therefore, who communicate true knowledge, are true friends to the world, and benefactors to society, and deserve all encouragement from those who preside over the nation,

with the applause and good wishes of all well-disposed and honest men.—*Anon.*

THE PATH OF THE JUST.

PROV. IV. 18.

"*The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.*" Endeavour to overlook the advances of modern civilisation, the facility of travel over the surface of our happy country, the construction of modern highways, and the leisure, the capital, and the science necessary to produce level and well-drained roads like our own. Let your imagination fall back, if possible, on a land unlike any you have ever seen. It is a land occupied for many ages by shepherds and herdsmen, a people without fixed abode, wandering like Moses when he kept the flocks of Jethro; or Jacob, when tending those of Laban; or David, father of the inspired author of the above sentence, when he watched his father's sheep in the wild fields of Bethlehem; or those others who, many generations afterwards, guarded theirs on the open plain at night. Think of a country where each rural tract was called a wilderness, or, if we were to be etymologically exact, *a drift*, or *grazing-ground*,* because there the shepherds led their flocks. Bear in mind that this country is not yet settled, that the barbarians are not driven out, nor the territory occupied by the tribes to whom it is allotted; that the cities are walled in because of insecurity from the savage heathens, who often range the wild country making their incursions on the ill-defended folds and gardens, and attacking defenceless travellers. Recollect that culture was in so low a state that thieves dug through mud-walls into the houses; that people made pits in the earth to be their savings'-banks; and that while some of the poor lived in holes of the rocks, or in forsaken catacombs, others made for themselves in summer rude structures that the winds and rains of the next winter swept away. Remember that that country, even when most populous and, as we might fancy,

* מדבר from דבר to drive cattle.

best defended by strong Roman garrisons, had a way from Jerusalem to Gaza that was deserted,* and a way from Jerusalem to Jericho that was proverbially perilous, because infested by robbers, who left wounded travellers stripped and bleeding on the way-side, even in open day. Call to mind the repugnance which every one must have felt to prosecute a journey when the day was far spent; and consider the hospitality which constrained the wayfarer to rest him for the night, for safety sake, even at hours when the caravans, in no very distant desert, pursued their route by starlight, with less consciousness of danger, but when every city shut its gates in fear, while watchmen with dogs trod their beat upon the walls, and neither the one nor the other kept silence if even a whisper of alarm were wafted on the midnight breeze. Mark that the country was so ill prepared for travel, that even a royal progress could not be made without pioneers to prepare a passage for the chariot-wheels, and guards to protect the charioteers from hordes of Edomites and of Sabæans; and you will not fail to perceive that for a traveller to be benighted where no workmen had ever made a road, and where the summer droughts and winter floods cracked and hollowed the unequal ground, was for him to be in a position of most bewildering discomfort and equal danger.

The sacred writer, living in that country, drew a figure from this source, to represent the misery and the peril of wicked men. "The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble." They are not walking confidently on a public road, known to be kept in good repair, and where the passengers might set foot confidently, even though it were too dark to "see their hands;" but they grope their way uncertainly; they are startled if a strange footfall be heard near them; and if one stumbles, he knows not, at the instant, whether he is falling over a pebble or a precipice. The distress and terror of such a situation, finely describes—if one may venture to say that it is describable—the horror of a guilty conscience, when the sinner, without God, and without hope in the world, enwrapped in darkness

* αὕτη (agreeing with ὁδὸς understood) ἐστὶν ἔρημος.

that may be felt, thinks himself to be dropping into hell. It may be a shock of disease, or a rumour of sudden danger that alarms him; and although it is not God's purpose to send him just now beyond the reach of mercy, this he knows not, nor does he know at what he stumbles. His situation is dreadful, because his way "is as darkness."

How unlike it is the path of the just!

There is a contrast suggested by the very terms; and although nothing bearing the name of criticism is so illusory, and even so childish, as merely verbal disquisition, we may observe that the antithesis in the passage before us does appear to be strengthened by a choice of words. The *path*,* or career, of the just is indicated by a word that denotes the progress, or advance, of the moving passenger; whereas the *way*† of the wicked is represented by a trodden path, made only by the action of the foot, and leading, it may be, to some haunt that should be dreaded. The way is as darkness. To find it the eye serves not. It was beaten by the foot, and the foot may feel it. But what will the foot feel next? This tells of the trepidation of a self-accusing conscience.

But the career of the just is as the shining light: it is like the day, which is light, driving away darkness. Light in the dawn, however feeble, still is light, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. When the sun rides high in the meridian, the shadows minish; and then, whichever way one looks, there is nothing hidden from his view, except the position be remote. There is light enough, and more than enough, for all that the traveller is concerned to see.

The idea of our "proverb" is that of *progress* combined with *certainty*. The path of the just, their way through this world towards heaven, is clear: it is bright, but the brilliance and assurance may increase until this way is *perfect*. To ascertain whether we are in such a way demands consideration; and we will, therefore, survey for a moment the path of the just, and then our conscience, if it be a good one, will answer for itself.

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* אֹרַח † דֶּרֶךְ

The heart glows with early love towards God. Gratitude to Him who has welcomed home the prodigal, and joyous adoration of the Father who put the ring on the hand, and clothed the weary one in the best robe, and bade them bring shoes for his feet, and fill the house with gladness and thanksgiving at his restoration, have burst forth vigorously, and are themselves a fountain of enjoyment. The slant ray of morning cannot, indeed, suddenly dispel the mist, neither does the dawning grace at once remove all ignorance, and chase away all worldliness; but it will achieve the work, unless it be wickedly resisted. The solar fire penetrates and rouses every slumbering energy, and the day cannot be turned back again. Even so may the heart be established in the love of God, and soon gain power over all that is evil in the world. For the love of God can be made perfect, just as certainly as morning may strengthen into noon.

Recently admitted into the school of Christ, the neophyte must not imagine himself to have attained to perfection in any branch of Christian knowledge. He is only in the grey morn; he has but just awoke out of sleep, and has almost all to learn. But he is not to be ever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. It is not his Master's pleasure that he should only con the first lessons, and be kept back in the first elements of the doctrine of Christ; but he is exhorted to "go on unto perfection." And who, except the dullest novice, does not understand that knowledge of this kind is matured by application of each article of doctrine to perform some duty that is exigent, or to encounter and repel some temptation that arises. And the end of this learning, as Clement of Alexandria beautifully said, is to make the learner *better* rather than more knowing.* Pursuing proficiency, therefore, in the Divine science of Christianity, the student becomes "well instructed in the kingdom of heaven,"—which is righte-

* He frequently indulges in this admirable sentiment. The religion of the "true Gnostic," or knowing one, he calls a service of God which makes men better, and at the same time more useful. "It brings health to the body, and it is a philosophy that improves the soul." (Ἰατρικὴ μὲν σώματος, φιλοσοφία δὲ ψυχῆς βελτιωτική.)—*Clem. Alex. Strom.*, vii. 1.

ousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Herein is a sanctification of the intellect, which becomes clear and bright, as well as powerful, when the successful student fully acquires "the mind of Christ," is furnished with spiritual discernment, his understanding is fully sanctified to God, he attains a spiritual maturity, the puerility and follies of sin are past, and, however humble may be his natural endowments, he is, in moral rectitude and in wisdom that cometh from above, *a man in* CHRIST. Here, again, it is verified, that "the path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

And this is not only true in regard to the inner man of the heart, and to the discipline of the mind. The *path*—the *career*—of a just man brightens as he advances towards the "rest that remaineth" for him. "The path of the just," in the language of Solomon, is, in the style of St. Paul, "the race that is set before us." And as the sun in the firmament "rejoiceth as a strong man to run his race," climbs to the zenith without weariness, and lays him down again in the horizon without exhaustion; so does the just man, day by day renewed, gain strength, rather than lose it, urging onward in a way that has no weariness, arduous and rugged as it may be. The Lord's faithful pilgrim never faints. His palmer, so long as his face is heavenward, so long as he refuses to be allured from the appointed way, is sure to increase in vigour; for even quickened speed refreshes him: unlike that

"——Silly man, in simple weeds foreworne,
And soil'd with dust of the long dried way;
Whose sandales were with toilsome travel torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveiled many a sommer's day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Inde;
And in his hand a Jacob's staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind."

O no! the Lord's pilgrim seeks a city of habitation eternal, a better country, an enduring substance. When he passes through the valley of weeping, the rains of heaven "make it a pool;" he goes from strength to strength, and at length

appears on Sion before God. With manifest obedience, with unsullied purity, with integrity that will not bend, with faith never wavering, with courage undaunted, and with hope full of immortality, "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

LITERATURE.

The Principles of Wesleyan Methodism, ascertained by historical Analysis, and defended by Scripture and Reason: an Essay adapted to the present Times. By the Rev. James H. Rigg. Partridge and Oakey.

THIS is a second edition of a very seasonable and instructive book. The din of strife now passes away. Wesleyan Methodists may review the events of two troublous years, and gather from them evidence to demonstrate the folly and wickedness of allowing a worldly spirit to gain ascendency within the church of God, and of letting passions that would discredit any merely secular community, run loose within the boundaries of that communion where the word and the Spirit of God should have sovereign authority. And now that the time of dispassionate reflection has arrived, Mr. Rigg's Essay may be recommended as containing a lucid and honest statement of "the principles of Wesleyan Methodism," sustained by facts of history, justified by the sentences of holy Scripture, and attested by experience. It is such a statement as ought to satisfy any one who has not yet been otherwise informed, that the church which he has joined rests on a scriptural and well-tried foundation. The controversial character of the book rises out of the circumstances which occasioned its composition.

The Collegian; or, Wesley-College Magazine. Published under the sanction of the Governor and Head-Master. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE first Number (for October) of a clever little Magazine, edited by a few of the members of the College, to essay their literary and scientific powers, and cherish the "spirit of the place." To the circle connected with that efficient and well-conducted institution, this little academic monthly will no doubt be very interesting. It already displays considerable spirit and very respectable talent.

VARIETIES.

THE solar beam, acting on chemically-prepared surfaces, at length begins to supersede the toil of draughtsmen, where accurate architectural outline is desired. M. Eugéne Piot has obtained exquisitely elaborate photographs of public edifices in Pisa and in Florence, which are published, in engraving, as first of a series, under the title of "Photography of monumental Italy."

The spirit of maritime enterprise is nothing daunted by the loss of Sir John Franklin and his companions; for although traces of that expedition have been found, even including graves with names of three sailors buried, and dated in April, 1846, the probability that they survive is small indeed. Another, but less perilous expedition is announced as intended, from France into the sea of Japan, "to be at once military, commercial, and scientific, and which has for its object to open to European commerce states which have been closed against it since the sixteenth century."

Our own Polynesian expedition, represented in "the good ship," John Wesley, is reinforced by a Missionary party of eight persons, exclusive of the apostolic Walter Lawry, who returns, at their head, to resume his labours in those islands of the Pacific Ocean. He is followed by the prayers and the benedictions of thousands in our happy land who already see that enterprise honoured by the Prince of peace in a glorious enlargement of the bounds of Christendom.

A gigantic work, for the distribution of the waters of the Nile over

Lower Egypt, by means of canals, to be executed under the authority of the Pasha, is in satisfactory progress. And in our own country it is proposed to erect a granite bridge, two miles in length, across the river Severn, connecting South Wales and the west of England. If completed according to the plan, ships of the largest size will pass it at all times, under arches of three hundred and twenty-four feet span. The upper parts of the piers and abutments are proposed to be habitable. And besides a double line of rails and a carriage-road, there is designed a covered colonnade, fifty feet wide along the middle of the way, with bazaars, shops, and other buildings. Vast as is the scheme, it is said to be recommended as no less practicable than useful.

The long-expected electric communication between the Continent of Europe and our island, by means of a sub-marine telegraphic cord, is now accomplished.

The map of France, which was begun in 1817, is not yet finished. It is to contain two hundred and fifty-eight sheets, of which one hundred and forty-nine are already published. There yet remains five years' work in surveying, and nine years' work in engraving, to be done. The total cost will exceed £400,000 sterling. Up to this time, two thousand two hundred and forty-nine staff officers have been employed in the work.

Her Majesty has granted a pension of £100 a year on the civil list to the family of the late Rev. James Seaton Reid, D.D., Professor of Church History in Glasgow, and author of the "History of Presbyterianism in Ireland," besides other works on theology.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"To meditate o'er Nature's sombre hue,
To view each golden tint, and fading flower,
Emblem of life, vision, alas! how true,
We grasp at shadows every passing hour.

"How varied and how quick, the changing scene,
Which heaven's soft mantle clothes in snowy white;
Fringes with pearl the placid silver stream,
And gilds with moonlight beams the starry night.

"We contemplate the heavenly grand display
Of God's almighty works, creative powers;
Who with His breath could melt the heavens away,
And moulder into dust the loftiest towers."

Mr. Gilpin, who viewed nature with the eye of an accurate artist, made the following remarks on the appearance of the woods at the close of autumn:—"Painters have chosen autumn, with almost universal predilection, as the season of landscape. The leafy surface of the forest is at that period so varied, and the masses of foliage are yet so full, that they allow the artist great latitude in producing his tints, without injuring the breadth of his lights.

'The many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a varied umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark.'

"Of all the hues of autumn, those of the oak are commonly the most harmonious. As its vernal tints are more varied than those of other trees, so are its autumnal. In an oaken wood you see every variety of green, and every variety of brown, owing either to the different exposure of the tree, its different soil, or its different nature. The deep orange tint of the beech is, perhaps, after all, the most beautiful of autumnal colours. I have known many planters endeavour, in their improvements, to range their trees in such a manner as, in the wane of the year, to receive all the beauty of autumnal colouring. The attempt is in vain, unless they could so command the weather as to check or produce at pleasure those tints which nature hath subjected to so many accidents. A general direction is all that can be given; all must be left to chance; and after the utmost that art can do, the wild forest, with its usual discords and monotonies, will present a thousand beauties which no skill can rival."

The first half of the month.—The water-ouzle, or water-crake, is seen in the neighbourhood of small brooks, especially those which intersect rocky countries: it feeds on insects and small fishes; and though its feet are not webbed, yet it will dart completely under the surface of the water in search of its food. Rooks and magpies frequent stubble-fields, and starlings flock together on the tops of the trees. The green or golden plover appears, and the stockdove arrives from northern regions. Very few insects are now to be seen: those that are abroad are chiefly of the lepidopterous family. Oysters are in perfection in this month. They are generally found fixed to a rock, or some other submarine object, apparently enjoying only the nourishment brought by the waves, and scarcely giving any signs of life except by the opening and shutting of the valves. The oysters adhere to stones and other objects by means of a mucilaginous liquid with which they are covered as soon as they are formed, and which seems to be of the same nature as that with which they increase their shells.

The beauty of the garden and the greenhouse, at this season, is the Chinese gold-flower, of which we have numerous varieties. The late-flowering crocus (*crocus serotinus*) begins to put forth its blue flowers; and the varied species of the chrysanthemum unfold their large and beautiful blossoms. The hepatica is in blow, and the china-rose still displays its abundant blossoms in our gardens. A few hardy stocks and wall-flowers yet attract our attention.

The last half of the month.—The water-rat and hare remain much in their dens; and the roe and the stag are noisy. The golden-eye duck, the stockdove, the gadwal, and poachard, arrive from the north, or from the more mountainous parts of the country; and woodcocks and snipes appear. At this season of the year, larks are congregated, and roost closely together on the ground; where, for the want of larger game, they often become the prey of the night-prowling fox. Chaffinches and other small birds assemble together in thick-set hedges. The wren and the thrush

occasionally break out into song, as in summer. Our old friend, the robin, cheers these short and often gloomy days with his lively song.

The garden and orchard snail retire under shelter for the winter. The copper-butterfly and great rove-beetle may still be occasionally seen; and several species of lady-bird, the wood-boring beetle, woodlouse, millepede, &c., may be found lurking under the bark of trees. The electrical scolopendra may be met with, shining at the bottom of old walls, on pathways, &c., in mild nights. The November dagger-moth, the drab day-moth, and the common flat-body moth, make their appearance; and the cricket is merry in his residence by the fireside of the kitchen or cottage.

There are now but few wild plants in flower. In the garden, in warm situations, the following are more or less in blow:—the ten-petalled sunflower, the late golden-rod, the pretty little virginia-creeper, and the stately chrysanthemum, of various species.

Drake, in his work entitled, "Evenings in Autumn," says: "It is as combining the decline of the day with that of the year,—the period both of beauty and decay,—that an evening in autumn becomes so generally the parent of ideas of a solemn and pathetic cast. Not only, as in the first of these instances, do we blend the sunset of a physical with that of a moral being, but a further source of similitude is unavoidably suggested in the failure and decrepitude of the dying year,—a picture faithfully, and, in some points of view, mournfully, emblematic of the closing hours of human life.

"With the daily retirement of the sun, and the gradual approach of twilight, though circumstances, as we have seen, often associated in our mind with the transitory tenure of human existence, there are usually connected so many objects of beauty and repose, as to render such a scene, in a high degree, soothing and consolatory; but, with the customary decline of light, are now united the sighing of the coming storm, the eddying of the withered foliage,

> 'For autumn comes, in solemn gold,
> And all the gaudy leaves are strewn;
> The trees look barren, thin, and cold,
> Beneath the gathering tempest's frown:
> The hunter wanders by the wold,
> By heath, and fell, and mountain brown,
> By hill, and dale, and river-head,
> Where the dead leaves find a bed,
> Hectic, and grey, and fever-red.'

"These are occurrences which so strongly appeal to our feelings, which so forcibly remind us of the mutability of our species, and bring before us, with such expressive solemnity, the earth as opening to receive us, that they have, from the earliest stages of society, and in every stage of it, been considered as typical of the brevity and destiny of man:—

> 'Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
> Another race the following spring supplies,
> They fall successive, and successive rise:

So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these when those have pass'd away!'"

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Swift on the wings of thought from earth I rise,
To view yon distant, shining worlds of light;
To' adore that Power whose all-creating might
First fix'd their orbits in the vaulted skies.
Soft are their voices, as they move along,
In countless myriads, through the milky-way;
O, let me list their never-ceasing song,
And catch their murmurs as they nightly stray;
Gaze with delight amidst the glittering throng,
Till eastern skies proclaim the' approach of day!
Hail! sovereign Lord and universal King!
Thy power sustains their glorious destiny;
Unnumber'd worlds in ceaseless anthems sing
Thy praise,—who amply dost their various wants supply."

How astonishingly capacious must be the expanse which yields room for those mighty globes, and their widely-diffused operations! To what mighty lengths did the almighty Architect stretch His line when He measured out the stupendous platform! Inconceivable extent! It swallows up our thoughts. Where are the pillars that support this grand majestic concave of the sky? How is that immeasurable arch upheld, unshaken and unimpaired, while so many generations of busy mortals have sunk and disappeared, as bubbles upon the stream? The stars, which are such prodigious globes, how are they fixed in their lofty situations? By what miracle in mechanics are so many thousand ponderous orbs preserved from collision, or striking against each other? Are they hung in golden or adamantine chains? Rest they their enormous load on rocks of marble, or on columns of brass? It is the Almighty Spirit that has breathed upon it, and has thus animated nature with those wonderful principles or laws of projection and attraction, by which this mighty fabric is supported; the latter the all-combining cement, the former the ever-operating spring. It is by the mighty power of attraction that the vast worlds of matter hang *self-balanced* on their own centres, and though orbs of prodigious bulk, yet require nothing but this amazing property for their support and continuance.

Thus by means of the projectile impulse on one hand, and the attractive energy on the other, being both most nicely proportioned, and under the immediate operation of the Deity, the various globes run their radiant races, (without the least interruption or deviation,) so as to produce the alternate changes of day and night, the pleasing vicissitudes of the seasons, the flux and reflux of the tides, and a thousand others. Let us, then adore with reverential awe that great and glorious Being, whose word gave birth to universal nature, and endued it with

these surprising properties; that incomprehensible Being, who is perfect in knowledge, mighty in power; whose name, whose nature and operations are great and marvellous; who summons into being, with equal ease, a single atom, or ten thousand worlds.

The SUN, appointed by the all-wise and benevolent Creator to impart light and heat to our world, and all his surrounding planets, rises on the 1st day at Greenwich at fifty-five minutes past six, and sets at thirty-three minutes after four: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at nine minutes past seven, and sets at nineteen minutes after four. The Sun enters the sign Sagittarius in the night on the 22d; and on the 23d he rises at Greenwich at thirty-three minutes past seven, and sets at one minute before four: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at four minutes before eight, and sets at thirty-eight minutes after three.

The MOON sets on the 1st at half-past eleven at night, and on the 5th at a quarter before three in the morning: she is full on the 8th, at twenty-one minutes past eleven at night; and rises on the 9th at five in the evening. The Moon rises on the 11th at nine minutes past six, and on the 14th at six minutes before nine, at night: she enters on her last quarter on the 16th, and rises on the 18th at a quarter before one in the morning: she rises on the 19th at ten minutes past two, and on the 21st at eight minutes before five. The Moon changes on the 23d, at six minutes past two in the morning; and exhibits her fine crescent in the evening sky on the 25th, and sets soon after six o'clock: she sets on the 27th at eight, and on the 29th at a quarter past ten, at night; and on the 30th she is half full, and passes the meridian, or is due south, at a quarter past six in the evening.

MERCURY is invisible.

VENUS, also, is invisible this month.

MARS is now a somewhat conspicuous object in the night, rising on the 2d at forty minutes past nine, and on the 27th at forty-five minutes after eight: on the 14th and 15th he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon.

JUPITER appears at the end of the month in the mornings: he rises on the 26th at about a quarter past five: on the 21st he is near the Moon.

SATURN is very favourably situated for observation: he is on the meridian, or is due south, on the 4th at eleven, and on the 18th at ten o'clock, at night; on the 7th he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon.

POETRY.

CLEEVE ABBEY.

THOU fortress of the vale! full well thy seat
Of old was chosen. Not where Dunster towers,
From out their terraced and deep-foliaged hill,

Forth-looking on the mountain and the sea,
Rise in commingled might and loveliness;—
Nor yet where Lynton's savage majesty,
From sea to sky one stern unbending line,
Holds battle with the tempest and the wave,
And stands, amid the' encroaching works of man,
Witness for God's illimitable power,—
Were thy foundations laid. The rich soil round thee,
Thy winding, shelter'd vale, and gushing stream,
Abide unalter'd. But thine arches proud,
Are covert for the waggon and the team;
Thy cells are stalls for oxen; and thy range
Of stately windows, with their tracery
So firm and massive, yet so fair-proportion'd,
Stare vacant, as the hollows of a skull.
Thine age hath no man's reverence; and the hand
Of restless Ruin toils upon thee still.
Is there no cause?
Raise but thine eye aloft,
Where in a rich dark mass the ivy clings:
What seest thou?
A niche and canopy,
Time-worn, but graceful still.
There stood, erewhile,
The handiwork of man,—the creature's creature,—
And claim'd at first a part, and soon the whole,
Of that which was the right of God alone.
He saw it;—and in clouds and darkness came.
He raised his iron rod, an earthquake-shock
Was felt throughout the nations. Then went down
From yonder niche, its tenant and His rival.
Now it is sought for, and it is not found.
So perish all that dares intrude itself
Between the sinner and his Saviour-God!
So perish all would turn our eye aside
From Him who mediates alone for all!
So perish most what most insidious comes
Pretending, with the serpent's subtlest guile,
To symbolise,—to represent,—to aid,
By cross, by painting, or by crucifix,
The worship of man's spirit! setting Him
Who intercedes with groans unspeakable,
Below the artist's brush, the organ's tone!
But He is mighty, and He changeth not:
"The idols He shall utterly abolish."
Let potsherds strive with potsherds of the earth,
But woe to him who striveth 'gainst his Maker.

Williton, July, 1851. E. H. N.

H. T. & J. Roche, Printers, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

THE

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTER

AND

GUARDIAN.

DECEMBER, 1851.

ANCIENT BABYLON.

(*With an Engraving.*)

From the building to the desertion, from the day of confusion when God came down to confound the speech of the workmen, even to this hour, there has not been in the world a city of history so prolonged and so suggestive as this Babylon. Within the area that is now covered by mounds and marshes, on the banks of the Euphrates, where there is nothing more than deathlike solitude and misshapen ruin, were gathered the first revolters of the post-diluvian world. They rebelled against the sovereignty of Him the memory of whose deluge was recent in that age. They combined their skill and strength to build a city, and to construct a tower, that might serve as the seat and bulwark of that strength which must have already shown some symptom of decay; and the issue of their scheme we know.

Nimrod, a mighty hunter, a man fierce and warlike, first of tyrants, took Babel, and Erech and Ac-Calneh, in the land of Shinar, for the beginning of his kingdom. On this ground the virago Semiramis held her court, reviewed her army, and raised her palaces. Here the sage Nitocris outshone her predecessor in benevolence, if not in modesty, and bequeathed wisdom, more than wealth, to Kings that followed.* Within

* Herodotus relates of Queen Nitocris that, having beautified Babylon with many noble edifices, she caused a tomb to be constructed for herself over one of the gates of the city, with this inscription, "If any of the Kings

halls that have been crumbled into dust for many ages, the glutton Sardanapalus held his banquets. From the height of towers that once rose as landmarks to strangers coming from afar, and served as observatories to astrologers and temples to Priests, the Chaldeans used to worship the host of heaven, and provoke the anger of their Creator and Lord by pretending to calculate the fate of men and the destinies of nations. Here Nebuchadnezzar had employed the tribute of his hundred and twenty provinces to make Babylon the one wonder of the world, and then proudly surveyed the city and asked if it was not the great Babylon that *he* had built for the house of the kingdom, and for the honour of his majesty. Hence was he driven forth in that same hour, probably by an insurrection of subjects whom he had oppressed, and to whom his "iniquity" had made him hateful; and then, being driven from men, outlawed, fugitive, and forgotten, "did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws." His understanding left him; he was insane in banishment as he had been mad in power, and became at once a maniac, a savage, and a brute.

Babylon was "the City of Gold." That was its familiar name, because all the wealth of the empire flowed into it. It was a high seat of star-worship and of divination. God was not known there; or, if known, He was denied. Yet the city, with all its grandeur, was miserable. No cheerful suburb. No neighbour-towns. No surrounding gardens. A high, thick, unbroken wall encompassed it on the four sides; a barrier, built and strengthened by generations of slaves, to shut in other slaves. This was again surrounded by a deep ditch, filled with water of the Euphrates, that it might be

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of Babylon who succeed me is in want of money, let him open this tomb, and take out of it as much money as he pleases. But let him not open unless he is in need, or it will not be to his advantage." The tomb remained inviolate until the time of Darius, in whom covetousness was more powerful than pride. He, affirming that, by right of conquest, all Babylon was his, opened the tomb; but, instead of money, found another inscription: "Unless thou wast insatiate of money, and greedy of filthy lucre, thou wouldest not have broken open the sepulchre of the dead."—*Herodoti Clio.*

inaccessible. There were a hundred brasen gates, each closed at sunset. To approach them, the ditch was bridged by day; and the bridges were raised at night. The Euphrates flowed through the vast enclosure, and some streets opened upon the river. But there were no spacious wharves for the convenience of commerce; no gay gondolas; no freighted ships; no crews from distant regions. Dead walls frowned upon the unfrequented channel; and at the close of each day the brasen gates were shut here also, and planks, laid upon piers between two chief gates, were withdrawn, that Babylon, shut away in halves, might sleep in durance, the people trusting in wall and gate for defence against an enemy. There was isolation, distrust, ponderous insecurity, unblest profusion, an array of soldiers servile, ferocious, sullen; an army of disunited nationalities, of princedoms having no bond except their Chief in Babylon, nor any common country. Here was no temple to the true God, nor even a synagogue where Moses might be read. A remnant of the twelve tribes of Israel here suffered bondage. The captives used to walk upon the walls, look away toward Jerusalem, and lift up their hands toward heaven in silent prayer; and on those hands JERUSALEM was graven. Or, sitting at the river-gates, they let fall their tears into the flood, which, they might fancy, somewhere in its course watered a land of liberty. Or, challenged to sing a song of Sion, one of those songs of melody sweeter than the Sabian could ever sing, the man of Judah pointed to his harp, which lay unstrung and tuneless, and said that he would never sing a song so holy in that strange and wicked land.

Daniel was there. When Nebuchadnezzar, troubled with portentous dreams, summoned him into his presence, he gave him their interpretation. When the tyrant had blasphemed the God of Daniel, the intrepid Prophet foretold the vengeance he should suffer. When the table of the King was defiled with idolatrous libations, the Prophet refused to taste his meats. When prayer was forbidden to be offered to any god or man except the King, it was on this very ground, now so awfully desolate, that Daniel knelt three times a day, with windows open towards Jerusalem, and prayed to the God of

Abraham. Here were the lions, the dens, the fiery furnaces; and here, too, the ministering angels waited; and one like unto the Son of Man walked with the Hebrews unharmed in fire. On this air vibrated the voice of heralds, after the noise of sackbut and psaltery had ceased, after the lamentable voice of the King had called for Daniel, and after the glad confession of the angel-guarded Prophet had responded from the den. Astonished crowds gathered in the open places where those heaps now lie, and they heard the heralds publish a decree "that in every dominion of the kingdom men should tremble and fear before the God of Daniel," the living God, steadfast for ever, whose kingdom was indestructible and everlasting; who delivered, rescued, wrought signs and wonders in heaven and in earth; who had delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.

When Belshazzar, gluttonous, drunken, impure, and profane, like his ancestors, who had ruled over Babylon from the days of Nimrod, made a feast to his nobles, and, heated with wine, dared to call for the sacred vessels which Nebuchadnezzar brought from the temple of Jerusalem, and when, out of those vessels, they were drinking wine, and praising their idol-gods, the doom of the Golden City was written. Fingers of a man's hand were seen to trace a sentence on the wall, just where a blazing lamp cast its light the clearest. Because the letters were written intricately, or because the character was foreign, or perhaps because there was no division of words, and the wise men, drunken and surprised, could not effect a separation, all were baffled except Daniel; and he, as one called for in the hour of need, came into the scene of revelry. The King sat pale and trembling, the Princes were confounded; and, amidst deep silence, he audibly pronounced these few words,—*Measure, measure, weight*, and *division*. And he interpreted them thus:—

"*Measure*. God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

"*Weight*. Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

"*Division*. Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

The city, following the dissoluteness of the court, and imitating the dissipation of the palace, was unguarded. The inhabitants were drunken. The gates lay open. Darius, the Median, had been long encamped without the walls, beyond the trenches, and no one fancied that he could scale those walls, or force a single gate, so strongly was all fortified landward; but while Belshazzar, the Princes, and the servants were preparing for the feast, the enemy had been urging his operations. The sappers, if a modern allusion may be suffered, diverted the river into a temporary channel: then Darius, marching down the bed, and finding the river-gates open and unwatched, walked in without resistance, took the palace, killed the King, by that stroke extinguished the ancient dynasty, avenged the honour of the God of Israel, verified the supernatural inscription on the wall; and, by way of reward for his true interpretation, he "preferred Daniel above the Presidents and Princes, because an excellent spirit was in him, and thought to set him over the whole realm."

But the flooded lands could not be drained again. The waters of the river having been once turned off, made new channels; the fields were changed into a morass; frequent disease followed; Babylon became unhealthy; repeated hostile occupations and violence spoiled the grandeur of Babylon, and produced a sense of insecurity in its diminished population. Poverty and sickness quickly emptied the streets; the deserted palaces rapidly fell into decay; Seleucia and Ctesiphon, new cities, gradually rose on the banks of the swift-flowing Tigris, became salubrious and flourishing abodes, and the ancient metropolis was utterly deserted. Then were fulfilled on Babylon the sentences of prophecy:—

"The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there,—and the owls shall dwell therein: and it shall be no more inhabited for ever; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation. As God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighbour cities thereof,—so shall no man abide there, neither shall any son of man dwell therein.—They shall not take of thee a stone for a corner, nor a stone for foundations; but thou shalt be desolate for ever, saith the Lord.—Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonish-

ment, and an hissing, without an inhabitant.—Babylon shall sink, and shall not rise from the evil that I will bring upon her.—Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and dragons in their pleasant palaces."*

Refer to the narrative of any traveller, and you will find that the history of Babylon is nothing more than a transcript of the Hebrew prophecies. Examine the labours of the antiquarians who have dug into those "heaps," and you will find them to be exact and vivid illustrations of the sacred history. Observe, also, the relation that is ever marked in this history between offence and punishment, the one answering exactly to the other, if not in degree, yet most evidently in kind; and you may gather a perpetual demonstration of God's immutable justice. And forget not to observe again, that as the Golden City, as people called the capital of Chaldea, "hath ceased," so another Babylon, boasting the title of "Eternal City," shall fall. The former was a type, and in due time it shall become a picture, of the latter.

IS CHRISTIANITY DIVINE?

THE WAY TO CONVICTION.

To DO THE WILL OF GOD is the highest aim of the creature. Grant but the communication of THAT WILL,—or *any* arrangement, seeming good to the Divine wisdom, to bring the momentous knowledge within reach; and it is ours at once to bow to the sovereignty of the perfect law. The reasons on which its requirements are founded may be more dimly or more clearly apparent; or they may be hidden in utter darkness: *the obligation to obey remains the same.*

* Read at length Jer. l. 35—40; li.; Isai. xiii.

In the latter case, the very obscurity serves to discipline the proud spirit of man; and thus to answer a special and inestimable design. In the former case, we find allurements to immediate compliance, and illustrations of the great Lawgiver's benignity: but these will not light us to the SOURCE of duty. We want a higher, deeper principle; one of ample grasp and commanding power; one which foreruns, encircles, enforces, all details. Rules of practical life are numerous as the circumstances which vary its story: they arise with every relation to sentient being, and multiply with the quick vicissitudes of sorrow and joy. Casuists and jurists, weary of unsuccessful toil, leave the classification incomplete. But the last word in morals—that which exhausts the subject—is, TO DO THE WILL OF GOD.

It is not unimportant to observe, that whatever seems worthy of acceptation in our ethical schemes, ancient and modern, falls within this great canon. Contemplate THE WILL OF GOD, emanating from His nature, bright with His goodness, extending, like His condescension, to the humblest among the sons of men. Before this daylight, the dream of mere *utility* fades away. If the *right* and the *expedient* agree,—as is apparent to any eye which can take in the whole subject,—yet the vulgar statement of this matter must be reversed. Actions are not to be pronounced right, because expedient: THEY ARE EXPEDIENT, BECAUSE RIGHT. An Aristotle confutes a Paley. Strange is the announcement, but true; for the celebrated "prudence" of the Stagirite is "not a calculation of consequences," but "a philosophy of the heart," which decides, even before the action has its birth, what is its hue of moral quality.* But philosophers have more reasonably referred the morality of actions to *fitness, order, proportion,*—to *the constitution of things;* and especially to *that of human nature,* implying *the supremacy of conscience,* —to *the just, the beautiful, the honourable.* We are enabled to combine these theories, and to supplement them all: for THE WILL OF GOD ALONE GIVES PRACTICAL AUTHORITY TO THE

* "Encyclopædia Britannica." See articles, "Aristotle," and "Aristotle's Philosophy."

IMPORTANT CONCEPTIONS WHICH THEY EXPRESS. What is *the constitution of nature*, suggesting the tests first enumerated, but the work of the Creator, fraught with indications of His blessed will? What is *the just*, but a reflected ray of His pure, primeval holiness? What are *the beautiful* and *the honourable*, but the same thing, viewed as commanding general esteem and love? Once more: What is conscience, which approves or condemns,—which anticipates the final sentence,—but an authority set up in the inner man by the "most worthy Judge eternal," qualified to admonish by His illuminations, and by His fiat designated to control?

One question is here willingly precluded: Whether the law of God *constitutes* virtue? Some of the forms which this inquiry has assumed, have little show of reverence for the Legislator; in whose serene nature, it is surely enough for mortals to believe, lie the SOURCES and the PRINCIPLES of all morality. The will of God mirrors His spotless, eternal excellence. The oracle, "I CHANGE NOT," rebukes the presumption which, even in dreamy hypothesis, can imagine the code of duty to be repealed, vice to be hallowed, or holiness to take the place of sin.

The Teacher who "knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man," gave prominence to the view with which we began. Himself had said, in the songs of earlier inspiration, "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart." (Psalm xl. 7, 8.) And, from Bethlehem to Olivet, He fulfilled that ancient word. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." But let it never be forgotten that, in all His humiliations and labours,—in all His "sufferings, known and unknown,"*—He was accomplishing the will of God. Blessed Teacher! whose words, full of power and grace, could be equalled only by His own perfect example. Can we hear Him say, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself," without feeling how

* A touching expression in the Litany of the Greek Church.

suitable is the utterance as coming from His lips? "Equal with God," for ever ONE with the Father, though appearing in "the form of a servant," He condescended to put before His audience the alternative, "whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." We know that, in fact, whatever Jesus spake of Himself He spake from God. This inexplicable Unity is asserted by Himself in John v. 19—23: "The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do: for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and showeth Him all things that Himself doeth: and He will show Him greater works than these, that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom He will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him." If the Scriptures do not proclaim Christ to be essential God, no language could convey that doctrine. It is in this peerless light that we are taught to study and adore His compassion,—the mercy that stooped to instruct the most ignorant, and to plead with the most ungrateful, of the creatures He had made.

Submission to God is the lowest view of the first clause in a sentence to which we have referred. The forcible language (Ἐάν τις θέλῃ τὸ θέλημα αὐτοῦ ποιεῖν) implies an active volition and purpose. It would be scarcely too much to say, in paraphrase, "If any man earnestly resolve to do His will, he shall obtain the knowledge which he sincerely seeks; he shall not be the sport of error in so great an inquiry." Every one feels how desirable is certainty *here*. Yet we ask for no human oracle: we allow none. An infallible priesthood is a day-dream,—dissipated by evidence, which its own fatuous care has preserved, of contradictions which human folly and forgetfulness never surpassed. Such an appeal is not provided: it is not needed: it is not suitable to the existing circumstances. It would quench the interest, and exclude the moral benefits, of inquiry. On the other hand, the case of "the wayfaring man" must be met. He

cannot pursue the methods of scientific investigation; but he longs for repose of soul on a question which he cannot allow to remain unresolved. To him the words of the great Prophet are thrice welcome; while, as to others, they satisfy all the conditions of the subject. Every cloud is scattered by the beautiful light of truth. All is Divine simplicity. The loftiest mind is exercised in deep and profitable thought; and the humblest is set at rest. Let the Church be silent, save in publishing the joyful tidings brought down from heaven. We need go to no Pontiff, to no wrangling Council. The happiness we have long sought crowns the humble, earnest resolution to apply the truth practically. But let the Lyceum be silent too. Let not vain reasonings oppose. There is nothing unphilosophical in the resignation of our own will, and the purpose to do whatever the voice of God shall require.

Great and manifold are the blessings which crown obedience. But there is a satisfaction which follows the *resolve* to obey. The passage to which these remarks point is not to be limited to the sentiment, confessedly just and important, that a seeker of truth shall have new light given him; that a "devout" Cornelius shall be directed to a Peter, "preaching peace by Jesus Christ;" that on the feeblest child of man who lifts up his heart to an open heaven, a brighter ray shall come down. THE FATHER OF LIGHTS is the GOD OF THE SPIRITS OF ALL FLESH. In these words there lies a deeper meaning than commonly enters our thoughts. God knows the souls He has made; and He is ever near, to answer the deep sigh, and the "groanings which cannot be uttered." In this respect, as in others, He even "prevents us with the blessings of goodness." The moving descriptions He has given of Himself may well lead us to reflect and adore. What evidence of His providence and grace a complete history of man would supply! But in the case before us, "the doctrine" is announced; the word of salvation is brought nigh. And observe the privilege: It is not said that the sincere and submissive inquirer "shall know" every thing. He may be ignorant of many things which are even connected, more or less nearly, with the Record itself. He may be as unskilled in the criticism of

the Bible as in the discoveries of the modern astronomy. But "he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." There is a connexion between *the resolve to do the will of God* and *the full conviction of revealed truth.*

The readers of this little essay will find an instructive exercise, and one that may well occupy a few of their winter evenings, in tracing that connexion. DELTA.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

IT is a favourite argument of infidels against the particular providence of God, that as this globe is a unit amongst innumerable multitudes of globes, and comparatively an insignificant unit, being one thousand times less than the planet Jupiter, and one million three hundred and fifty thousand times less than the sun, the concerns of its inhabitants would be contemptible to that great Being who upholdeth all things by the word of His power. The fallacy of this argument consists in that it limits the idea of greatness to physical magnitude, totally disregarding those splendid intellectual and moral elements which are the glory of mankind; besides, that it insinuates the absurdity that an infinite mind may be overpowered and bewildered by a multiplication of engagements.

Against these paltry conceptions of His majesty, God has vindicated Himself by leaving upon the minutest parts of His creation, as evident impressions of His power, wisdom, and goodness, as He has left upon His most ponderous works. Reaumur has shown that one grain of gold, of the thinness which is upon silver wire, will cover an area of one thousand four hundred square inches. Now the one-thousandth part of a linear inch is visible under a common pocket-glass: consequently, in this case, the one thousand four hundred millionth part of a grain of gold may be rendered visible. We find extreme difficulty in forming a correct idea of a single million; but when it comes to hundreds of millions, and billions, our reason is overpowered: still the diminutiveness of this particle of gold is inconsiderable when compared with an atom of light. Stand on an elevation, commanding an extensive range of vision, and the entire landscape will be exquisitely

miniatured on the lens of your eye, by floods of atoms of light streaming into that small focus from every point of that vast range. After this, we shall readily allow that the supposition of Sir Isaac Newton was reasonable, that if one ounce of substance were equally distributed through the vast area included in our solar system, there would not be found a cubic inch of that space without its atom.

Minute as these particles are, they are subservient to the sublimest laws;—certain sets of them displaying affinities, or chemical preferences, for each other; flowing together in geometrical arrangement, for the formation of crystals; compacting themselves in vegetable and animal organization, &c.; —laws which pre-eminently demonstrate the particular providence of God. Captain Scoresby states, in his account of the Greenland seas, that in the July of 1818 his vessel sailed for several leagues through waters whose surfaces were variegated with large patches of a yellowish-green colour. A single drop of this water, which filled a micrometer-glass of five hundred and twenty-nine squares, each measuring the one thousand three hundred and fortieth part of an inch, was placed under a magnifying power of twenty-eight thousand two hundred and twenty-four superficies, when each square was proved to contain, on an average, fifty animalcula. This number, multiplied into the number of squares in the micrometer, gives, in a single drop of this water, twenty-six thousand four hundred and fifty animals. It has been calculated that a particle of the blood of one of these creatures is as much smaller than a globule, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, as that globule is smaller than the terraqueous globe. The disproportion between a globule one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and a globe whose diameter is eight thousand miles, is great; but not greater than the disproportion between that globule and a globule of the blood of an animalculum: yet in the composition of that globule of blood, and in its adaptation to the functions it has to discharge within its narrow sphere, there is as evident a demonstration of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as there is in the composition and structure of the earth.

How vain, then, that infidelity, which would wrest from the

Christian his confidence in those gracious words which fell from the lips of Him "who spake as never man spake," reasoning, that if God feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, we need no anxiety as to what we shall eat and drink, and be clothed withal! The particular providence of God is a doctrine philosophically true; for in a single microscopic animal there is as much seen of Him as there is in a telescopic universe of worlds. In magnitude God is seen to be infinite, and in minuteness God is seen to be infinite; under every possible aspect He is infinite: and in His providence, as in all other things, He is infinite; for while with infinite power He balances the spheres, and orders the revolutions of systems, with infinite care he numbers the very hairs of our heads.

Guildford. J. A. MACDONALD.

THE WOODBINE AND THE THORN.

"JUST look at that beautiful flower!" said one of our party, pointing to a luxuriant woodbine that bloomed in a hedge hard by. After some trouble we succeeded in gathering it, and found that it had entwined itself around a thorn. While disentangling the woodbine from its unsightly companion, I remembered an elegant and truthful allegory of an ancient, that though pleasure and pain are contrary in nature, and look different ways, Jupiter had so tied them together, that he who takes the one must have the other. True it is that we all endeavour to separate them. Many at this moment are trying to untwist the woodbine from the thorn; to get happiness apart from sorrow. This is natural. All prefer the flower to the prickle, health to affliction, prosperity to adversity, friends to enemies. It is only the believer in the Lord Jesus who knows how to accept them together. Still, it must be conceded that human life is a mixture of the pleasant and the painful. It is a garden with a sepulchre therein. Illustrations of this truth everywhere abound. When people relate their experience, we hear that each heart has had its *own* bitterness. Families, too, bring their evidence. Of the first family there was a murdered son. Job tells how the wind blew down the house upon his children; and all perished.

The sweet singer of Israel lays aside his harp because his son Absalom is slain. In this family there is a poor idiot child; in that a cripple. Here are babes without a father, and there without a mother. Here life's cup is embittered with grief like that of the importunate widow, and the oppressed one has no rest night nor day: there poverty lours like a dark thunder-cloud over the once-cheerful circle. In this household hearts are bleeding from bereavement; and where are those locks whitened by the winds of time? You hear the sound of those well-known words, "My child! my child!" Where is that happy little face you once looked on with such tender love? Why are those toys put aside? Has the hand of death plucked that opening bud? What means the anxious question, "When will mother come again?" "Why does father stay so long away?" "Where is our little sister?" Indeed, the woodbine and the thorn are twisted. Life has comforts; but it has sorrows too. No situation is exempt. The mysterious combination of contrarieties is universal.

Is there not *a cause?* Let the infidel ascribe all to "chance," but those who believe in the Bible must acknowledge a design in the mingling of sorrow with our joys. The Christian is satisfied that the God of love would never have allowed grief to enter our world unless man had sinned. Melodious as the responsive note of the well-tuned harp were the songs which rose from the lips of man in Eden when primeval glory rested on him: a stream of sacred peace watered the happy garden. There was no broken link in the golden chain whereby kindred hearts were united. There were no clouds between that holy man and the Sun of Righteousness. But sin entered our world. Now, how changed the scene! The harmony is disturbed. Sighs mingle with our songs. We gather the woodbine, and in it find the thorn. Who, then, can love sin when such mournful consequences followed from its introduction? But may not even the sorrows of life be turned to good account? Do they not call into exercise many Christian graces? St. Paul so teaches. "We glory," says he, "in tribulation also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Affliction has been familiarly called God's school, where some of the

most eminent saints have had the best part of their education. Abundant are the blessed fruits of sanctified affliction. And no doubt one reason why no one has perfect happiness in this world is, that men may have their affections withdrawn from earth and fixed upon those things which are above. The woodbine, even when twisted round the thorn, is eagerly gathered; and this present life, with all its sorrows, is too much loved: then how would it be if there were no thorns, no trials? When all is calm and sunshine, we are apt to say, "It is good for us to be here;" but when the sky is overcast, we cry, "Let us go hence." In times of joy we are for building "tabernacles;" but in hours of distress one moans, "I would not live always." We do not say that these outgoings of the heart are inexcusable. O no! Hope of heaven is not planted in the believer's heart to deceive him. Only let us be satisfied that our hope springs from present faith in the death of Christ, and that it glows in a regenerated heart, and is such as "maketh not ashamed." Joyously may we sing, "There is a land of pure delight." There everything is perfect. All is cloudless glory and unmixed delight. Rachel no longer refuses to be comforted. The immortal Psalmist utters no lament. Peter's heart no longer bleeds with penitential grief. The tears of Magdalene are all wiped away. In heaven the days of mourning will be ended.

"No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

"No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

J. D.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

You may inquire what has formed the excavations of the Mammoth Cave. I answer, clearly and decidedly, water, and no other cause. Nowhere else can we find such beautiful

sculptured rocks as in the Mammoth Cave; such perfect, unequivocal, and abundant proofs of the action of running water in corroding a soluble rock. The rough-hewn block in the quarry does not bear more distinct proofs of the hammer and the chisel of the workman, than do the galleries of the Mammoth Cave of the denuding and dissolving power of running water. At Niagara, we see a vast chasm evidently cut by water for seven miles, and still in progress; but we cannot see beneath the cataract the water-worn surfaces, nor the rounded angles of the precipice; while the frosts and rains of countless winters have reduced the walls of the chasm itself to a talus of crumbling and moss-grown rocks. But in the Mammoth Cave we see a freshness and perfection of surface, such as can be found only where the destructive agencies of meteoric causes are wholly absent, aided and quickened as those are on the upper surface by the processes of vegetable life, wholly unknown in the cave. Here we have the dry beds of subterranean rivers, exactly as they were left thousands of years ago by the stream which flowed through them when Niagara was young. No angle is less sharp, no groove or excavation less perfect, than it was originally left, when the waters were suddenly drained off by cutting their way to some lower level. The very sand and rounded pebbles which pave the galleries now, and formed the bed of the stream of old, have remained in many of the more distant galleries untrodden even by the foot of man. The rush of ideas was strange and overpowering as I stood in one of these before-unvisited avenues, in which the glow of a lamp had never before shone, and considered the complex chain of phenomena which lay before me. The delicate silicious forms of cyathophylla and encrinites, protruding from the softer limestone, which had yielded to the dissolving power of the water, carried me back to that vast and desolate ocean in which they flourished, and were entombed as the crystalline matrix was slowly cast around them, mute chronicles of a distant epoch. Then there were the long succeeding epochs of the upper secondary; and, these past, the slow but resistless force of the contracting sphere elevated and drained the rocky beds of the ancient ocean: the action of meteorological causes commenced, and the dissolving power

of fresh water, following the almost invisible lines of structure in the rocks, began to hollow out these winding paths, slowly and yet surely. But I need not attempt to paint a picture in detail whose outlines in simple truth are so grand. I wish that all my scientific friends could visit the Mammoth Cave: it teaches many lessons in a manner not to be learned so well elsewhere, and in this respect I was most agreeably disappointed. I had heard that its interest was chiefly scenic; but I found it to exceed my utmost expectations, as well in its illustrations of geological truth, as in the wonderful character of its features. I will not detain you with any attempts at description of single parts, as no description can awaken those peculiar and deep emotions which a personal study of its details is calculated to produce.

I know not how or where to stop, however, in my account of this interesting place. Excuse me, if I trespass yet a little longer on your patience. In traversing the high vaulted galleries of the cave, our attention was occasionally arrested by the sound of falling water. We soon learned that in such cases we were in the vicinity of an entirely new feature in this subterranean region. Approaching cautiously to the spot from which the sound proceeded, we found usually a deep pit often surmounted by a dome. These pits are of various depths, but generally not less than one hundred feet, and cut down with walls of limestone so entirely vertical, that in many cases we were able to measure them from the edge with a line and plummet. When the gallery leads to the upper portion of one of these vertical excavations, it is called a pit; if, on the other hand, the approach is from beneath, it is usually called a dome, from the regular and arched appearance of the ceiling. These pits or domes are sometimes of almost incredible height; and I am satisfied that, in one or two instances, they reach through the entire vertical thickness of all the strata composing the cave, or near three hundred feet. Such is Gorin's Dome, one of the most remarkable features of the cave. Without seeing them, you will hardly credit, and can hardly appreciate, the sharpness with which the vertical walls of this pit are moulded into architectural forms. At one point the outer diameter of the circle bounding it comes so close to

one of the adjacent galleries, that the thin shell of interposed rock has been removed for a space two feet square, through which, as through a window, the observer may put his head, and obtain an imperfect glimpse of the interior. You perceive that the loophole through which you look is midway between the ceiling and the first gallery below, and, by a Bengal-light, or other powerful illumination, a tolerable view is obtained of the vast proportions of this monolithic structure, built without hands. I was provided with the means of producing the Drummond-light; and, with the guide, my assistant, and Mr. Mantell, we succeeded in making the perilous descent (where only by groping in the dark over profound chasms could we find a foothold) to a point some hundred feet below the opening above-described. Here we erected the Drummond light, and by its aid obtained the first view of the lofty ceiling. The dome is of an irregular outline, in the main ovoidal; and from the ceiling hangs a great curtain of sculptured and vertically-grooved rock unsupported below, with the graceful outline and apparent lightness of actual drapery. A small stream of water falls from the top, which is broken into spray long before it reaches the bottom, and keeps the whole interior wet with its splashing. No gallery has been found which leads to the bottom of this most beautiful dome. We found other similar domes in which the pendant curtain just described had fallen; and portions of it, but little removed from their original position, seemed poised to a second fall.

Of the mysterious rivers, with their many-tongued echoes, the mounds of mud and drift which they annually heap up, the long miles of avenues which stretch away beyond them, rugged or smooth, and of the vaulted ceilings, crystal grottoes, and gypsum coronets, which tempt the mineralogist to untiring exploration, I shall say nothing, having already trespassed so far upon your patience.—*Silliman's Journal.*

ANIMALCULES.

Animalcules have either a soft, naked body, or are covered with a kind of silicious shell, or horny case, which

is transparent, and varies much in form; in some instances nearly covering the body, in others only forming a shield. This shell is called a *lorica;* and the term "loricated" is used to point out the species having a shell. None are supposed to have internal bones; but their muscles must be of the most complicated construction, to enable them to move easily and rapidly, which many of them do in an astonishing degree. One species (*vorticella convallaria*) is attached to leaves and stalks, by a transparent thread of some length: this it has the power of suddenly contracting when danger threatens, so that the body is instantaneously removed to a distance. The muscles in this thread-like stalk are so contrived, that it assumes on these occasions a corkscrew or spiral form, and this action brings the body close to the leaf on which it is fixed; after the lapse of an instant the creature gradually uncoils its stem, and is again employed in procuring food. The muscle that produces this motion (so rapid that it cannot be followed by the eye) is seen within the stalk, with a glass having the power of two hundred and fifty diameters. There are many equally wonderful displays of muscular power to the one here described.

An eye, which is generally of a red colour, is very visible in some genera, but not to be discerned in others; and probably they are destitute of that organ. By some naturalists it is doubted whether these spots are eyes; but, as animalcules are evidently excited by light, it is more than probable: most of the *rotatoria* possess them, some species even having three, and one having seven or eight, on each side of the head; but they are less frequent in the first class, though even there many species have two, and others one. How astonishing that so complicated a structure as the eye should exist in so very diminutive a creature!

Their organs of locomotion, or means of moving through the water, are as varied as their forms. The simplest method is by the aid of a proboscis, which seems to be useful both in obtaining food and in giving motion to the body, the creature using it as a kind of paddle or oar: in some species there are two of these members. Others, again, have many short ones, (called *cilia,*) surrounding what may be termed the mouth,

and by which they not only bring food to that orifice by their rapid movement, which creates a current in the water, but the same action propels the body with wonderful speed, so that the eye can scarcely follow it. These *cilia*, when in motion, have the appearance, to the eye of a spectator, of a rapidly-revolving wheel; and this extraordinary effect is produced in the following way :—each of these little thread-like members has a rotary motion, the point describing part of a large circle, and the base (which is seated on a bulb) part of a small one: this motion, when all are seen in action at once, gives the appearance of a turning-wheel, because the *apparent* revolution of the whole takes place in the same time as the real rotation of a single one. I know nothing more wonderful than this formation; and, indeed, it is one of the most interesting spectacles that can be observed by the aid of the microscope. It is supposed by some naturalists to be also the means of respiration. In some genera the *cilia* are not confined to the opening, but cover the whole body; and by this means they progress rapidly through the water, having a revolving motion, like that of a ball. Some have a gliding movement, similar to the snail or leech; others, again, have a foot, with which they catch hold of substances that come in their way. In many species, also, bristles are attached to the surface of the body, which may act as fins; and some kinds have appendages, curved at their extremities, and serving as hooks to attach the animal to substances on which it feeds. Some few are motionless, others revolve on the centre, or move by leaps or undulations; and, in fact, they seem to use every kind of motion that can be conceived.

Infusoria increase more rapidly than other organized beings. In some of the modes of reproduction they resemble animals of a higher order of creation. Very many species lay eggs, which they attach to water-plants; others produce their young alive: but many increase by germs, or buds, growing from their own body, which are separated when sufficiently arrived at maturity; others, again, divide into two or more parts, and each becomes a new animalcule, with equal powers. But perhaps the most extraordinary is the compound formation of the *volvocina* family, in which many

individuals are enclosed in a transparent globe, where they have increased by self-division: as they grow in size the case enlarges also, but continues entire till they have arrived at maturity, when it bursts, and the inhabitants, as they may be called, are set at liberty, each forming in its turn a new globe, and again increasing by self-division. How wonderful are all these peculiarities in beings unseen by the naked eye! These facts must create an eager desire to witness these marvellous atoms ourselves; and those who have a taste for investigation in natural history, will here find ample scope for amusement.

THE REASON FOR BURNING HERETICS.

From a Spanish compendium of the rules enacted from time to time for the direction of Inquisitors, the following remarkable paragraph is translated. It has been compared with the original Directory of Inquisitors, by Nicholas Eymeric, with annotations by Francis Pegna, printed in Rome, in the year 1587, and published with the sanction of Pope Gregory XIII., whose brief, dated August 13th, 1578, is on the first leaf of the volume, and found correct.

"No one doubts that heretics should be punished with death: but the question is, What mode of punishment ought to be employed? Alfonso de Castro," (Chaplain of King Philip, the husband of our Queen Mary I.,) "in his second book on 'the just punishment of heretics,' thinks that it matters little whether they die by sword, by fire, or in any other way: but the Cardinal of Ostia, Godfrey, Covarrubias, Simancas, Roxas, and others, teach that it is indispensable and absolutely necessary that they be burnt; because, as the first of these authorities very well says, 'the torment of fire is the natural punishment of heresy.' The Gospel according to St. John, chapter xv., says, 'If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.'" (Our Lord, be it noted, speaks of the burning of *branches;* but the Church of Rome interprets His words to signify the burning of *men.*)

"Omitus says that this opinion is confirmed by the universal practice of the Christian commonwealth. Simeon and Roxas add that they ought to be burnt alive, but that before burning them the precaution should be taken of cutting out their tongues, or closing their mouths with a gag, lest the bystanders should be scandalised with their blasphemies." (*Eymerici Directorium*, pp. 148, 170.) No one can wonder that the Roman people are unbelievers, when the word of God is held to be an authority for every practice of the Inquisition, both ancient and modern. That it is so, could easily be shown from their own writers, especially Paramus, who professes to trace the Inquisition at every stage of the sacred history; beginning with the citation of Adam, first of heretics, in these words,—"Adam, where art thou?" and going on to the Acts of the Apostles, where he first discovers, if you can believe him, the Inquisition in its glory.

THE EVIDENCE OF INSPIRATION.

"THE holy Scriptures were written by inspiration of the Spirit of God." Here is a proposition which they taught me in my childhood, and which I have always believed; but I cannot now be satisfied with mere belief of the fact, as to the writers of the sacred volume. I would have some evidence correspondent with the nature of this revelation.

If I were a subject of the Church of Rome, "mother and mistress," I should be required to take the statement under her authority, according to the doctrine that "the foundation of faith is not the revelation of God alone, but also the judgment of the Church," and that by the authoritative testimony of the Church only can it be known that the Scriptures are authentic, and contain the word of God. But in that case I should have surrendered my private judgment; and whatever I might have taken for granted because my Church had once believed it, faith, which is a persuasion of truth, must have existed elsewhere, not in my own bosom. Whether I should have been satisfied with a vicarious faith, it is not possible for me to conjecture; but my present impression is, that while I might have confided in persons whom I supposed

to have been learned and honest, for their judgment concerning the authenticity of the sacred books, I could not, on reflection, have trusted other men's persuasion of a spiritual truth. I should have wanted a persuasion of my own.

As it is, being member of a church which confesses herself unable to save me by any exterior authority or sacramental power, or to sanctify me by the faith of her Doctors; and being convinced that, if I am saved, it must be by grace, through faith, which is the gift of God; I desire to enjoy some independent evidence that my Bible contains God's own truth, not only for the instruction of the world in general, but especially for *mine*, that through patience and consolation of the Scriptures, I may have hope. I am a plain man. I cannot read Hebrew or Greek. I am not read in history, nor habituated to controversy. It will never be my happiness to deal with the higher criticism which only critics can appreciate. The Jews cavil at the New Testament, and there are baptized infidels who deride both Old and New. Neologists say that they can explain away all that is supernatural in the volume. Some, who call themselves evangelical Preachers, profess to be able to discriminate between the comparative shades of inspiration belonging to each book, or each paragraph of the same book. They have drilled themselves into ability to dispute about different kinds of inspiration; and there are tall schoolboys who deliver cramp dissertations about a Greek sentence of St. Paul,* which they are careful to expound into insignificance, making it to say that *if* any writing is divinely inspired, that writing is profitable. Other schoolboys of a lower form, having overheard them, suppose that every useful writing is divinely inspired. The "Divine Comedy" of Dante, for example, "Paradise Lost," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," or haply, some brilliant efforts of their own. Thus, as an Italian—of course inspired—once exclaimed, "*Anch' io sono pittore*," one after another of these useful writers is ever bursting into the boast that he, too, is a prophet. In short, I

* Πᾶσα γραφὴ θεόπνευστος καὶ ὠφέλιμος.—2 Tim. iii. 16.

perceive that not only the dogma of Romanism, but also the no less imperious fanaticism of Rationalists and their imitators, would silence my teachers who instruct me that holy men of old wrote as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost, and would require me to believe that there is an ultimate and perpetual inspiration, either in the Church of Rome, empowering her to teach infallibly, or in the men of genius, who would soar above all teaching of the kind. Now, I am neither a Papist, nor a man of genius: therefore neither am I willing to trust others for proof that the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto a salvation that I do not enjoy, nor can I float into the region of rationalistic inspiration. But I am a sinner: I want to have some assurance that the Most High speaks to me in this venerable book. I want some ground for confidence when I am reading it, and for confidence another day, when reading shall be over.

And herein I find another sentence: "He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself." My Doctors tell me that every page is authentic. They say that every passing age has left behind it some historical confirmation of "the sure word of prophecy." They say that antiquities, geology, astronomy, every branch of natural science, and every branch of learning, is now, more signally than at any former time, auxiliary to the testimony of Prophets and Apostles, concerning Him who is "God over all, blessed for ever." I am willing to believe them, because they are wiser than I, and because my conscience welcomes a declaration so accordant with my wants and wishes; but, after all, the persuasion of scholars, logicians, and historians cannot be *my* persuasion. I am an unlettered man, and want the witness in myself.

But you ask if my demand is reasonable. You ask if I am not necessitated, by the very illiteracy and inexperience which I acknowledge, to take the word of others. I think I am, as to remote and external facts; but the inspiration of the Bible, if true, is a fact perpetual and internal. If this book, and this alone, be inspired; if its quality of inspiration have saved it from corruption and decay; if its distinctive

glory be that God has written it, however mediately,—that the Author of the book is here present while I read it, and that His presence is full of energy and blessing: can this quality be hidden? can this energy be unfelt? Let me alone, then, with my thoughts. Give me an hour of quietness. Let me be shut in with my books, and with their authors, if I can realise their presence, that I may speak to them, and essay to know if there be any difference. Now I am here alone, and these books are my companions: I will talk with them, and they shall talk with me. Hume and Smollett may teach me in plain prose. So may Gibbon. Thomson, Young, Shakspeare, and other Prophets of the world, shall enlighten me in verse. Owen, Baxter, Wesley, Fletcher, Whitefield, Watts, and many others, shall again pour floods of wisdom on me. Here, then, I am, waiting at their feet; and yet my soul is unwatered and dry. They lack authority. They are but scribes. They speak as men have ever spoken. They please, they profit, they have refreshed me oftentimes; but still I thirst. *They cannot certify.* I touch them, but without reverence; and if I were to deface the volumes, there would be no sacrilege.

Here is my old Bible. It is worn to shatters by hands that lived before any of these new editions were published. My father, and my father's father, thumbed it well. Its original, I know, was written, at least in part, before the oldest author quoted by my modern masters had come into existence. When but a fragment of it had been produced, there was one who said that that fragment was more precious than gold, rubies, and all things that could be desired, and that it was better to him than his necessary food. But I must not lose myself in these reflections on what other men have said and done. On bended knees I pray, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of Thy law." I feel that I can dare to speak of this book to my God: I most confidently feel that in His presence I can dare to pay it reverence. Again and again I reiterate the prayer. And without misgiving or weariness, I come back daily to my Bible, and find herein a fountain of life, ever gushing forth in fresh abundance. On its pages a serene light now glows.

The sentences have awful power, but they shine out in equal beauty. My Saviour speaks in them; and never man spake to my soul as He speaks now. I therefore know what inspiration means, because I feel it.

And am I still interrogated concerning the ground of this conviction? Am I told that this may be a delusion? Do they smile at my simplicity? Then it behoves me to try my ground, lest what I have taken to be a blessing sent down from heaven in answer to prayer, and in honour to Divine revelation, should turn out to be merely the exaltation of my fancy, charmed with reverence to an object long counted sacred. It is right that I should once more try my ground.

I bring words from the Bible into my discourses with others, and find that these words have greater weight than any of my own. I borrow sentences from the Bible for my prayers, and their utterance gives me greater power with God. In moments of perplexity, when assurances of heavenly wisdom come to me, they speak in the very language which is written here. Just as if the saints of old had risen from their graves to speak to me, they reprove, admonish, cheer me in their own words, as written on these pages. And even when I forget the words, and can only recollect their purport,—when I forget the letter, and am filled with the spirit of their exclusive teaching,—I find that my temper is improved, my conduct made more consistent with what even these infidels approve. I perceive that my judgment is rectified, and, in short, that my heart is renewed. And therefore I understand the import of my Redeemer's prayer, "Sanctify them by Thy truth; Thy word is truth." All this amounts to a resistless evidence; and while the learned find other evidence, in the letter and history of holy Scripture, to prove the ancient fact of the inspiration of Prophets and Apostles, and because they have obtained such evidence, are bound to publish it for the instruction of the church, the good of the world, and the glory of God, I rejoice that it so exactly tallies with my own, and believe that I, no less than they, am bounden to publish my testimony to the Spirit and life which have attested the glorious fact of inspiration to my conscience. And it is probable that thousands who read this will be able to add

their witness to mine that "the entrance of" God's "word giveth light;" that "it giveth understanding unto the simple."

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, OR BY WORKS?

Bishop M'Ilvaine, in his "Scriptural Treatise" on Justification by Faith, has a chapter on the alleged contradiction between St. Paul and St. James; the former stating that "a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law," and the latter, that "by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." The Bishop thus expounds the apparently—and but apparently—conflicting passages.

"There are two ways in which a man, in common speech, is said to be justified. He is said to be justified, or cleared in court, either by the goodness of his cause, or by the evidences that make its goodness manifest. That which makes his cause good is the real ground of his justification. But that which *proves* it good is often said to clear him, simply because in the judgment of man its goodness can be known only by evidence. Thus, it is a common expression, 'I will justify his conduct;' meaning, 'I will show his conduct to be just.' And the Scriptures, when speaking of a man's justification before God, sometimes use the word in the same way; as in Matt. xii. 37, 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.' The meaning evidently is, that words would justify or condemn as *evidences*. They are outward manifestations of the heart, as 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' It would be right to say, (speaking of human judgment,) a man is justified by his motives, and not by his words. It would also be right to say, a man is justified by his words, and not by his motives only. In the first expression, we should refer to the real ground of his justification, namely, his purity of heart. In the second, we should refer not only to his hidden purity, but also to those outward proofs by which it is declared. Then, in the above expression of Christ, let us place 'works' for 'words,' inasmuch as words are works; and then it will read, 'By thy *works* thou shalt be justified, and by thy *works*

thou shalt be condemned.' It is now but an expansion of the expression as used by the Saviour, without change of the principle; and it is thus precisely the expression of St. James, 'By works a man is justified, and not by faith only.' And as in the lips of the Saviour it certainly meant that words (which are works) would justify simply as *evidences* of the hidden ground of justification before man, and not by any virtue in them; what shall hinder us from understanding the like expression of St. James in the same sense? Thus his meaning will be, 'by works a man is justified,' not indeed by any justifying righteousness in them, or by any virtue they have to make us partakers of the righteousness of Christ; but simply as they are fruits, and therefore *evidences*, of that living faith whereby alone we can come to Christ. They justify us in that court which 'looks only on the outward appearance,' and which judges the heart only by the evidence of the life. They do not justify us in that higher court before which all hearts are open, and where no proof is needed. Thus the consistency between the two Apostles is perfectly plain. They have entirely different objects in view, and different classes of error to correct in speaking of justification. Paul is arguing against those who hold that justification comes by the law, 'by works of righteousness which we have done;' and his object is to show that in the righteousness of Christ alone, embraced by faith, can a sinner be justified. He is reasoning with reference exclusively to the judgment of God, who searcheth the heart. But the object of James is quite different. He is arguing against those who hoped to be justified by a faith that produced no good works; who maintained that how a man lived was of no consequence, if he only believed the right doctrine, and was baptized, &c. He shows that faith which is *alone*—in other words, without holy fruit, faith that is not made perfect by works, as a tree is made perfect by its fruit—cannot justify, because it is dead; not the faith which embraces Christ. Evidence of life is wanting. It must be a *living* faith to justify; and its character as living must be manifested by its fruit, or we cannot know it as justifying. By its works it must be justified, and by its works must it be condemned.

James was no more earnest on this point than Paul. The latter describes justifying faith as that 'which worketh by love,' and means precisely what the former does by its being 'made perfect by works.' James says, 'What doth it profit, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?' Paul, in the same spirit, is full of such declarations as that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord;' and of such prayers for those to whom he wrote as that in the Epistle to the Colossians, 'That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work;' and of such fundamental principles of religion as, 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.' Read the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and see if St. Paul is not as urgent as St. James, that those who profess to be justified by a living faith, before the judgment of God, should show the evidence of such faith in all the works of a holy life."

THE BAMBOO.

THERE is no plant in Bengal that is applied to such a variety of useful purposes as the bamboo. Beside being employed in the construction of the implements of weaving, it is used for almost every conceivable purpose to which wood is applied in other countries. It forms the posts and frames of the roofs of huts; scaffolding for building houses; portable stages used in the various processions of the natives; raised floors, for storing rice, and various kinds of agricultural produce, in order to preserve them from damp; platforms for merchandise in warehouses and shops; stakes for nets in rivers; bars, over which nets and clothes are spread to dry; rafts; the masts, yards, oars, spars, and decks of boats. It is used in the construction of bridges across creeks; for fences around houses and gardens; as a lever in raising water for irrigation; and as flag-poles in bazaars, police-stations, akharas, &c. It is the material of which several agricultural implements are made, as the harrow, handles of hoes, clod-breakers, &c. Hackeries or carts, doolees or litters, and biers, are all made

of it. The common mode of carrying light goods is to suspend them from the ends of a piece of splint bamboo laid across the shoulder. The shafts of javelins or spears, and bows and arrows, clubs, fishing-rods, &c., are formed of it. It is employed in the manufacture of fireworks, as rockets, &c. A joint of it serves as a holder for various articles, as pens, small instruments, and tools; and as a case in which things of little bulk are sent to a distance. The eggs of the silkworm were thus brought from China to Constantinople in the time of Justinian. A joint of it also answers the purpose of a bottle, and is used for holding milk, oil, and various fluids; and a section of it constitutes the measure for liquids in bazaars. A piece of it, of small diameter, is used as a blow-pipe, to kindle the fire, and by gold and silver smiths in melting metals. It also supplies the place of a tube in a distilling apparatus. A cleft bamboo is employed as a conduit for conveying water from the roofs of huts. Split into small pieces, it is used for making baskets, coops for poultry, bird-cages, and various traps for fishing. A small bit of it, split at one end, serves as a tongs to take up burning charcoal; and a thin slip of it is sharp enough to be used as a knife in shelling betel-nuts, &c. Its surface is so hard, that it answers the purpose of a whetstone, upon which the ryots sharpen their bill-hooks, sickles, &c. And the Moors cut it into pens.

THE SONGS OF SAINTS.

Be much in that angelical work of praise. As the most heavenly spirits will have the most heavenly employment, so the more heavenly the employment, the more will it make the spirit heavenly. Though the heart be the fountain of all our actions, and the actions will be usually of the quality of the heart, yet do those actions, by a kind of reflection, work much on the heart from whence they spring: the like also may be said of our speeches. So that the work of praising God, being the most heavenly work, is likely to raise us to the most heavenly temper. This is the work of the saints and angels, and this will be our everlasting work. If we were more taken up in this employment now, we should be

liker to what we shall be then. Christians may argue, that singing of praise is a most profitable duty, because it is so delightful, as it were, to God Himself, that He hath made it His people's eternal work; for they shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. The liveliest emblem of heaven that I know upon earth, is, when the people of God, in the deep sense of His excellency and bounty, from hearts abounding with love and joy, do join together, both in heart and voice, in the cheerful and melodious singing of His praises. Those that deny the lawful use of singing the Scripture Psalms, in our times, do disclose their unheavenly, inexperienced hearts, I think, as well as their ignorant understanding. Had they felt the heavenly delights that many of their brethren in such duties have felt, I think they would have been of another mind. And, whereas they are wont to question whether such delights be genuine, or any better than carnal and delusive; surely, the very relish of God and heaven that is in them, the example of the saints in Scripture, and of Christ at the last Supper, whose spirits have been raised by the same duty, and the command of Scripture for the use of this means, one would think, should quickly decide the controversy. And a man may as truly say of these delights as they use to say of the testimony of the Spirit, that they witness themselves to be of God, and bring the evidence of their heavenly parentage along with them. Sweet experience will be a powerful argument, and will teach the sincere Christian to hold fast his exercise of this soul-raising duty.—*Richard Baxter.*

VISION OF THE VEGETATION OF THE OLD WORLD.

The place in which he found himself seemed to partake, not in distinct proportions, but altogether, so far as this was possible, of a wild forest of strange and enormous trees,—a chaotic jungle,—a straggling woodland, and a dreary morass or swamp, intersected by a dark river, that appeared to creep towards the sea, which embraced a part of the distant horizon with a leaden arm. The moist mound whereon he stood was

covered with ferns of various kinds,—the comb-fern, the wedge-fern, the tooth-fern, the nerve-fern,—and of all sizes, rising from a crumpled crest bursting through the earth, to plants of a foot high, of several feet, and thence up to lofty trees of forty or fifty feet in height, with great stems and branching crowns. The green-stemmed and many-pointed mare's-tail was also conspicuous in number and in magnitude; not merely of two or three feet high, as in the present period of the earth, but large green-jointed trees, shooting up their whisking spires to fourteen or fifteen feet. Thickly springing up in wild and threatening squadrons over the morass, they bent their heads in long rows after rows over the edge of the muddy river, with sullen, moveless, and interminable monotony. Here and there, enormous sombre shrubs oppressed the scene. The collective clumps resembled the inextricable junction of several of our thickest-foliaged trees, as though several oaks had agreed to unite their trunks, and make one, —several beeches the same, several poplars, several limes,— though not one of them bearing likeness in trunk or foliage of oak, or beech, or poplar, or lime, or any known tree of present date.

Clumps also were there, of a rank undergrowth, out of which limp bare stems shot up to a great height, covered with a sickly white mealy powder, and terminating, for the most part, in coarse brown swollen heads, or gigantic black fingers, varied with dull red bosses at the tops of the great stems, broken cups, or red and grey forks and spikes,—a sort of monstrous club-moss, and cup-moss, with lichens, coarse water-weeds, and water-grasses at the base.

Uncouth and terrible as were the forms to the young man's eyes, there were some things not without grace. Large trees, having their entire trunks and boughs elegantly fluted, bearing leaves at regular intervals on each fluting upwards, and along every bough, rose up amidst the disordered vegetation. Where the leaves had fallen from the lower part of the trunk, marks were left, like seals, at regular intervals, on the flutings.*

In many places, close to the trees just described, huge

* These trees are known in fossil botany as the *Sigillariæ*.

tortuous succulent roots* protruded from the ground, as if anxious to exchange their darkness and want of air for the light, and for the warm atmosphere, attracted by the strong gases with which it was impregnated.

Round the feet of the young man lay intertangled bunches and bundles of wood-weeds, river-weeds, and other weeds that seemed to partake equally of the river and the sea; long rank grasses, sword-like, spear-like, or with club-like crowns of seeds; and fungi of hideous shapes, gross, pulpy, like giants' heads, hairy and bearded, and sometimes bursting and sending forth steamy odours that were scarcely to be borne, and which the youth felt to be a deadly poison, but that for the time he, somehow, was endowed with a "charmed life."

Spell-bound, he turned from these dismaying sights, to trees that rose to altitudes of from sixty to eighty feet, having leaves in long rows upon all the boughs, from which they shot forth direct, and without the intervention of any small twigs, or other usual connecting medium of foliage. The same course of leaves had existed on the trunk, from which they had fallen as the tree rose up to maturity, and had left scars or scales, like a Mosaic ornament, and a sign of their progressive years.†

Gazing through and beyond all these lofty trunks, Flashley beheld in the distance a sort of palm-like and pine-like trees, standing against the pale blue sky, which far transcended all the rest in altitude, and seemed indeed, here and there, to rise to a hundred feet above the whole range of other lofty trees! His eyes ached as he stared at them. It was not their altitude alone that caused a painful impression, but the feeling of their unbroken solitude, a loneliness unvisited by a single bird, and with nothing between them and the heavens, to which they seemed to aspire for ever, and in vain.

No flowers on any of the trees and shrubs around him were to be seen, and no fruits. The tone of colour was grave, sullen, melancholy. It was a solitude that seemed to feel itself. Not only no bird was visible, but no quadruped, insect, creeping thing, or other form of animal life. The

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* The *Stigmaria*. † The *Lepidodendron*.

earth was devoted solely to the production of enormous vegetation.

To complete the pregnant solemnity of the scene, there were no sounds of life or motion in the air; all was silence.

Looking round with a forlorn and overawed, yet inquiring, face, he discerned something like two keen stars of arrowy light at the foot of a gigantic fern-tree, at some distance from him. The darting rays seemed directed towards him. They were eyes: they could be nothing else! He presently perceived that the rough black elfin figure, with the veins of stagnant gold, was seated there, and that its eyes were fixed upon him.

"The scene amidst which you stand," said the Elfin in his echo-like voice, and without moving from his seat beneath the tree, "is the stupendous vegetation of the elder world. The trunks and stems of the antediluvian earth erect their columns, and shoot up their spires, towards the clouds; their dull coarse foliage overhangs the swamps, and they drink in, at every pore, the floating steam impregnated with the nutriment of prodigies. No animal life do you behold; for none is of this date, nor could it live amidst these potent vapours which feed the vegetation. And yet these vast trees and plants, this richly-poisoned atmosphere, this absence of all animal life, of man, and beast, and bird, and creeping thing, is all arranged in due order of progression, that man may hereafter live, not merely a savage life, but one civilised and refined, with the sense of a soul within, of God in the world, and over it, and all around it, whereof comes man's hope of a future life beyond his presence here. Thus upward, and thus onward ever.

"And all this monstrous vegetation above-ground shall be cast down and embedded deep in the dark bowels of the earth, there, under the chemical process of ages, to become a fuel for future generations of men, yet unborn, who will require it for their advance in civilisation and knowledge. Yes; these huge ferns, these trunks and stems, and towering fabrics of trees, shall all crash down, sink deep into the earth with all the rank enfolding mass of undergrowth, there to be jammed and mashed up between beds of fiery stone, and grit, and clay,

and covered with oozy mud and sand, till stratum after stratum of varied matter rises above them, and forms a new surface of earth. On this surface the new vegetation of the world will commence, while that of the old lies beneath; not rotting in vain, nor slumbering uselessly in darkness, but gradually, age after age, undergoing transmutation by the alchemy of nature, till verdure becomes veriest blackness, and wood is changed to coal.

"Then man is born, appearing on the earth only when the earth is ready to receive him, and minister to his wants. At first he useth wood for his fuel; but as his knowledge expands and deepens, he penetrates far below the surface, and there finds forests of fuel almost inexhaustible, made ready for his various needs and arts. And when, in far-off ages, these vast stores become exhausted, others will be discovered not only of the same date, but which have been since accumulated; for the same process of transmutation is constantly going on. Thus present time always works for future ages."—*From "Household Words."*

MEMORIAL OF DR. JOHNSON.

THE Churchwardens of St. Clement Danes, having satisfactorily ascertained that a seat in the pew numbered 18, in the north gallery of that church, was regularly occupied for many years by the great moralist, have caused a neat brass tablet, recording the fact, to be affixed in a conspicuous position to the pillar against which the Doctor must have often reclined. The inscription on the tablet is from the pen of Dr. Croly, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and is as follows:—"In this pew, and beside this pillar, for many years, attended Divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born, 1709; died, 1784. In the remembrance and honour of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial, A.D. 1851."

BED-TIME.

An immense majority of men in Rome never lighted a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn. And this custom of Rome was the custom also of all nations that lived round the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like the boys in our public schools, from seven to nine o'clock. The Turks, and other people who succeeded to the stations and the habits of the ancients, do so at this day.

LITERATURE.

VARIETIES.

Recent Deaths.

The Stockholm papers announce the death, in his seventy-first year, of *Dr. Thomas Wingard*, Archbishop of Upsal, and Primate of the kingdom of Sweden. Dr. Wingard had long occupied the chair of Sacred Philology in the University of Lund. He has left to the University of Upsal his library, consisting of upwards of 34,000 volumes, and his rich collections of coins and medals, and of Scandinavian antiquities. This is the fourth library bequeathed to the University of Upsal within the space of a year, adding to its book-shelves no fewer than 115,000 volumes. The entire number of volumes possessed by the University is now said to be 288,000, 11,000 of these being in manuscript.

Dr. Gutzlaff, the devoted and learned Chinese Missionary, has finished his course. He exchanged mortality for life, in one of the British ports in China, on the 9th of August last. He was a Pomeranian by birth.

Mr. Richardson, a celebrated African traveller, has fallen a sacrifice to the cause of African discovery. He died within no great distance of the Lake Tsad, the chief object of his journey. His colleagues, Drs. Barth and Overweg, continue their scientific explorations.

A French antiquarian, M. Perret, who has been engaged for six years in the dark and unwholesome depths of the catacombs at Rome, has returned to France. After exploring the sixty subterranean chambers, with indefatigable toil and danger during five of those six years, he emerges from the Roman Hades and returns to his country, rich in drawings, by his own hand, of lamps, vases, rings, instruments of martyrdom, frescoes, and other objects, with copies of inscriptions. The French Government purchases his drawings with a sum equivalent to £7,500. They are to be published. By a vote of the French Assembly, means are supplied for renewing their excavations at Nineveh, under the direction of M. Place, successor to M. Botta, as Consul at Mosul. And by other grants of the Assembly, further antiquarian researches are to be prosecuted in Egypt and in Assyria.

A Druidical monument, consisting of the stone on which human victims were offered up by the Gauls, has just been discovered near the forest of Lucheux. It is about seven feet long, four feet and a half wide, and a foot and a half thick. The hollow destined to receive the blood is about nine inches deep, and eighteen in superficial extent. The stone has been raised without any fracture.

A new comet has been discovered by Mr. Brorsen, of the Observatory of Baron Seuftenburgh, in Bavaria. It is stated to have a brilliant nucleus, and a conspicuous double tail, one branch, contrary to the usual form of comets, being turned towards the sun.

Mr. Wyld has just published a neatly engraved and coloured map of Egypt, showing, in a comprehensive and popular aspect, the proposed railway route from Alexandria to the Isthmus of Suez. The map offers a visible demonstration of the importance of railway communication to our Indian dominions, and it is to be hoped that political jealousies will not prevent this way of communication with India.

NOTICES OF ANIMATED AND VEGETABLE NATURE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"A wrinkled, crabbed man, they picture thee,
Old Winter; with a rugged beard, as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree,
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp, blue nose;
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows."

Southey.

If we compare the snows which we have observed in December for some years past, with those that Hogg describes in his "Shepherd's Calendar," it would appear as if the old winters had for ever passed away. He makes mention of a snow-storm which drifted to such a depth in the mountain-passes, as almost to have covered the tops of the trees. For thirteen days and nights did the snow fall without ceasing, causing hundreds of sheep to sink into a heavy, cold, motionless sleep, from which they never again awoke; that so many died, walls were made of their dead bodies, to screen those from the cold which remained alive; that whole flocks were buried beneath the snow, and no one could tell where they were lost until the drift melted away, when the bodies were found with the heads all turned one way. "Numbers," he says, "were swept away by the floods which followed; and near one place, at a stoppage in the river, nearly two thousand sheep and one hundred and eighty hares were found dead. Shepherds went about boring into the snow with their long poles, and scarcely found a single sheep in a quarter of an hour; until, at last, a shepherd's dog seemed clearly to understand what they were searching for, and, running about upon the snow, he began to scratch and look at the shepherds, as if to draw their attention to him, and in every spot he pointed out, they found a sheep beneath, and, through the assistance of the dog, were enabled to save two hundred, which, without his sagacity, must have been lost."

The poet Cowper addresses winter as follows:—

"O, Winter! ruler of the' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way."

"Still," as Mr. Thomas Miller says, "there is something joyous and bracing in the cold air of winter, to those who are fond of out-of-door exercise: it sets the blood dancing merrily through the veins, and gives to the cheeks a colour which rivals the rich red of the apple-blossom. Only watch a parcel of boys snow-balling each other, and see what a summer-like glow there is on every coun-

tenance. They feel not the cold, unless it be now and then a slight tingling at the finger-ends; and this they soon get rid of, by beating their hands lustily against their sides. Rely upon it, this is better for their health than sitting doubled up, like old men of eighty, by the fireside. Give them a thick comforter round their necks, a pair of warm worsted gloves, see that their boots are also well laced, then bundle them out into the open air, and let winter stamp their cheeks with his rosy fingers."

The first half of the month.—The black rat, mouse, and brown rat become very troublesome in houses, from the failure of out-door provision. The fox and polecat, from the same cause, frequently visit hen-roosts; and the mole, in quest of worms and the larvæ of beetles, throws up hillocks.

The grey lapwing departs southwards. The snowfleck, hawfinch, scaup duck, sarcelle duck, tufted duck, wild swan, lumme, cobble, velvet duck, eider duck, goosander, and the merganser arrive on our coasts more or less regularly, according to the severity or mildness of the weather.

Among the finny tribe, the turbot and gwiniad are now depositing their spawn.

Not many insects are at this time to be seen: in mild days, when the sun is out, gnats play about in the air. The December moth, yellow-line quaker-moth, wingless moth, winter-leaf roller-moth, and the winter scorpion-fly, make their appearance. The cabbage-butterfly is frequently seen in its chrysalis state under sheltered projections, where it remains till April comes "to woo the tardy spring."

> "Sweet now the ploughman's slumbers, hale and young,
> When the last topic dies upon his tongue;
> Sweet is the bliss his transient dreams inspire,
> Till chilblains wake him, or the snapping fire:
> He starts, and ever thoughtful of his team
> Along the glittering snow a feeble gleam
> Shoots from his lantern, as he yawning goes
> To add fresh comforts to their night's repose;
> Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves,
> And pats the jolly sides of those he loves:
> Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possess'd,
> From night till morn alternate food and rest,
> No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debarr'd,
> Their each day's labour brings its sure reward."
>
> BLOOMFIELD.

Flora has not many charms to exhibit now: the principal are, the furze, which opens a few of its golden blossoms; the daisy here and there decking the grassy plain; a few noble flowers of late chrysanthemums, and the late autumnal crocus, (*crocus serotinus*,) with those of the wallflower and polyanthus, under the sunny walls of our gardens.

The last half of the month.—The redbreast and the wren, excepting the thrush in mild days, are the only birds that are heard singing, at this dull and cold period of the year. The owl may be heard at this time: the fearful cry of this bird sounds more alarming in

winter than at any other season; and the form of the barn-owl flitting through the leafless trees has also a more striking appearance in the brumal months than it ever can have in those of summer. "The character and appearance of owls," says Mr. Yarrell, "are so singular and so peculiar, that, once having seen them, they are not readily forgotten. They have but little external beauty of form. The head is large, the expression grotesque, and the body bulky in appearance, though the plumage is soft and downy. Unlike the falcons, which hunt for their food by day, the owls seek their prey during the twilight of morning and evening, and probably during the greater part of the night, if the state of the moon or the atmosphere affords sufficient light for the purpose. From this habit of flying by night,—the singular appearance of the bird produced by the arrangement of the feathers of the face, forming a broad circular disc,—a peculiar, hollow tone of voice, unlike that of any other bird,—and the additional circumstance of most of the species selecting ivy-covered ruins and sacred edifices as places of resort, from the solitude and protection the character of such remains afford,—owls have been considered by the superstitious as birds of darkness and ill-omen, and by some even as messengers of death."

Rooks, jackdaws, and starlings are seen feeding among the stubble; wild ducks and geese appear in flocks, and skylarks congregate together.

Very few insects are to be met with at this time: dead flies are often found sticking to leaves of ivy, and also to the windows of outbuildings, &c., by a kind of cottony mildew, which, in reality, is a peculiar kind of fungus.

Plants in bloom are now very rare, and are much valued; the principal of which are, the Christmas rose and the fragrant colt's-foot. The former is a large, handsome, cup-shaped flower, appearing like a single rose, and of a white or pale-pink colour. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the mistletoe and holly, with their berries, are now much noted.

Winter, as well as the rest of the seasons, presents a variety of objects calculated to raise our minds to adore the great Author of nature, whose providential care is over all His works.

"Yes! let me view my God where'er I walk,
Where'er I am, of my Creator talk;
The never-failing theme shall fill my tongue,
Till in new worlds, with all the ransom'd throng,
Immortal scenes shall swell the' eternal song."

BRIEF ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES,

FOR DECEMBER, 1851.

By Mr. William Rogerson, *of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.*

"Who art Thou? Where? O condescend to speak,
And let Thy servant hear:
O lend me wings, and I my God will seek
Through every rolling sphere.

"I'll ask the rapid wind, I'll ask the storm,
I'll ask Orion bright;
'Say, hast thou seen His venerable form,
The shadow of His light?'

"I'll meet the comet in his fiery way,
Stay Sirius on his road;
I'll stop the hurrying night, the hastening day,
To tell me, Where is God?

"I'll ask—forgive my daring, gracious One!
And lead the wanderer home;
O may I catch one light-beam from Thy throne,
Through ages yet to come.

"For how should earthly dust presume to rise
So daringly, so high?
And how should dim and dying mortal eyes
Bear splendours of the sky?

"I cannot bear them; but I feel and know
That Thou art everywhere;
And worms and worlds, the lofty and the low,
All, all Thy power declare."

Bowring's "Matins and Vespers."

THE SUN rises on the 1st, at London or Greenwich, at forty-six minutes past seven, and sets at fifty-two minutes after three: he rises at Edinburgh, on the same day, at eleven minutes past eight, and sets at twenty-seven minutes after three. The Sun rises at London on the 18th at four minutes past eight, and sets at fifty minutes after three: on the same day he rises at Edinburgh at thirty-two minutes past eight, and set at twenty-three minutes after three. On the 21st, at thirteen minutes past three in the afternoon, the Sun enters the tropical sign Capricorn, when the winter-quarter commences, and the days are at the shortest, in all places, on the north side of the equator.

The MOON sets on the 1st at half-past one, and on the 4th at half-past two, in the morning: she is full on the 8th, at twenty-seven minutes past three in the afternoon. The Moon rises on the 9th at ten minutes before five, and on the 11th at a quarter before seven, in the evening: she rises on the 13th at twelve minutes past nine, and on the 14th at half-past ten, at night: she enters on her last quarter on the 15th, at twenty-six minutes past five in the afternoon; and rises on the 17th at a quarter past one in the morning. The Moon changes on the 22d, at thirty-four minutes past three in the afternoon, and presents her fine crescent in the evening sky on the 24th, and sets at a quarter before six. The Moon is due south on the 27th at seven minutes past four in the afternoon, and then appears a conspicuous object, before the stars shine out.

"A holy stillness fills the sky,
While evening tunes its vesper song,
And, like a sacred lamp on high,
The solitary Moon is hung."

The Moon is half-full on the 29th, and sets about half an hour before midnight: she sets on the 31st at half an hour before one in

the morning; and rises on the same day at twenty-eight minutes before one in the afternoon, and continues above the horizon till midnight rolls away, to welcome in, by her silvery rays, the new year.

MERCURY is visible near the south-western horizon, about half an hour after sunset, from the middle to the end of the month: about the 19th he appears very near Venus, and on the 23d and 24th he is in the neighbourhood of the crescent Moon.

VENUS is now to be seen in the evenings. Towards the end of the month she becomes a splendid object near the south-western horizon: on the 24th she is near the Moon, and on the 31st sets at a quarter before six o'clock.

"'Tis evening; Venus sheds her softest beams
Upon the earth, and leads the heavens along.
Superior to the rest to us she seems
Of all the twinkling points and orbs that throng
The' ethereal vault. O, listen to my song!
Tell me, O tell me what is thy design!
Wert thou form'd merely on this world to shine?
Or art thou peopled like this world of ours;
Thy mountains green, thy valleys deck'd with flowers?
Or the abode of the departed blest,
Where kindred friends and weary pilgrims rest?
These, these are wonders, mysteries now conceal'd,
And in this world to man must never be reveal'd."

MARS, approaching the Earth, exhibits his ruddy orb to advantage in the nocturnal skies. He rises on the 1st at half-past eight, and on the 30th at half-past six, in the evening: on the 12th he is near the Moon.

JUPITER appears splendid in the mornings. He rises on the 1st at five o'clock, and on the 31st at half-past three, in the morning: on the 19th he is near the Moon.

SATURN, whose fine double ring is the wonder of the telescopic observer, is favourably situated for observation at this time, being on the meridian, or due south, on the 3d at nine, and on the 17th at eight o'clock, at night: on the 4th and 31st he is in the neighbourhood of the Moon.

The Fixed Stars.—These distant central suns of planetary systems, which appear like sparkling gems, scattered over the heavens each cloudless night, cannot fail to arrest the attention of every youthful lover of astronomy. I will just mention a few particulars. On the 1st of this month, at eight o'clock in the evening, N. by E., are Gamma and Delta of the Great Bear, 16 and 19 degrees high respectively. N.N.E., Beta and Alpha of the Great Bear, 20 and 25 degrees high respectively. N.E., the Lynx, 25 degrees; and higher up, the legs of Camelopardalus. N.E. by E., Pollux, 12, and Castor 17, degrees high. E.N.E., Beta Aurigæ, 40, Capella, 46 degrees, and higher up Perseus. E., Alpha Orionis, 13 degrees, and Medusa's Head 62 degrees, high. E. by S., the three stars in a straight line, and at equal distances from each other, forming the belt of Orion, 10 degrees, and Aldebaran,

32 degrees high. E.S.E., the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, 46, and Gamma Andromedæ, 73 degrees in altitude. S.E., Alpha Ceti, 37, and Alpha Arietis, 57 degrees high. Under the Pole-Star is the tail of the Great Bear; and above the same star is the constellation Cassiopeia. S. by W., Gamma Pegasi, and Alpha Andromedæ, the former 52, and the latter 65, degrees in altitude. S.W. by S., Alpha Pegasi, 49 degrees; and S.W., Beta Pegasi, 60 degrees high. W. by S., Delphinus, 30 degrees high; and near this point, at 17 degrees high, is Alpha Aquilæ. W. by N., Alpha Cygni, 51, and N.W. by W., Vega, the bright star in the Harp, 30 degrees high. N.W., Beta Draconis, 31, and Gamma Draconis, 33 degrees high. N.W. by N. is the Northern Crown, descending below the horizon. The above positions will answer for seven o'clock at the middle of the month; and at its termination, for one hour earlier.

My young friends! We are now come to the conclusion of another year. With me you have contemplated the astronomical phenomena, as well as those of the animated and vegetative creation, which have been unfolded to our view during the preceding twelve months, which form the circle of the year 1851. These, I trust, have expanded our ideas of the wisdom and goodness of God, and inspired our gratitude to Him; and consequently we are ready to say, with the poet,—

"Hail! Thou great Author of the' extended whole!
Revolving seasons bless Thee as they roll.
By Thee Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter rise;
Thou giv'st the smiling, thou the frowning, skies:
We see the produce of returning Spring,
With joy the woods, with joy the valleys, ring!
Thy parent bounty swells the golden ear,
And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year:
The winter-hoard supplies the winnowing-floor,
The beast with fodder, and with bread the poor:
Each from Thy hand his destined boon receives,
Feeds at Thy board, and on Thy bounty lives."

POETRY.

THE LONE FLOWER.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Matt. vi. 28, 29.

THE autumn wind a small seed blew
From the bed where its parent-flower grew.
Said the seed to the earth, "I am cast alone,
From my garden-mates, by the rude winds blown:
Shield me, I pray, from the blasting north,
'Till gentler gales invite me forth;
Nourish me here, in thy silent womb,
'Till the spring breathes soft, and the roses bloom."

Said the answering earth, "I nought can do,
If God sends not the sparkling dew;
The sun must shine, and the soft breeze bring
And scatter the drops from its downy wing."
Said the breeze, "Unless the sun's warm beams
Exhale the mists from the seas and streams,
I cannot bid the clouds arise,
Or distil the dew through the cooling skies."

Said the sun, "I am nought but an opaque ball,
Coldness, and darkness, and blackness all,
Chill as the gloom of earth's darkest night
If God shine not in His glory's might;
I but reflect, through boundless space,
The image bright of my Maker's face:
Flashes upon me His beam from afar,
Glancing away to the utmost star."

But God shone full in His love's bright beams
On the sun, and he drank of the ocean-streams;
And from mid-heaven the kind breeze threw
The spring-cloud bright, and the summer dew:
The earth's green breast, and the sun, and air,
Nourish'd the youth of that flow'ret fair,
Till it open'd its beauties to heaven above,
Dress'd by the hand of Almighty love.

If God so clothe the tender grass
That waves to the light-wing'd winds that pass,
And give to the frailest flower its hue,
And its cup to drink of the falling dew,
Will He not guard His saints that roam
O'er earth's dark scenes, to their distant home;
Chase from their path each fear away,
And guide to a land of cloudless day?

Carlow. THOMAS RICHARDSON.

STANZAS FROM THE HAVAMAAL OF ODIN.

RISE early, if you would enrich yourself, or vanquish an enemy. The sleeping wolf gains not the prey, nor the drowsy man the victory.

Whilst we live, let us live well: for be a man never so rich when he lights his fire, death may perhaps enter his door before it be burnt out.

The heart alone knows what passes within the heart: and that which betrays the soul is the soul itself.

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* By mistake printed "George."

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